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[NEW SERIES.]

NO. 105. VOL. XVIII.

THE Cape Monthly Magazine.

JANUARY, 1879.

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MARCH, 1879.

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THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Land Registry.

Colonists are proud, and to some extent justifiably so, of the system of land registration and land transfer here in operation, and it is not uncommon to point the finger of scorn at the cumbrous, expensive, and dilatory system of land transfer in operation in England. Now, it must be admitted that the Colonial system as contrasted with that of England has some striking merits, but it certainly has also some grievous defects, and it is more useful to point out the latter with a view to their amendment, than to content ourselves with boasting of the former.

If the transfer of land here is comparatively cheap and speedy, and if titles are generally simple, it should not be forgotten that the number of latent lawsuits connected with the ownership of land due to uncertain boundary lines, is altogether in excess of what it should or need be. It may, indeed, be safely asserted that in the older districts what may be called a clean title is rather the exception than the rule. Owing partly to the imperfections of older surveys, partly to the neglect of beacons, and too often to their fraudulent removal, the majority of titles, if interpreted according to diagram as required by law, have either overlaps or are bounded by unintentional wedges of land which, not being covered by diagram, still belong theoretically to the Crown. An inquiry into the title of a single small property near Cape Town revealed three such defects. The farm had been purchased in lots intended no doubt to be adjacent; owing, however, to defective surveying or to incorrect beacons, two of these lots partly overlapped, and partly left a wedge of Crown land running into what is now the heart of the property. One of the lots had, moreover, an overlap with a neighbour, which promised to give rise to a lawsuit, or to require an expensive process to rectify it. The inspection of a large map of part of the Cape Division, founded on the trigonometrical survey, showed that these defects of title are incredibly numerous. A similar map on a large scale of one of the older inland districts, founded on farm diagrams, led to the same conclusion. Quite irrespective of discrepancies which may be due to old encroachments on Crown land, it was found quite impossible to render the various diagrams consistent with each other and with the undisputed existing beacons, and it may safely be said that this is the rule in all the older districts,

without exception ; so much so that according to the present system the titles in those districts can only be cleared from possible disputes by a complete re-survey at a very great expense. In every district, too, the public interests have been grievously neglected and the public rights encroached on by careless or fraudulent shifting of beacons adjoining Crown lands. It is true that from one point of view the law in such cases professes to recognize only the original boundaries of the farms as granted, but as a matter of fact the effects of erroneous or imperfect surveying are so inextricably mixed with those due to the intentional neglect and removal of beacons adjoining Crown lands, that the law is obliged practically to accept the existing condition of things, and to endure the frauds that have been committed. A surveyor laying out Crown lands for sale adjoining those in private possession is, it is true, bound to make his new diagrams appear consistent with the old ones, but practically he is guided by existing and undisputed beacons, so that where the old survey is inaccurate, or where ancient encroachments have been made, the law wilfully goes out of its way to grant titles containing the germs of possible lawsuits. It may fairly be asked whether there is anything in the English system of land transfer so irrationally perverse as this. Certainly there is nothing so derogatory to the honour of professional men as that part of our system which compels our surveyors to send in merely fictitious surveys, "fudged" into accordance with data which are erroneous in fact, whether from the defects of the olden surveys or from the loss or removal of landmarks.

It may be asked, "If such is the case, how is it that disputes as to boundaries are not more common?" The answer to this is that they are already too common, and that they are not more so is due to causes which will not always operate. Land is not so valuable here as it is elsewhere. Litigation is expensive and uncertain. Intending litigants are often conscious that owing to encroachments on Crown lands by their predecessors, their titles will not well bear examination, and even where this is not the case, the homely good sense of the majority of the colonial landowners substitutes a practical rule of ownership for the very impractical one recognized by the law. Neighbours content themselves for the most part with their beacons as they exist, while the law recognizes a diagram which may or may not he consistent with these beacons, but which can only be interpreted with reference to some, at least, of them, and which not only may, but generally does, give different results accordingly as it is interpreted from one set of beacons or another. This is in fact the essential evil of our system. It is a double system: a system of title by diagram and title by recognised beacons. As the report of the recent Land Survey Commission says, "The system of land registry adopted in this Colony prescribes that a diagram of an estate shall form an essential part of the title of every property." It may safely be said that this state of affairs can never have been originally intended. A surveyor's diagram

accompanying a title deed is intended to assist the owner in forming an estimate of the size, shape, and boundaries of his property, but for all practical purposes, actual physical boundaries, visible to the senses or easily determinable by the senses, must exist on the ground itself. What is it in fact that a landowner wants to know with reference to the land in his possession? Principally these three things—1st, He wants to be able to point out, on the land itself, what are his actual boundaries. He wants to be able to say, "So far my land extends, if my neighbours' stock come beyond this line they are trespassing." 2ndly, He wants to know, with some degree of exactness, the extent of his land. And, 3rdly, He wants to know something of its shape and by what neighbouring properties it is bounded. Of these three requisites the first is by far the most important, and indeed the only essential one, and it is obvious that it can only be attained by the existence of permanent natural or artificial boundaries or landmarks determining boundaries. No system of surveying, however elaborate and however accurate it may be, can enable landowners to dispense with actual physical boundaries and landmarks. An accurate survey may, it is true, be of some use in recovering lost beacons or determining the positions of disputed ones, but clearly only on condition that these are undisputed beacons or landmarks which may be made the base of a re-survey founded on the old one. The most accurate map of an estate will not, in short, tell you whether it is in the Colony or in the Free State, or even in America, except by reference to objects which can be identified in the field. Even, therefore, if the old surveys were accurate reliance must ultimately be placed on existing beacons. Unfortunately, however, the old surveys are not accurate, but, on the contrary, are often grossly inaccurate, which is not to be wondered at considering the class of men by and for whom they were made; and in this case it is needless to say that a re-survey according to an old and incorrect diagram, with a view to replace a lost or disturbed beacon, is worse than useless. So in the case of partitions of old farms and of surveys of new lands near old grants, the Deeds Registry Office requires that the new survey shall agree with the old diagram, however inconsistent that diagram may be with the facts. The diagram may be right and the beacons wrong, or the beacons may be right and the diagram wrong; whichever be the case the surveyor is bound to make his new survey agree with the old one, and is bound to "fudge" his survey as much as may be necessary, which "fudged" survey, known as it is to be "fudged," is gravely inspected by the examiner and passed if consistent with itself and the diagrams of adjoining properties. On the ground, however, the surveyor's duties are altogether different. There he has to be guided by acknowledged beacons, and so far as his practical work is concerned, the old diagram might just as well not exist. Even moreover as a means of deterring the position of a lost or disputed beacon, a re-survey according to an old diagram, however accurate it

may be, is often quite unsatisfactory, as it is to a great extent at the discretion of the surveyor from which set of beacons as a basis he shall commence his re-survey, and as a shrewd client will naturally point out to him as a basis such admitted beacons as will give a result most favourable to himself, so that two surveyors, both perfectly honest and accurate, will inevitably come to the most diverse conclusions as to the position of a disputed beacon, on account of their starting from different bases. It is obvious, too, that to re-survey a farm according to diagram merely to pick up the position of a lost beacon, is a very unnecessarily extensive process, and that it is quite possible to render the positions of all boundary beacons redeterminable in a far readier and less expensive way.

So, again, with respect to cheapness and simplicity of transfer, it is not enough to contrast our system with that of England, which in this respect is probably the worst in the civilized world. What we have to consider is not whether our system is better than the worst, but whether it is as cheap and easy as it might be. Now, one great item of expense is the necessity of effecting transfers and partitions of land over the whole Colony at a central office in Cape Town. This is rendered necessary by our present system, and it is obvious that it necessarily involves delay and expense. If a farm is to be divided, say in the district of Graaff-Reinet, there is to be—1st, a survey; 2nd, agents at Graaff-Reinet have to be employed; 3rd, these agents have to instruct agents in Cape Town; 4th, the surveyor has, besides the actual survey, to concoct an imaginary one in accordance with the old diagram; 5th, the Examiner of Surveys has to examine this imaginary survey and pronounce it consistent with itself and with the old diagram; 6th, a title is issued and passed through the hands of the various agents. All this involves expense and delay, of which the greater part is unnecessary; and if there is nothing in a Cape transfer so expensive and dilatory as the examination into title in England, there is still much that is unnecessary, vexatious, and expensive; and the defects of our system are, moreover, of such a character that they are likely to become more and more prominent as land becomes more valuable and more subdivided, for it should never be forgotten that much of the apparent simplicity of our system arises from the fact that, owing to a comparatively primitive state of society here, and the recent origin of many of our titles, the complexities which naturally arise in an older and more artificial community, have not yet had time to develope themselves. The defects of our system may then be briefly summed up as follows:—

(1). No proper provision is at present made for the all essential point of erecting and maintaining public and private beacons and land-marks when natural ones do not exist.

(2). That as a consequence vast encroachments have been made, and it is to be feared are still being made on Crown Lands, to the manifest injury of the public.

(3). That the positions of many beacons between private properties are disputed, and the properties are thus saddled with actual or prospective lawsuits, to the great deterioration of their value.

(4). That owing to title being by diagram, properties are frequently bounded and intersected with unintentional wedges of Crown land.

(5). That the method of determining the positions of lost or disputed beacons by re-survey, according to diagram, is at best unnecessarily expensive, is often worse than useless, owing to the notorious incorrectness of older surveys, and is nearly always practically very unsatisfactory, as it is to a great extent at the discretion of the surveyor from what beacons he shall start to make a re-survey, and that accordingly as he starts from one or another set of beacons on the same farm, and still more accordingly as he starts from the beacons of one farm or another, he can often arrive at very different results.

(6). That to compel professional men to send in a survey "fudged," so as to make it agree with an older and incorrect one, is calculated to injure the character of the profession.

(7). That the plan of passing all transfers at a central office (which forms a part of the present system) involves needless expense and delay.

The remedies which naturally suggest themselves are as follows:

(1). Let the diagram cease to be a foundation for title, and let it return to what it was intended to be—a mere approximate map to assist the owner with general information as to the size, shape, and boundaries of his estate.

(2). Let proper means be taken for the erection of permanent beacons (public and private), and for their proper inspection and maintenance, so as to render their loss and removal practically impossible.

(3). Let undisputed beacons be registered at once, and let the positions of disputed ones be fixed in a cheap and inexpensive way, leaving to any one feeling himself aggrieved a right of personal action against his neighbour; the beacon itself to stand as erected.

(4). In place of the present system of re-survey according to diagram, let a cheap and ready means of determining the positions of beacons be substituted, so that if lost or disturbed they could be replaced at once.

(5). Let transfers be effected in each district in the offices of the Divisional Council and Civil Commissioner of the district, the Central Office keeping duplicates of the land titles books of the Divisional Council.

To effect these ends the following steps suggest themselves :

(1). The provisions of the Land Beacons Act, 1865, as to the erection of beacons, should be carried out, but in a modified form.

1st. More discretion should be left to the Divisional Councils, acting under the advice of a district surveyor, as to the materials of which beacons may be constructed.

2nd. Divisional Councils should be bound to send to the Surveyor-General periodical reports as to the state of the beacons in the district, certifying that they have been inspected and found in good order, or have been duly repaired, as the case may be.

3rd. That a competent District Surveyor be appointed to protect the public rights in Crown lands, to advise the Divisional Council, and to communicate with the Surveyor-General. At present the useful provisions of this Act, owing to some defect in its form, become practically a dead letter.

(2). In the case of disputed beacons let the Divisional Councils, with the assistance of the District Surveyor to represent the Crown when necessary, fix the positions of such beacons on such evidence as they may deem sufficient,—which beacons as so determined shall be regarded thereafter as undisputed ; but anyone considering himself aggrieved by the location of any such beacon, to have a right of personal action against the owner of the adjoining property, such action to be brought within a reasonable time or to lapse. In this way titles would at once be cleared and all latent lawsuits as to boundaries.

(3). The Divisional Councils, acting under the advice of the District Surveyor, to have the public or key beacons erected throughout the district in such positions as to facilitate the triangulation of the district in connection with the trigonometrical survey of the colony, and in such positions as to enable, as far as possible, all boundary beacons to be determined by bearings, or by bearings and direct measurements, from the key beacons. This, of course, would be impossible with all beacons, but by judiciously selecting sites for the public beacons the positions of the great majority of the private beacons could be fixed directly with reference to them with great ease and certainty, and the positions of others could be determined in other ways which will readily suggest themselves. Competent surveyors, with proper instruments, can observe angles correctly to within 20″, and as this allows of a possible error of six metres to the mile, it is obvious that it would be abundantly sufficient for all practical purposes. All the beacons, both key beacons and private beacons, should be numbered in a conspicuous way, and the Divisional

Council of each district should keep land-books for the division with a register of the beacons, with a description of their positions, and as soon as possible with the necessary data for the accurate determination of their positions, copies of these books, with their amendments and additions, to be regularly transferred to and kept by the central office.

(4). In future sales should not be made by diagram, but by reference to registered beacons or permanent natural land marks, so that a certificate of ownership would then run somewhat as follows:—

> This is to certify that A. B., of ———, is owner of that piece of land in the —— Ward of the Division of ———, being the piece of land numbered —— in the land-book of the ward, commonly known as the farm ———, bounded by straight lines joining in order the beacons numbered 20, 7, 15, 26, 108, and 103, in that ward, and between beacons 103 and 20 by the course of the river; the said piece of ground being estimated to contain ——— morgen.

A diagram would naturally accompany such certificate of ownership; but it should be clearly understood that such diagram was merely to assist the owner in understanding the shape, size, and boundaries of his farm, formed no part of his title, and could not be made the basis of any claim against his neighbours, except in so far as it might be accepted as collateral evidence as to the position of a lost or disputed beacon. If, hereafter, the position of a beacon should come into dispute, which could rarely be the case, it should be determined by reference to its registered bearings; or if its position should not at the time have been so determined, the Divisional Council should fix its position and leave the disputants their remedy of a personal action. According to the system so indicated, there would be no occasion to put landowners to the expense of an immediate re-survey of their properties. As long as owners have undisputed and practically undisputable beacons, as would be the case if they were properly erected and duly inspected, they will generally be quite satisfied to leave the expenses of the re-survey for some future occasion. This applies equally to key beacons, which may be regarded, in the first instance, simply as artificial landmarks. Gradually, however, the positions of these key beacons should be determined with the utmost possible accuracy by connecting them with the Trigonometrical Survey of the Colony, and gradually and from time to time, as occasion offered, the private or boundary beacons of farms and Crown land should be similarly fixed. The completion of the Trigonometrical Survey would form a natural part of this scheme as a whole. This need not be very expensive; a competent scientific head, with the assistance of observers trained in the Ordnance Department at home, would cost comparatively little, and would be cheaper and

more satisfactory than the employment of regular surveyors. The measurement of one or more cases of verification would, perhaps, be necessary; but even this is no longer the tedious and expensive matter it was some time back. A chain of triangles, starting from the north-west corner of Bailey and Maclear's survey, and extending to Kaffraria, would about suffice for the Colony, and would form a basis of extension hereafter northwards over the Free State, Natal, the Transvaal, and Namaqualand.

It would be impossible to go into all the details of the scheme here suggested, but a few examples may be adduced to illustrate its method of working.

A farm has to be divided into two equal parts; if the existing beacons of the farm have been determined as to position, then the partition can be effected without a re-survey. The partition line can be drawn, and the only field-work will be the erection of two or more new beacons, and the determination of their positions from key beacon or beacons already determined. These new beacons would then be registered, and certificates of title issued to the owners in connection therewith. If either party should thereafter believe that he had not got his fair share, his remedy should be by personal action within a certain time against his fellow partitioner, the titles to both parts of the farm remaining undisputed. If the positions of the beacons were still undetermined, then a re-survey would be necessary, and if, in conducting that re-survey, the surveyor were compelled to measure a new base line and fix on station points, then he should be required to erect these station points in a permanent way and connect them with the key beacons of the district.

Similarly in the case of a survey of new farms, the surveyor should be required to fix his stations with permanent beacons, and to erect other permanent beacons throughout the district surveyed in such positions as to enable the positions of the boundary beacons to be recoverable with the least possible trouble. The surveyor should in all cases be called upon to send to the Examiner of Diagrams and the Surveyor-General the whole system of triangulation by which the beacons were fixed.

It may perhaps be objected that the erection and periodical inspection of beacons would be a matter of great expense. It would be so if it were set about in the wrong way; but by taking proper precautions very little expense need be incurred. Farmers generally are fully aware of the utility of indisputable beacons. All that is required is that each one should be convinced that no unfair share of the expense and trouble of erecting, inspecting, and maintaining such beacons should be thrown on himself. The natural course would be for the division to be divided into districts of convenient size, and the landowners of each district to form a land beacons commission. Such a commission could easily allot to each farmer a certain number of beacons, for which he should be responsible. Each commission should be required to certify to the Divisional

Council that the beacons of the district were in proper order, and the Divisional Council in turn should certify to the Surveyor-General as to the condition of the beacons of the division. In case of neglect on the part of any beacons commission the Divisional Council should have the beacons inspected, and, if necessary, repaired at the expense of the landowners of the district, and in case of the neglect of the Divisional Council, the Surveyor-General should appoint a paid commission to inspect and report at the cost of the Divisional Council. The danger of being charged with expenses would be sufficient motive to induce the farmers to look after their beacons, which they could do at a merely nominal cost. Crown land beacons would have to be looked after by the District Surveyor, and the expenses of such superintendence would fairly form a charge on the revenue from the Crown lands of the division.

On the lands beacons commissions not only the farmers themselves should be members, but their sons and overseers and others, so that the periodical inspection of beacons should be joined in by the young as well as the old, as is done in England in "beating the boundaries" of a parish.

The appointment of District Surveyors is a material part of this scheme. Such officers are almost essential to protect the Crown lands of the Colony, and there are other duties, hardly less useful, which they might be called on to perform. To complete, for example, the triangulation of the district in connection with the Trigonometrical Survey, to furnish topographical surveys, to assist the Hydraulic Engineer, both in matters immediately connected with irrigation and town water supply, and in the collection of meteorological and other information. In the case of town lots and irrigated erven, the erection of beacons would often be inconvenient and unnecessary; such properties, however, are generally naturally defined, and the buildings and fences, and all that could be required to be done would be to proclaim the existing boundaries and to leave it to the District Surveyor, subject to the approbation of the Surveyor-General, to devise some cheap and ready means of registering these boundaries.

The principal novelty in these suggestions, and the point which will be most exposed to criticism, is probably that relating to the summary determination of disputed beacons by the Divisional Councils, and the conversion of existing land-suits from real into personal actions. It may be said that such a proceeding would be arbitrary and unjust, that sometimes a personal action would not be a sufficient substitute for one *in rem*. But it should be remembered that the number of beacons actually disputed, or which would be disputed, if other existing beacons, as a rule, were recognised, would be very small. If a farmer is uncertain whether his neighbour on one side is going to dispute boundary beacons, he is unwilling to admit as undisputed his beacons on the other side of the farm, and thus the uncertainty of one beacon or set of beacons causes a similar

uncertainty to extend over a district. If it came to actual general recognition of beacons, comparatively few would be disputed. Of those whose positions would still be disputed, the Divisional Council of the division, on such evidence as they could easily and cheaply secure, would be able to determine the great majority in accordance with justice, and if in some cases they were mistaken, the remedy of a personal action would be open to the landowner thinking himself wronged. If owing to the insolvency of a party to the suit, this remedy should be found insufficient, as could but rarely if ever be the case, then let compensation be paid out of the divisional rates. The general rectification of boundaries and clearing of titles throughout the division would far more than compensate for a contingent liability which, indeed, is so very unlikely to occur, that it is hardly worth practical consideration.

If it should be thought that this system, as a whole, would introduce too sweeping a change into our system of land transfer, then it might be as well, in the first instance, to introduce only two parts of it: 1st, The compulsory erection, maintenance, and inspection of boundary and key beacons; and 2nd, The recognition of these beacons as ground of title and of the diagram as simple collateral evidence as to the positions of the beacons.

Natal.

THERE are few spots in South Africa where the pursuits of the naturalist can be carried out with greater variety or pleasure than at and in the neighbourhood of Durban, Natal. The surrounding woods afford an inexhaustible field for the collector, and it is his own fault if he fails to meet with objects of interest. Every glade swarms with butterflies, while a step can hardly be taken without disturbing a gorgeous moth, which would put even Solomon, in all his glory, to the blush, with its array of gold, silver, or green of both hues. Birds of all colours drift or fly from tree to tree, and from their tameness lead one to meditate upon the wild stories of the birds in the "Arabian Nights;" while each tree, shrub, or plant you meet has an interest of some sort, from the huge fig—with its trunk resembling the gnarled hand of a giant, and holding within its grasp the decayed remains of the parent tree, or victim, upon which it first took root and throttled in its embrace—to the beautiful and delicate lichens and ferns, drooping from the clefts of trees or creeping over the damp surface of the ground in the woods.

The Bay of Natal, with its surrounding belt of "persecuted" mangrove, and dotted with miniature islands, can best be seen from the top of the light-house at the end of the Bluff; and on a clear day

and at high-water there are few who would regret a visit and the climb up the steps which lead to the little balcony. The bay teems with fish, shells, and mollusc of various sorts, and in sufficient numbers to repay any one interested in that branch of natural history. I have made use of the word "persecuted mangrove." I can remember the time when the introduction of the blue gum was considered a mistake, and, the orange disease coming about the same time, led to the supposition that it had been introduced by the Eucalyptus,—there would be some difficulty in reviving it now. We read in books and see on maps mouths of rivers or estuaries of the sea, such as Delagoa Bay, Quillimane, and other places, noticed as covered with the pestilent, fatal, noxious (no name is bad enough for it) mangrove. Let us, however, take a more enlightened view of it, and liken it to the beacon which is placed by man to warn the mariner of danger, and, like the light-house or ship, it warns the traveller that he is in a dangerous locality, where more than ordinary precaution must be taken to protect life from malaria and fever. It is placed by nature in positions where it is enabled to exhaust, or at all events reduce, the mass of vegetable matter drifted from the interior towards the sea, but which from the level nature of the coast would never arrive at its destination, and so would contaminate the surrounding country to such a degree as to render human life so precarious and uncertain that the coast would be deserted within a very few years by civilized inhabitants. I am not a believer in destructive natural agencies, and hope before long to see a fair and honest research into not only the mangrove question but that of the 'Tsetse fly ; but as the glove in the latter question has already been thrown down by Mr. Erskine, I will not open the question up again here. Men unbiassed by prejudice are now visiting South Africa, and we may hope ere long to see these and other vexed questions settled. Man is in most cases looked upon as a destroyer, particularly in new countries ; and it is not until the forests have been first denuded of game, and then cut down, that the idea of tree planting and protection have been recommended. Thanks to the local authorities this is not the case in Durban. There is a strict law against the destruction of birds and wild animals. Trees are not cut down, and even the waters of the bay have protection extended to them ; and no net with a small mesh is allowed to be drawn in them.

The general immunity from danger shows itself at every step. Birds, bucks, monkeys, and even the pretty little flying fox is met with in abundance ; and the utter absence of aggressive projectiles (pebble stones) has opened up a sort of neutrality between them and the boys of the town, and Jacko may be seen at any time, either slinking off with drooping tail and conscious guilt on his face, from an early morning raid against an orchard, mealie, or planting garden, or sitting in the pride of honest possession in a monkey orange tree, the ownership of which seems to have been fairly divided between the boys of the

town and their brethren of the lower type. A few days ago I was taking a walk round the park, and, turning a corner, came suddenly upon three monkeys; a short note of alarm, a rush and a spring, and two of them were out of sight in the bosom of their favourite primeval. Jacko No. 3, however, was evidently of an enquiring turn of mind, and although not six yards off, stood boldly to his branch, and was quite disposed to dispute my right to intrude upon what might have been, as far as I was aware, a delicate or important explanation which concerned them and them alone. He looked me full in the face, and I returned the compliment with the most horrible grimace. We were soon engaged in a lively little pantomime, Jacko returning grin for grin and face for face. At a step forward he would retreat up the branch, and then return with tail erect, elbows out, and dilated nostrils and eyes, accompanied with language which it was perhaps fortunate I did not understand, as I have no doubt that it was evidently far from complimentary. We kept this up for several moments, when the thought occurred to me that I was near and in full view of a public thoroughfare, and some passing friend might jump to the conclusion that I was practising in anticipation of a competitive examination as a candidate for admission to some lunatic asylum. So I moved on, leaving Jacko master of the situation, and evidently satisfied within himself that he at any rate had discovered the missing link.

"Isolation."

(FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE).

Oft on the hill, when day begins to fail,
Beneath an old oak's shade I sadly sit,
With aimless looks traversing all the vale,
Watching the changing hues before me flit.

The river ripples 'neath its wavelets' crests,
And hides its windings in the mists afar:
The lake all motionless in slumber rests,
And on its bosom bears the evening star.

On summits crowned with groves of shady green,
The dying twilights reddened colours shine:
The misty chariot of the Nightly Queen
Drapes with a silent white th' horizon's line.

Now from beneath yon Gothic spire, there swell
The holy chants of those who sing and pray:
The traveller pauses, while the village bell
Mingles its voice with the last sounds of day.

To me the beauty of these scenes is lost,
Their joys and charms from out my soul are fled ;
The earth seems nothing but a wand'ring ghost,
The sun wastes not his warmth upon the dead.

From hill to hill in vain my glances leap,
From south to north, from east to west, they fly :
In vain the whole immense expanse I sweep—
No joy for me in all that meets the eye.

For what are valleys sown with stately halls
And nestling cots—vain things whose charms are o'er !
O rivers, rocks, and woods, where silence falls,
That which inspired you once is now no more.

Whether the sun its course begins or ends,
I track its motions with an idle gaze :
The sun ! What care I for the hopes it lends ?
What solace comes from the mere lapse of days ?

Could I make all its orbit my abode,
My soul would only find a living grave ;
Not even all the universe of God
Could e'er supply the boon for which I crave.

Above its sphere, in the bright realms beyond,
Where the true Sun enlightens other skies,
If I could strip off every earthly bond,
Perchance my dream I yet might realize.

There where the living waters ever roll,
There should I find again all hope and love,
And that ideal joy of every soul,
Which here is nameless but is known above.

Would I might float upon Aurora's ray
And rise, sweet End of all my prayers, to Thee.
Why in this land of exile do I stay ?
There is no bond between the earth and me.

See ! in the fields the zephyr, like a thief,
Snatches the leaves and bears them on its breast ;
And I ! what am I but a faded leaf ?
Take me, O winds, and waft me to my rest.

F. C. K.

Clouds and Sunshine.

A STORY OF SOUTH AFRICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE time passed on, and Mr. Hugo had not been able to keep his promise of visiting the children once a year. At last they were overjoyed one day to hear that he might soon be expected, and on the very next day he arrived. What a joyous meeting it was! and how they besieged him with questions concerning the welfare of their Belfort friends. But there was much sad news as well as pleasant. The village had been visited by a fever, which had carried off several of their old friends, amongst whom were old Mr. Breda and Katrina. Pieter was anxious to become a farmer, and had got a situation on old Mr. Ross' farm, where he was getting on very well. Mrs. Breda had let the large house, and had hired a smaller one in which she was living. Fortunately Mietje was still with her, and was as attached and attentive to her old mistress as ever. Such was the substance of Mr. Hugo's news. The children were determined to keep their uncle with them as long as possible, and planned expeditions numerous enough to keep him employed for many a day. During one of their walks round the kloof, Mr. Hugo asked Susie to walk with him.

"I want to have a chat with you before I leave town," said he; "but at home there is so little chance of a quiet talk. I have arranged with Mrs. Van der Riet that she is to place you and Nettie for eighteen months at Miss Gatty's seminary in the Gardens, which, after careful inquiries, we believe to be the best; the holidays you will, of course, spend with the Van der Riet's, or anywhere else with their approval. At the expiration of that time I hope I shall be able to come for you and take you to live with me for some years at least. Now there is another and rather painful subject I must speak to you about, and that is in case anything should happen to me, you and Nettie will be left alone in the world, and the thought of that makes me very unhappy at times."

"Oh, Uncle, do not talk so," said Susie imploringly, "I hope you are going to live many happy years with us still."

"I hope so, too, my dear; but there is no knowing; 'in the midst of life we are in death,' you know, and I have often wondered what would become of my dear children if I should be taken from them. Kind old Mrs Van der Riet, I do not think, can live many years longer, though she is still so hale; and at her death, of course, the pension Government allows her will stop, and poor Isabel will most likely have to do something for her own livelihood, or return to her friends in England, so she will not be able to assist you. For you I do not fear much, dear child—you are so prudent and thoughtful; but poor little Nettie, who is all mirth and sunshine, I

grieve to think that trouble may befall her, or that she may ever be compelled to earn her bread; of course, in case of my death, you and Nettie will share all my earthly possessions; but you know," added he smiling sadly, "I am by no means a millionaire, so that——"

"Oh, Uncle," interrupted Susie, "please do not talk in such a strain." The tears were glistening in her eyes.

Just then Nettie came up and interrupted their conversation.

"My!" exclaimed Nettie, almost breathless from running, "how slowly you two old fogeys are walking. The gentlemen want Aunt Isabel to sing, so she sent me to ask you, Susie, if you will come and sing 'Moonlight' with her."

They now walked on, and soon reached their friends. Susie possessed a very sweet voice, and besides, what is almost as sweet, the desire to please; she showed none of that silly affectation which some young ladies display before complying with the request either to sing or play.

Several songs were sung in succession, and then the party, having rested awhile, rose and commenced the last stage of their walk: that pleasant walk which Susie remembered so well in after years, when every word her uncle had said, during the quiet talk they had had, seemed to be vividly imprinted on her memory. At last the town was reached, and the friends gradually dispersed.

A couple of days after, Mr. Hugo took his departure. The children were soon at Miss Gatty's school, where Susie and Annie progressed fairly with their studies, but poor Nettie's boisterous mirth frequently got her into trouble.

When they had been eighteen months at school they sustained a great shock in the death of old Mrs. Van der Riet; she had caught a bad cold during the winter, which had much enfeebled her, still Isabel was in hopes that by good nursing she would throw it off, but the old lady suddenly became worse, and, after a couple of weeks of illness, expired; her daughter-in-law had sent for Annie—Susie and Nettie begged so hard to see their dear Grandma, that Miss Gatty allowed them to accompany her; and they arrived just in time to be still recognized by the sufferer, who spoke a few words to each before she died.

Poor Isabel felt the death of her dear mother keenly. They had lived so many happy years together, and notwithstanding the disparity in their ages, had been such true companions. After the funeral was over, and business matters had been arranged, Mrs. Van der Riet resolved to return to England as soon as Mr. Hugo had relieved her of the responsibility of his nieces. But a great sorrow was in store for poor Susie and Nettie, and came like a thunderbolt upon them. It had been arranged that they were to leave school at Christmas, and it wanted but three weeks to the time, when one day they were summoned from the school-room by a visit from Mrs. Van der Riet.

The sad news was communicated to them of the death of their

uncle. Mrs. Van der Riet then took them away from school, and during the drive home gave the weeping girls all the particulars of their lamented uncle's death. It appeared that he had been ailing slightly, and had refused to take medical advice. Old Mrs. Breda had spent the afternoon with him, and had proposed to remain during the night, but he would not hear of it. He was found the next morning dead in his bed. And the poor children, now doubly orphaned, were also left penniless. These circumstances Mrs. Van der Riet had gathered from a long report of the conversation between Mrs. Breda and Piet, fully detailed for her edification, which had taken place on the discovery of the sad event. The most important part of which conversation was the following.

When his mother declared that the children were penniless, Pieter exclaimed in surprise, "How is it possible? I thought Oom Danie had made a good deal of money lately, and as Susie and Nettie are the nearest relatives, it must of course all come to them even if there is no will."

"Yes," replied his mother, "but there is a great mystery about the money; nothing has been found except a couple of sovereigns and some silver which were in his purse. Now you know he sold his farm last month to old Jacobus Schalkwyk for £2,000. Old Jacobus paid him in hard cash (you know the old fellow's horror of bills, bonds, &c.); and his stock and farming implements, sold by auction, realized also about £2,000, if not more; besides this he must have had still a couple of hundred pounds. I am sure he had all this money in his house last week, for one day he was speaking to Mr. Devonshire and myself about it, saying that we really should make an effort to establish a bank in Belfort, as it was very unsafe for every man to be his own banker, and he then mentioned to us that he had over £4,000 in his house."

"And has the money been properly searched for?" enquired Pieter.

"Yes, we ransacked every likely and unlikely spot in the house, but all to no purpose."

"Did no suspicion fall on old Elsie, who, I suppose, was the only one on the premises at the time of his death?"

"Well, the magistrate strongly suspected her, and subjected her to a severe cross-examination, and even searched her pockets and her house, but without success. She persisted in her first declaration that she knew nothing of the money. Her master had appeared to be rather restless during the night, and several times she had given him his medicine, but towards morning he became quieter, and as she felt rather tired, she spread out a mat on the floor in the adjoining room, intending only to rest for awhile, but she must have fallen asleep. When she awoke, all seemed quiet in her master's room, so she did not go in for fear of disturbing him. She then went to the kitchen, and after having made coffee, took a cup into his room, and finding him still asleep, as she thought, she quietly placed

the cup on the table at his bedside ; but as she did so, she was struck by the pallor of his face. Instinctively she passed her hand across his forehead, and was horrified at finding it icy cold ; and with a cry of alarm, she rushed out of the room, and came to call me."

"And now," said Pieter after a while, "what will become of the poor children ?"

"Mr. Devonshire has taken a great interest in the orphans, and had a long talk with me about them. He advised me to write to Susie, and persuade her and Nettie to come to Belfort by the first opportunity, and he will do his best to get situations as governesses for them. I did not like the idea at first, but after all, I think it will be best : that is, if they succeed in getting amongst good, kind people. Mrs. Van der Riet is going to England next month, and as poor Danie so particularly asked me to be kind to his 'children,' as he called them, I should like to have them near me. The Russouws are at present in Cape Town, on a visit to Mrs. Russouw's parents, and have promised to bring Susie and Nettie with them on their return."

"Poor girls !" said Pieter, "so young to be left to their own resources. I wish we were rich, that they could remain with you instead of having to drudge for their own livelihood."

CHAPTER IX.

Again the accacias are in blossom ; the red roses and the white are struggling to outshine each other, the pomegranate buds are playing at hide-and-seek amongst the dark-green foliage ; the mimosas are covered with little yellow tufts, and the beautiful clematis, also in full blossom, twines in graceful laziness along the boughs of the quince hedges.

All is stillness in Belfort : it is the after-dinner hour, when most of the inhabitants are refreshing themselves with a short siesta ; nothing stirring in the streets, save occasionally a stray dog, panting and gasping for breath : even the very fowls seem to think and say to each other, "What an insufferably hot day ;" and one old cock that has stood gaping for the last half hour, walks leisurely on to Mrs. Van Rensburg's stoep, and there and then gives vent to his feelings in a loud, prolonged "cock-a-doodle-doo," thereby rousing the worthy old lady from her nap.

"Mita, kind," she cried to her daughter, "sta op ; hoor toch hoe kraai de haan vlak voor de deur ; daar kom zeker van middag gezelschap."

At this moment a loud rumbling is heard, and a wagon, drawn by eight poor, fagged horses, comes leisurely up the street. The wagon contains Johannes Russouw and family, and the two Misses Kenerell, and it is not long before the young ladies are affectionately embraced by their old friend, Mrs. Breda.

Susie, now nearly eighteen years old, has grown up a tall, graceful

young woman, gentle and kind, ever thoughtful for others. Her uncle's death had been a great shock to the loving, sensitive girl, and the remembrance of her bereavement seemed to have cast a sadness over the youthful face which only added to its sweetness; not that Susie was continually brooding over her sorrow, but though Mr. Hugo had now been dead nearly three months, her loss was still fresh in her memory, and their arrival at what had so recently been his earthly home opened up anew wounds which were only just beginning to heal.

Nettie was much the same as of old, a trifle more sedate, but ready at any time for a romp with Mrs. Breda's old house-dog "Waltman."

The girls were much disappointed at not seeing Pieter.

"When will he come into the village again?" enquired Nettie.

"Not for a good while," was the reply; "Mr. Ross has sent him to Port Elizabeth to fetch some imported sheep which he has bought, and as he only left last week it will be a long time before he is back."

In the afternoon several old friends called to see Susie and Nettie, amongst whom was Mr. Devonshire, the magistrate, a short, stout, jolly old bachelor. He was of Irish extraction, and possessed a good deal of Irish humour, and, in a slight measure, of Irish temper too. Several laughable stories were related of him by his friends. His great hobby was tree-planting; one year he planted some fine young trees before his house, but the neighbours' goats were constantly nibbling off the young leaves. Mr. Devonshire constantly threatened impounding, but never carried out his threat, until one afternoon, coming out of his house on to the stoep, he found about a dozen buck ewes feasting on the finest of his trees, which they had already almost completely stripped.

"Hans," he called out to his little factotum, "take these goats to the pound at once; I can't stand this any longer."

Hans looked at his master in bewilderment.

"Did you hear what I told you?" thundered Mr. Devonshire, "take those goats to the pound."

"Maar seur, weet seur wie ze bokke is dit die?" expostulated Hans.

"You young varmint, I'll break your crown if you say another word;" and brandishing his shillelah—walking-stick I meant to say—he followed Hans, who was now running along after the goats. They soon arrived at the pound, and the magistrate gave the goats in charge of the poundmaster. That official appeared much amazed, and catching sight of Hans' puzzled face, was not sure whether a joke was not being played upon him.

"You must excuse me, sir," he said, addressing Mr. Devonshire, "but I must say I never heard of a man impounding his own property."

"My own property!" replied the magistrate, a sudden light dawn-

ing on his mind. "You young rascal!" addressing himself to Hans, "to whom do these goats belong?"

"Why, they are yours, master;" and Hans' long-suppressed laughter could no longer be restrained.

"You—you—you mullygrumps! how dare you play me such a trick?" And but for Hans' agility the walking-stick would have descended on his head.

"But, master, you would not give me time to—"

"Get along, or I'll smash your head," interrupted his irate master; and Hans spun away after the bucks.

The poundmaster, who had been quietly observing the scene between master and man, broke out into a roar of laughter.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I have often heard people say you do not know one horse, ox, or goat from another, and I never would believe them, but now I do," and Mr. Devonshire now joined heartily in the laugh.

"I say, De Klerk," said he at last, "don't mention this to any one, or I'll get no end of chaff;" but before evening the story of the magistrate impounding his own goats was known throughout the whole of Belfort.

Through the united efforts of Mr. Devonshire and Mrs. Breda, a situation as governess was procured for Susie in the family of Mr. Jan van Stade. It was a sad matter for Susie to be separated from her sister, but there was no alternative. They at first thought of setting up a school together in the village, but there being already one school the idea was abandoned as being impracticable. Mrs. Breda offered to keep Nettie with her, but that young lady had suddenly acquired very independent ideas.

"You are very kind, indeed, dear Mrs. Breda," she said, "but I know you cannot afford it, and I am healthy and strong, so I mean to work. I think you all look upon me as a child, but I am only two years younger than Susie, and if you will but help me to get a situation I mean to turn over a new leaf and become quite prim, and to try and civilise some little family of Boer children."

"Very well, Nettie," replied Mrs. Breda, "perhaps it will be better for you to try and do something for yourself; but you are very young, and all farmers are not like the Van Stades. They are really superior to most of their neighbours, and I am sure will do their best to make Susie comfortable."

On the following Saturday the Van Stades came in to church, and on Monday returned home, taking with them their new governess and her sister, whom they had invited to spend a couple of days with Susie. Jan van Stade, a tall, stout, florid complexioned, good tempered man, owned a fine large farm about five hours from the village, the homestead of which he had endeavoured to make as comfortable as a farmer's idea of comfort extends.

A large voorhuis, three poky little bedrooms, with the smallest of windows, which were seldom opened, a pantry, kitchen, and a

couple of outside rooms, constituted the dwelling, which was a picture of neatness. The little bedroom which had been prepared for Susie was as neat as a new pin; a large springbok mat covered the freshly "smeared" floor; the bed was covered with the whitest of linen, and was further adorned with Mrs. Van Stade's smartest "sprei" or patchwork counterpane; a neat starch-covered dressing-able, which also did duty as washstand, and a chair, completed the furniture of the apartment,—all of which pleased Susie, but she did not like the close smell of the apartment, and had not been long in it when she unbuttoned the window and set it wide open.

"Maar, kind," said Mrs. Van Stade, entering soon after, "are you not afraid of getting 'zinkins'?"

"Oh no," replied Susie smiling, "I am too fond of fresh air."

Susie soon made acquaintance with her pupils,—six noisy romping girls and boys, moderately well-behaved, and evidently anxious to become acquainted with their teacher and school.

Five minutes walk from the house stood the large well-kept garden, watered from the fine dam above it, and at the back of the dwelling were three roomy sheep-kraals.

Susie was soon comfortably established in the Van Stade family; she found the children much more ignorant than she had imagined, as they had only lately received tuition from a "meester" or tutor; but he had evidently not imparted much knowledge to his pupils, and she found it no small task to eradicate the peculiar pronunciation and incorrect grammar they had acquired from him.

Nettie had spent a week with her sister, and was thinking of returning to the village, as soon as Mr. Van Stade could conveniently take her, when one afternoon they were visited by one of the neighbours, Gert de Klerk, and his wife, who, after the usual salutations and inquiries were over, stated that the object of their call was to obtain, if possible, the services of the younger Miss Kenerell as governess to their children.

Nettie was quite ready to enter into an engagement at once, though the Van Stades advised her to think over the matter for a couple of days before deciding.

"Oh," answered Nettie, "I do not see any reason why I should not accept the situation; and as Mr. De Klerk's farm is only an hour's drive from this, I shall be able to see Susie often."

So it was settled that Mr. Van Stade was to take Nettie into the village in a couple of days' time, when she could acquaint Mrs. Breda of the engagement, and bring out her clothes, books, &c.

Soon after this the De Klerks left.

As they were driving away, Mrs. Van Stade said to Nettie, "My dear child, you did a foolish thing in engaging yourself to people whom you know nothing of."

"In what way?" asked Nettie.

"Well, for many reasons. Mrs. De Klerk is a very slovenly bad-tempered woman; beats her servants and children most unmercifully, and—"

"Her husband, too," interrupted Mr. Van Stade.

"I don't know about that," rejoined Mrs. Van Stade, "but people do say she henpecks the poor man terribly. Serve him right, too, if he is weak-minded enough to allow such a thing. What business has a young man like him to marry an old widow with eight children?"

"There was a story once," added Mr. Van Stade, "that one day Mrs. De Klerk was so exasperated with her husband that she ran after him, broomstick in hand, to the edge of the dam; the poor man has a mortal dread of cold water, but he dreads his irate better half still more, so after only a second of reflection he rushed into the water, believing rightly that she would not follow him. She then threatened and bullied him, but all to no purpose, and finding that he would not come out while she stood by, she went home."

"And did he get his whipping when he returned to the house?" asked Nettie.

"I really do not know," replied Van Stade smiling, "but he had a bad attack of bronchitis a couple of days after."

"Nettie, dear," said Susie after a while, "you must not go to those people, even though you will have to break your word; you did not know what a disorderly household theirs is, but now that you do know, you surely cannot wish to go."

"O Susie, don't say so," replied Nettie, "who knows what good I may do by going to live there?"

And notwithstanding all the persuasion of her friends, Nettie was determined to keep her word.

CHAPTER X.

"My dear Susie,—As I promised to let you know how I am getting on, I write now, in hopes of an opportunity occurring by which to send my letter. I was sorry your cold was so bad that you could not come with me to see my new home; I hope you are better, and that you will be able to come over on Sunday as you promised.

"I find this place very much as Mrs. Van Stade described it to us. Mrs. De Klerk is very different looking now to what she was when we first saw her in her Sunday clothes—dreadfully slovenly and dirty, and her house and children are in keeping with herself. How ever I am to teach these uncouth little creatures is beyond my comprehension at present, but I mean to be very brave as I told you. The day Mr. Van Stade brought me here, shortly after our arrival, coffee was served, which being scalding hot, and in basins without saucers, of course I placed mine on the table to cool. One of the children now handed round a saucer with some small pieces of candy sugar. I was rather perplexed at this, but thinking it might be in honour of the visitors, and not wishing to be thought rude, helped myself to a piece and put it into my mouth. When I thought my coffee was cool enough, I commenced drinking it, but found to my

horror that it was bitter; whether the candy sugar was supposed to be put in one's coffee I have not discovered yet, but I always now decline coffee, and beg for milk instead. In the evening, at supper, I was further horrified by Mr. De Klerk, after asking me to take some butter, taking the knife off his plate and passing it slowly through his mouth, or rather between his lips prior to assisting me to a lump; and then the eldest girl, about fourteen years old, sat down on a footstool close behind me, and commenced combing her hair with a small tooth comb. I don't think I am over fastidious, but I can assure you, what little appetite I had vanished altogether. Next morning, not having a wash basin in my room, I called one of the children and asked for one. Presently she returned with an oval tin dish and a 'vaadoek;' the latter article I need not tell you I did not make use of. In a short time the child came to fetch the dish again, and on going in to breakfast soon after, I saw her washing the cups in the identical dish, and from time to time the 'vaadoek' is applied to the dirty hands and faces of the children.

"The meals are very different to Mrs. Van Stade's plain but nicely cooked ones. The table-cloth is always dirty; no salt is placed on the table, there is bread and meat, the latter always prepared in the same fashion, 'half gekookd en half gebraai,' are the only viands; vegetables they have in the garden, but the only use made of them is when the children, and even the big boys, dig out the carrots and beet and eat them raw.

"Mrs. De Klerk does not seem to like my wearing starched prints, and sneers at collars and undersleeves; she told me yesterday that if I chose to wear such things I should have to iron them myself as *she* was not going to do it, and besides could not afford to give me starch every week. I could not help contrasting her speech with the kind way Mrs. Van Stade told *you* you would have to learn to do up your own dresses, and her kind offer to teach you; I hope you will soon, and whenever I can get a couple of holidays you can teach me, and I think I shall be able to buy the starch myself. I don't like the woman at all; but for the sake of the poor children I mean to do my best to be patient and put up with her airs.

"At meals the children squat down on the floor, each with a tin dish or plate, and such a clamorous time we have; every minute one jumps up to have his dish replenished, and a continual fighting and scolding goes on all the time; occasionally Mrs. De Klerk administers a box on the ear to two or three of the delinquents, and then you should hear the howling! The other day I suggested to Mrs. De Klerk that I should give the children their dinner in a becoming way at the table, either before or after we had had ours, but she scouted the idea of such a 'fuss' as she called it; however, I mean to try again.

"Now, my dear Susie, don't make yourself unhappy about all the nonsense I have been telling you; you know you made me promise you that I would write and tell you all about the De Klerk family,

and their manners and customs, and so I have written you an awful rigmarole, but you know letter-writing was never my *forte*.

"I quite forgot to tell you that Mr. De Klerk *does* appear to get an occasional henpecking, but I think the fact has been rather exaggerated; he is a quiet, steady-going soul, and I like him better than any one else in the house. Now I must really leave off writing, as it is very late, and everybody has been asleep hours ago. Plenty of love to my dear old sister from her ever loving

"NETTIE."

(*To be continued.*)

Education in Canada.

THE man who is the most willing to be taught, the most ready to receive any suggestion in the liberal spirit of inquiry, and who is not ashamed to learn even from inferiors and babes is, *prima facie*, not only the most Christian in soul, but the most sagacious in the worldly sense of the word. It may therefore be almost flattering to the intellectual liberality of the people of South Africa that we swallow so much individual and collective abuse from outside, and admit we deserve it. It would seem to lead to the hope that we will soon be a very large-minded and enlightened people, and if readiness to acknowledge the justice of the condemnation visited on us were a guarantee of regeneration, no doubt we should be. In the belief that the account I am about to give, reflecting upon ourselves, will be received with the generosity of liberal minds, I take pleasure in offering a few impressions bearing upon a subject which must increase in importance as we take rank as a nation. I only offer them as impressions, and only ask that they may be considered with candour—if they are worth consideration at all.

One good means of self-improvement is by comparison with others. Comparisons are odious. That is, of course, when other people make them, and we are the subject of contrast. It is different when we make them ourselves. And when we institute them ourselves we can better afford to be self-depreciating. The discussion of the subject of a South African Confederation has turned attention to Lord Carnarvon's first scheme of colonial federation, consummated in the present government of the Dominion of Canada. It is only fitting and natural, therefore, that we should look to Canada with some curiosity, in order to ascertain if there is anything to benefit ourselves, in the experience of that country whose progress we are asked to follow. In speaking of the indications of advancement shown in Canada, it must not be supposed that all have been shown since confederation, or that all have been due to that measure; but

it must be assumed that the union both created new features of development and immensely stimulated the steps already taken.

The first thing that occurs to my mind in connection with Canada, is her schools. These indeed are the glory as well as the great expense of the land. To keep in mind the extent and perfection of the educational facilities of Canada, you must remember that the whole Dominion has a population of only a trifle over four millions. To begin with a few statistics, the Dominion has now some 16,500 schools, attended by nearly one million pupils, and about ten million dols., or two million pounds, are annually spent in the cause of education. This condition of education has been the growth of comparatively few years, for although settlements were made in Canada as early as 1541, it was not till a hundred years after that the first school, in what was called Lower Canada, was opened at Quebec; and in the upper province, now Ontario, it was nearly 200 years after that before the first public grammar school was established. That was in 1806. Then the province was divided into eight districts, and a school endowed in each. Ten years later the first common schools were established; but it is a fact to be borne in mind that practical legislation was not begun until 1841. This legislation was begun the very next year after the union of the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada; and that in itself is an incident which goes to show the eternal fitness of things in harmonizing the two principles—that knowledge is power and union is strength. The province of Ontario has apparently shown the most rapid development in education, because the first steps were taken in such recent years. In 1866, only twelve years ago, this province had four universities, two years ago it had seven; in 1866 it had eleven colleges, now it has twenty-four colleges and collegiate institutes, and one hundred high schools. Then it had 4,000 common schools, now there are 6,000, the whole provincial system costing five million dols. annually, its total number of pupils being over 500,000. Among these leading institutions there is a School of Practical Science, an Antiquarian Institute, a Literary Institute, a Military College, a Normal School for the special training of school teachers (and this institution works with excellent results), various Medical, Surgical, and Dental and Veterinary Colleges of high standing; and last, though not least, an Agricultural College, where farmers' sons, and even boys who come to the country from Europe homeless and penniless, may learn both "book" farming and practical farming. That is, he may acquire a simple knowledge of how to hold a plough, swing a cradle, run a reaping machine, or manage a horse-power thrashing machine; or he may rise to know the theory of drainage, the chemical constituents of the soil, the particular kind of manure required in a certain kind of soil for a certain kind of fruit or grain, and even a familiarity with the mysteries of meteorology. This college has an extensive model farm in connection with it, and every year,

besides the regular pupils, scores of intelligent farmers visit it, observe the operations, and obtain an inkling of all the latest improvements and the further results of applied science. The universities rank high, and the graduates in medicine and law, in particular, who frequently go to England to pass through the schools and obtain additional degrees there, are treated with much respect and favour. The Military College belongs rather to the subject of volunteers and colonial defence ; but it may be mentioned in passing that this school is open to any able-bodied applicant who chooses to present himself. The candidate is admitted to the college, where he goes through every phase of military life and discipline. He is trained successively to the duties of private, corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, captain, and so on up to a lieutenant-general. If he shows a great aptitude to the arts of war he may pass his examination in six months, and if successful he is awarded with a diploma, which not only entitles him to the rank of a field officer, but to receive the sum of 50 dols. This will more than pay his expenses at the school. There are also second-class diplomas given, which entitle the holder to a commission, and to receive the sum of 25 dols. This college is situated in Toronto ; and there is also a School of Gunnery at Kingston, where the students are specially devoted to artillery and the science of fortification.

As to education in general. The first, or lowest grade of schools is called the public or common schools. These are conducted on fixed principles all over the Dominion, in town or country. For educational purposes the Dominion is divided into provinces, counties, townships, and sections. A township of average size and population will be about twelve or fifteen miles square, and will be divided into from ten to fifteen school sections, each with an average attendance of say thirty to fifty. The school-house will be located in as central and pleasant a part of the section as possible. These schools were in a rather crude state not very many years ago—houses often rudely made, ill-ventilated, poorly seated, and badly arranged, the teachers themselves not being the best-qualified persons—so that, viewing their wonderful progress, there is not much reason for the people of South Africa to despair, if they only go to work in the right spirit in this matter. Go at the present day to even a back-country section now, in Canada, and you will find the school-house neat, commodious, and airy, even although the people may not afford a church in the section. The educational authorities some years ago offered prizes for the best model school-house, the best school-desk, the best school-chair, and every such appurtenance, until they have been able to secure the most suitable designs possible, and on these they have adopted general principles for fitting out a school. Every school section may have houses after its own plans to a great extent, but they must be approved by authority as regards accommodation and ventilation. There is generally little deviation from the

approved styles, and there are large firms in Hamilton and other cities, which manufacture chairs, desks, stands, &c., of remarkable lightness and strength, and at very cheap rates. The section school is managed by a board of three trustees. They are elected by the school-ratepayers, and one retires each year. The trustees are bound by oath to administer the affairs of the school to the best of their ability, and to the interests of the people of the section. The contracts with the teacher are made from year to year. The teacher is compelled to keep a strict record of the daily attendance, the classes, &c., of his school, and to make a half-yearly return on registers provided by Government, of the more important statistics, with the average attendance for the half-year. In that way the Educational Department feels the pulse of the whole educational system, and sees at once the benefit or disadvantage of any particular change which may be introduced. Some years ago the public schools were supported partly by a Government grant and partly by a tax on the householders and a monthly rate of twenty-five cents, or one English shilling, a month on each pupil. This was very equitable in one sense, but it made an excuse for many of the poorer people to keep their children at home in ignorance. So, after some opposition on the part of that portion of the public who had the most money and the fewest children, a law was passed, making all schools free schools, and making education compulsory on all children from seven to sixteen. You naturally ask, how does compulsory education work? Excellently well. It is not that children are driven to school like an indentured apprentice to his work. It is the moral effect of the law. To make this law easy to all, the authorities supply books at the cheapest possible rate, the section of ratepayers provides the house, and even those who have no children contribute towards the cause. The effect of this is as strong on every pupil and poor parent as if children were whipped into attendance at school.

The first school term of the year begins on the 8th January, and the largest attendance is between this and the Easter holidays, as that is the height of the winter season, and the period of most leisure time. It is not an uncommon thing in the country to see a married man and his wife thus making up for lost time, and carrying on their farm work while attending school. Of course it requires some moral courage for a grown-up man with whiskers to place himself alongside of children, and see a youngster sailing away in quadratic equations while he is groping in the dim light of long division. But such moral courage often produces good results. A man who had just settled in the country as a farm labourer, was driving a wood-wagon to town when he met a school-boy, whose manners inspired him with a desire to be enlightened too. The man was then twenty-five years old, and had to begin in the elements of every branch. At the present time this man is inspector of the

Hamilton Public Schools, and principal of the Hamilton Central School, with 500 boys and girls under him. He now writes his name Archibald MacCallum, M.A.

The school hours in the public schools are from nine a.m. till twelve, with a recess of ten minutes, and from one to four p m., with a similar recess. There are two weeks holidays extending over Christmas and New Year, a week at Easter, and a month in the summer, from the 1st July to the 1st August. The public school takes the pupil through reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history, with a stress upon Canadian history and Canadian geography; and through the Greek and Latin rudiments, algebra, geometry, astronomy, physiology, &c., and the masters are generally able to teach such accomplishments as telegraphy and shorthand.

The next grade of schools is called the High School. There is one of these in every incorporated town and every county, as well as in the cities, and they form an intermediate step between the public school and the university. In the county the high schools are directed by boards of trustees appointed jointly by the county council and the council of the town in which they are held. In the cities the trustees of the high school are appointed by the city council, and a general board of school trustees is elected by the ratepayers. Each high school has a head-master who must be a graduate of some British or Canadian University. This being a higher branch of education, fees are paid, but these are only twenty-five cents a month, if my memory serves me correctly. For the conduct of these schools local rates of half the amount of Government grant must be raised for the master's salary; and this Government grant is payable only to those schools which attain a certain standard, based on the average attendance of the pupils in each of the studies. The number of pupils in the various classes being then taken into account, the standard is thus made upon the presumed proficiency of the scholars as well as the nominal attendance. While this limit is set to the existence of a high school, those who have a large attendance of male classical pupils may make application and be constituted a Collegiate Institute. An average yearly attendance of sixty male pupils in classics gives the high school this position, and then it is entitled to an additional Government grant of 750 dols. An extra grant is made to the masters of these schools who take certain meteorological observations and give scientific and military instruction. These schools prepare the pupils for matriculation into the universities. Two years ago there were one hundred high schools and eight collegiate institutes in the province of Ontario, with nearly 10,000 pupils. The collegiate institutes and most of the high schools are supplied with a creditable staff of teachers in almost all branches of education. An ordinary institute has a qualified teacher of law, of mathematics, of modern languages (two or three are employed in this branch), of classics, of natural

sciences, of music and drawing, and of commerce. The institute also has its secretary and treasurer who gives religious instructions, and usually a teacher of athletic exercises and military manœuvres.

The universities need not be enlarged upon, and it need only be said that their number is a credit to such an extent of population, and what is more important, their character high. A word with reference to the special features of the educational system of Canada. The Normal School of Toronto has been for years a model both in fact and name. This school was established for the purpose of training the pupils in the art of teaching. The pupils are, of course young men who have obtained certificates and who wish to enter upon school teaching, not as a make-shift but as a life profession. Other pupils are admitted, and the intending teacher takes classes under the various aspects that are to be met with in the public school; is instructed in the art of self-government and the government of others; is, in short, taught how to teach. This school has a fine museum and art gallery, containing specimens of school apparatus and furniture, and a large collection of Italian, Dutch, and Flemish paintings, with a fine gallery of busts. It is largely resorted to, not only by Canadians but by American teachers. Mr. H. W. Davies, the author of an excellent English grammar, is the principal. The school has a mathematical master, a natural science master, a lecturer on the school law, a teacher of book-keeping and writing, a drawing master, vocal music master, a teacher of gymnastics and calisthenics; and a large staff of general masters and mistresses. A law has recently been passed, enabling any city or county to have a model school in connection, I presume, with the College Institutes, so that with little additional expense to the system, an intending teacher may have the advantage of the training without leaving his own county.

I now come to an aspect of these schools which ought to be taken into account here. The Educational Department give every encouragement to the establishment of libraries in all the public schools, and this encouragement they give in an earnest and practical way. They offer to any school that wishes to establish a library 100 per cent. on a local appropriation of any extent. The teacher or trustees of a school selects whatever books are wanted, and for every dollar paid two dollars worth of books are sent. The catalogue is large and varied, and the department punctual and careful in sending whatever is ordered. This percentage is extended to prize books, and the liberality of the department has thus placed prize books within the means of the poorest school section.

As to the government of the schools of Canada, there is a Minister of Education in each province, and though each province has the liberty of self-management in its own affairs, the system is much the same throughout the Dominion. Each provincial department issues an official journal of education, in which new laws and regulations

are published, and all matters connected with education are discussed. This journal is sent free to each trustee and teacher throughout the country, and is a valuable paper from its own general merits.

Perhaps the most admirable feature of the system is the supply department. All the books used in the schools are compiled by Canadians, or those who have made Canada their home, and are all printed in Canada, from the A B C book to the highest readers, with the geographies, arithmetics, etc. These school books are published by the Education Department, and sold at the cheapest possible rate, and are revised with a special view as to clearness and simplicity. Maps, astronomical and mathematical instruments, and all such furniture, are also supplied by the department, and one of the best tributes to the perfection of the whole educational system is, that these books and appurtenances are preferred by pupils and public before those of other origin.

As I look upon the Canadian system as one of the most practical and complete in the world, my general conclusions may be anticipated. I would advise, as has already been urged here, the creation of a new cabinet office in the shape of a Minister of Education. I would bring all the town and village schools to a more common footing, and, although the system of public schools in the country could not be carried out as well in a thinly populated land like this as in Canada, I would like to see it assimilated. And above all, I would like to see the principle of compulsory education affirmed. I believe that ultimately it will be the most effectual means, under Providence, that could be taken to eradicate the moral sores of Mohammedism and heathendom from South Africa. A board or council of education, and an educational journal for the use of teachers, school committees, and the people generally, are things which the Colony ought not to deprive itself of for another year; nor ought it to rest without its own school books and general school libraries. It has often occurred to me that, in bringing about these reforms, it would be money well spent if Government would appoint a commission to visit Europe, Canada, and the States, and report upon the various systems, selecting from each what would be found most desirable for the circumstances of the Colony. A great deal can be accomplished in a little time; and, in conclusion, I may say that in the case of Canada all the most important strides have been achieved in a single generation. In the province of Ontario, the great work has been laid out almost by the exertions of one man—Dr. Ryerson —whose whole life has been devoted to the cause. But his career shows that if such a good work is to be accomplished, it must be by most persistent and constant agitation; and the public discussion of the subject ought never be allowed to flag while there is a reader for a newspaper or a hearer for a public speaker.

EMMAUS.

"Terence."

AN ESSAY.*

In the days of the great "Apostle of the Gentiles," when men, wearied with the endless disputations of the sophists, thought that every conceivable subject of inquiry had been exhausted, the cry most frequently on the lips of thinkers was, "Who will show us anything new?" By slightly varying the expression, it may be made to embody one of the leading desiderata of men of our own times.

For, when we discover that Milton owes the Satan of his "Paradise Lost" to the Prometheus of Æschylus, that Virgil's Bucolics are but a reproduction of Theocritus, his Georgics of Hesiod, and his Æneid but a compilation from the Iliad and Odyssey, and that Homer himself, great king of song though he be, is shrewdly suspected of having borrowed largely from the works of the Cyclic poets who preceded him, we may well despairingly ask, "Who will show us anything *original?*"

Are we, then, to condemn as plagiarists those heroes of the poetic world who, finding certain materials ready to their hands, made use of them, and, by interspersing many beautiful thoughts of their own, worked them up into poems, which have been the delight and admiration of all succeeding ages? Surely not!—for the human mind is but an emanation from the mighty Intellect which pervades the Universe, and when a poet has once given birth to a beautiful idea, and clothed it in poetic phrase, it ceases to be exclusively his, but becomes the common property of all; and although the palm of originality must be conceded to him who first gave it voice, yet he is also in no small degree original who, taking up this thought and turning it in the light of a poetic soul, elicits from it fresh beauties, and constitutes it, as it were, a new creation.

Applying this reasoning to that *series* of beautiful ideas which forms a poem, we at once perceive that Virgil, notwithstanding his indebtedness to Homer, may still be a truly original poet.

The history of literature presents many instances in which the adapting and modifying poet has proved incomparably the greater genius of the two.

Scott's "Marmion" and "Lay of the Last Minstrel" owe their origin to the Ballads of the Scottish Borders; but Scott is as superior to the authors of these ditties as was Homer to the rude bards, who first sang the beauties of Helen and the prowess of Achilles.

There have even been found some bold enough to maintain the superiority of Virgil to Homer. That witty Frenchman, Voltaire, has said: "Si Homère a fait Virgile, c'est son plus bel ouvrage,"—

* Read, in the first instance, to the Student's Debating Society, South African College.

but admirers of Homer may comfort themselves with the reflection that it was this same Frenchman who asserted that Addison's "Cato" was a better play than Shakspeare's "Macbeth." The "Bard of Avon" himself drew largely, both for the structure and matter of his plays, from the chroniclers and older dramatists, but who would attempt to deny that our great poet's glowing page is a totally new and distinct creation from the dry details of Hollinshed and the crude prosings of such men as Bayle and Whetstone? Again, the Euclio of Plautus and the Gnatho of Terence furnished the rough drafts from which Molière sketched his inimitable "Harpagon" and "Le Tartufe;" but *he* must be indeed strongly prejudiced in favour of the ancients who fails to perceive that the great Frenchman has utterly distanced his predecessors, and borne away from them even the meed of originality. That Terence was indebted to Menander for the plots and much of the matter of his comedies is, therefore, no argument against the originality of the Latin Poet. Enough remains of Menander to show that, where the imitation seems closest, Terence has frequently re-touched and improved upon his model; so that, as critics judge of Shakspeare by his "Othello" and "Merchant of Venice" without reference to the sources from which he drew them, in like manner the intrinsic merits of the "Andria" and "Eunuchus" must decide the place which Terence is to occupy among poets.

Comparatively little is known of the private life of Terence. There were no Boswells in those days. And I know not that the world has lost much thereby. As a rule, a man's book contains the concentrated essence of all that was noblest and purest in the man himself; and to dish up, for our refection, his foibles and those points in which he resembled the "ignobile vulgus," can serve no other purpose than that of satisfying an idle and often impertinent curiosity. But that Johnson presents the almost unique instance of a man whose conversation was of a higher order of merit than his writings, Boswell, instead of being the prince of biographers, would be the prince of bores.

Terence was born at Carthage, B.C. 195, and became the slave of the Roman Senator, P. Terentius Lucanus. The relations between a Roman master and his slave were frequently of a kindly nature, and the old Senator, taking a paternal interest in the handsome and intelligent Carthaginian youth, gave him the best education which Rome could afford—and his liberty.

Terence, according to Roman custom, assumed the prænomen and nomen of his patron, and taking, as cognomen the title of his nation is known to the world as P. Terentius Afer. Devoting himself to literature, he offered in 168 his "Andria" to the *curule ædiles*, whose duty it was to provide theatrical representations at the Megalesia and other Ludi Scenici.

The Ædiles referred the reading of the piece to Cæcilius, who was then the foremost playwright at Rome. Meanly clad and

unknown, Terence was not received with that cordiality or ceremony which would have marked the greeting of a guest of equal social standing with his host, but was pointed out a low stool, from which he began to read the opening lines of his play. These are somewhat of an autobiographical nature, representing a dialogue between a patron and his favourite freedman, and are not deficient in that grace of expression which characterized all that Terence wrote. Cæcilius, struck with admiration, grasped the ill-dressed stranger warmly by the hand, and invited him to partake of his couch and supper.

The old poet, however, dying soon afterwards, the "Andria" remained unpublished for two years, but was at length represented in B.C. 166. The effect was immediate and enormous. The literary world of Rome was taken by storm. The tender grace of the "Maid of Andros" could not be sufficiently admired, and its pure Latinity was a feature hitherto foreign to Roman literature. The graceful epigrams with which it abounds were on the lips of all. Terence became the lion of the day, and was freely admitted into the highest circles of society. It was, doubtless, about this time that he formed the acquaintance of the Africanus and Lælius whose friendship has been immortalized by Cicero. This acquaintance afterwards ripened into a close intimacy, and Terence was accused of being largely indebted to the friends for the matter of his plays—a charge which, in the Prologue of the "Adelphi," he does not wholly deny:

> "Nam quod isti dicunt malivoli, homines nobilis,
> Eum adjutare adsidueque unà scribere:
> Quod illi maledictum vehemens esse existument,
> Eam laudem hic ducit maxumam."

But when we reflect that Terence was ten years the senior of the young patricians, and that he had written the "Andria" while unknown to them, we cannot avoid perceiving the real state of the case. Scipio and Lælius, ambitious to distinguish themselves as well at the pen as at the sword, naturally sought, in the foremost poet of the age, their literary guide and instructor. He, encouraging them to write on the subjects which at the time engrossed his own attention, admitted some of their happiest lines into his plays, thereby paying a very delicate compliment to his pupils, who felt that those lines had thus achieved immortality.

Terence's semi-admission of the charge brought against him, must be taken as an instance of the poet's adherence to one of the maxims of his own "Andria."

> "Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit."

That haughty young patricians, like Scipio and Lælius, should have admitted a freedman—the pariah of Roman society—to a close personal friendship, is both honourable to themselves and a sufficient evidence of the commanding genius of Terence.

The "Andria" was followed up by five other comedies, all of which, except the Hecyra, were received with favour, the poet obtaining for the Eunuchus 8,000 sesterces, nearly £60, the highest price which had yet been paid for a single play. Terence then set out for Greece, for the purpose of studying more closely the Greek manners and literature, but was doomed never to return. Of his death, which took place in B.C. 159, there are two accounts;—one, that the ship in which he was crossing from Greece with 108 comedies converted from Menander, foundered with all on board, the other, that the poet died, in Arcadia, of chagrin at the loss of his works which he had sent on by sea.

I must confess that I think, with some dismay, on those 108 comedies.

The dramatis personæ of the ancients were but few. Terence gives a list of them in the Prologue of the "Eunuchus."

> "Qui magis licet currentes servos scribere
> Bonas matronas facere, meretrices malas,
> Parasitum edacem, gloriosum militem,
> Puerum supponi, falli per servum senem."

If to these we add from the Prologue of the "Heautontimorumenos"

> "Sycophanta autem impudens, avarus leno;"

and subjoin the invariable "virgo vitiata," we have but ten characters in all, and to have the changes rung on these throughout 108 plays would, I fear, savour very much of "Toujours perdrix."

With reference, therefore, both to the disastrous effects on the poets themselves, and to the slight injury occasioned to literature, the loss of Terence's plays may be looked upon as analagous to the loss of the concluding books of Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

But the death of the poet himself at the early age of thirty-six, was a lasting injury to the world. His literary education was by no means finished. Hitherto he had sheltered himself under the wing of Menander, content if he escaped the censure that he had himself passed upon Luscius Lavinius that

> "ex
> Græcis bonis Latinas fecit non bonas."

But now having sounded the depths of Greek social life, the active mind of the poet would soon have sought fresh fields, and finding in the stirring scenes of the third Punic War, and of the days of the Gracchi, ample scope for the play of his fancy, we should have had, in the unrivalled Latin of Terence, a kaleidoscopic view of Roman manners and customs, that would have made him the "facile princeps" of Latin comedy, and have supplied a great deficiency in our knowledge of the past. But the fiat had gone forth, and Terence, the handsome and the intellectual, died, as many of earth's brightest and best sons have died since, in the noon-tide of success, and in full view of that proud goal of pre-eminence, from which he might have looked serenely down on the Roman waddlers,

who had mistaken this "Punic Swan" for an ungainly creature of their own species.

Terence, the witty and the elegant, died in the flower of his age, while many a dull proser is left to bore the world to the full span of his three score and ten.

Inscrutable are the ways of Providence and past finding out!

It now remains to mention a few of the most remarkable points in connection with the plays of Terence. Though but six in number, they are divided into three classes:

(1.) Comædiæ Motoriæ, or bustling plays, as the "Eunuchus" and "Phormio."

(2.) Comædiæ Statariæ, or quiet plays, as the "Hecyra" and "Heautontimorumenos."

(3.) Comædiæ Mixtæ, *i.e.*, those of a mingled nature, as the "Andria" and "Adelphi."

The "Phormio" was exhibited at the Roman Games—the Adelphi graced the obsequies of Paullus, the victor of Pydna, and the remaining four were brought out at the Megalesia or Great Games of Cybele.

The "Eunuchus" was paid the remarkable honour of being exhibited twice at the same Megalesia. The "Hecyra," on the contrary, was twice rejected, and owed its final acceptance to the intercession with the audience of the favourite actor Ambivius. A Roman audience of this period bore a striking resemblance to a London one of the present day. The long monologues and ethical discussions which characterized the Greek drama were to them wearisome in the extreme.

The development of delicate shades of feeling, which afforded such delight to the polished Athenian, had but a somnolent effect on the Roman. A rapid succession of incidents was necessary to keep alive the attention of a rude and illiterate populace.

Terence, therefore, as a rule, formed the plot of each of his plays by combining two of Menander's. In the case of the "Hecyra" he departed from this principle, taking it from a single play of Apollodorus. Hence probably its unfavourable reception.

The "Andria" and "Eunuchus" were the most admired plays among the ancients,—the moderns give the palm to the "Adelphi."

Roman critics differed very much in their estimate of the merits of Terence.

Cicero bestows on him unqualified praise, describing him as

> "Quicquid come loquens ac omnia dulcia dicens."

Cæsar on the other hand, while doing honour to the elegance of his style, denies him the more important attribute of comic force.

> "Tu quoque, tu in summis ô dimidiate Menander,
> Poneris et merito, puri sermonis amator,
> Lenibus atqúe utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis
> Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore
> Cum Græcis, neque in hâc despectus parte jaceres
> Unum hoc maceror, et doleo tibi deesse, Terenti!"

Now, with all due respect to the "foremost man in all the world," it is difficult to see how any one who has read the "Eunuchus" can deny to its author the possession of the "vis comica."

The "Phormio" is certainly open to the objection that the passions it develops border in some cases on the realm of tragedy.

But the four remaining plays are, more or less, sentimental comedies, or, to use the expressive French term, "comédies larmoyantes," and any marked display of the "vis comica" in them would be totally out of place.

Cæsar, therefore, would seem to be rather severe in his judgment, and it is to be feared that he, in common with many of his countrymen, missed in Terrence the gross obscenities of Plautus. Modern critics, however, instead of blaming Terence for the chastity of his muse, are more inclined to take him to task for the admission of certain "double entendres," such as mar many of the plays of Shakspeare,—although we regret to say that Good Queen Bess herself looked upon these latter as "most excellent conceits."

However opinions may vary as to the "vis comica," it is allowed by all that the graceful tenderness of certain passages in Terence's plays has rarely, if ever, been equalled.

Take, for instance, that scene in the "Andria" in which the dying Chrysis commends the maid Glycerium to the care of Pamphilus:

> "Quod ego per hanc te dextram oro et genium tuum,
> Per tuam fidem, perque huius solitudinem
> Te obtestor, ne abs te hanc segrego, neu deseras.
> Te isti virum do, amicum, tutorem, patrem,
> Bona nostra hæc tibi permitto, et tuæ mando fidei."

There is, perhaps, nothing equal to this in the whole round of literature. The Biblical scene between Ruth and Naomi is akin to it, but inferior.

Again, in the "Eunuchus," Phædria, when parting with Thais, gives utterance to the most beautiful and complete definition of true love to be found in any writer:

> "Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut sies
> Dies noctesque me ames, me desideres:
> Me somnies: me expectes: de me cogites:
> Me speres: me te oblectes: mecum tota sis:
> Meus fac sis postremo animus quando ego sum tuus."

Fancy language so exalted addressed to a courtezan, and by a wretch vile enough to make merchandize of her charms!

But this incongruity between the sentiments expressed and the character of the speaker is by no means uncommon in Terence.

Thus, in the "Adelphi," Sannio, after declaring his profession, "Ego leno sum," adds:

> "At ita ut usquam fuit fide quisquam optimâ."

It was, no doubt, intended to have a ludicrous effect upon the audience.

In the absence of full details respecting the life and character of Terence, it may not be impossible to glean some information concerning his tastes, habits, and opinions, from certain passages in his plays.

I am aware that this course is open to the objection, in the present instance, that those passages are much more likely to be autobiographical of Menander and Apollodorus than of Terence.

But where the preservation of the Greek originals enables us to judge, and where the Latin poet seems to follow them most closely, he has so altered both the sense and expression as almost to constitute a complete metamorphosis. Compare, for instance, that much-quoted line of the "Andria,"

"Amantium iræ amoris integratio'st,"

with Menander's

"Ὀργὴ φιλούντων ὀλίγον ἰσχύει χρόνον."

What new life and force have been given to the Latin version by the introduction of alliteration, and the expansion of the idea!

The "Phormio" presents us with a similar and perhaps even more marked victory over the Greek—that rather halting line of Apollodorus:

"τόλμῃ δικαίᾳ καὶ θέος συλλαμβάνει,"

being rendered by Terence into the beautiful epigram—

"Fortes fortuna adjuvat."

It is obvious, therefore, that a poet of Terence's calibre, who took such liberties with his original, would not lose the opportunity of introducing into his works certain favourite opinions, founded on his personal observation of the ways of mankind. Thus in reading the following passage of the "Eunuchus,"

> "Ex meo propinquo rure hoc capio commodi
> Neque agri, neque urbis, odium me unquam percipit;"

our thoughts wander to the poet's pleasant villa by the Appian Way, and its surrounding fields, in which he gave birth to many of his happiest ideas; and it is not unpleasing to us that Terence, probably through the munificence of the princely Africanus, had an opportunity of gratifying his taste in this particular.

In another passage of the "Eunuchus" the poet satirizes those who, like too many at the present day, half-starve their children to make them look genteel:

> "Si qua est habitior paulo, pugilem esse aiunt, deducunt cibum,
> Tametsi bona est natura, reddunt creatura junceas."

It has been so customary, from the time of Nestor, and of the Biblical writer who said, "And there were giants in those days," to extol the past at the expense of the present, that a revelation like

the above is quite refreshing. How comforting it is to be able to say, "and there were fools in those days," and to think that even had our lot been cast in those much-lauded periods, we should not have been alone in the world, but should have found some good, kind souls to sympathize with our weaknesses and keep us in countenance. Terence then proceeds to unfold his own idea of female beauty in Chæreas' description of his "sonsie" lass of blushing sixteen:

> "Color verus, corpus solidum, et succi plenum,
> Anni sedecim."

No ethereal or sylph-like form pleased our poet, but a sound, substantial "corpus solidum," and a cheek bedecked with Nature's own roses. He further enlarges on this subject in the "Phormio,"

> "Nil aderat adjumenti, ad pulchritudinem;"

thereby fully endorsing the modern sentiment that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most." That the ancients were also of opinion that "all is fair in love and war" is evidenced by Chæreas' instructions with reference to the abduction of his paragon,

> "Hanc tu mihi vel vi, vel clam, vel precario
> Fac tradas; mea nihil refert, dum potiar modo."

That proverb of the people, "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out through the window," is neatly expressed by Terence,

> "Sine Cerere et Libero, friget Venus."

Again, how elegantly does he set forth the coyness and caprice of the sex in the following line:

> "Nolunt ubi velis, ubi nolis cupient ultrò."

Various writers have deplored the low position held by Athenian matrons, and their comparatively little influence in the household. It has even been asserted that the career of a courtezan offered superior social advantages. But this theory is ill-borne out by the trepidation of Bacchis in the "Hecyra," when compelled to meet the eye of a virtuous woman "Perii, pudet Philumenæ," and turning to her maids

> "Me sequimini intro huc ambæ."

There is no doubt that the Athenian courtezan, like her modern sister, was courted and caressed, while her beauty was fresh, and that men lavished on her that species of homage which to a virtuous woman is ever an insult, but cast her aside, like a soiled glove, the moment her charms began to fade.

With reference to the influence possessed by Athenian matrons, surely the terror of Chremes in the "Phormio," lest the Lemnian escapade should come to the ears of his wife Nausistrata, was

sufficiently abject to mollify the most shrewish of modern Mrs. Caudles.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and it would be idle to deny that woman "ruled the roast" in the days of Helen and Cleopatra, just as much as in our own.

That Terence, like every man of real genius, was pre-eminently a worker, is abundantly illustrated in the "Heautontimorumenos."

> "Nil tam difficil'est, quin quærendo investigari possiet,"
> "Non fit sine periclo, facinus magnum nec memorabile;"

and testifying to the power in Mansoul of Lord Willbewill.

> "Nulla'st tam facilis res, quin difficilis siet,
> Quom invitus facias."

In the dialogue in the "Phormio," between the slaves Geta and Davus, Terence has recorded his opinion of the joys attending the profession of tutor, an opinion very probably derived from sad experience:

> "Ge: Abeuntes ambo hinc tum senes me filiis
> Relinquont, quasi magistrum. Da: O Geta, provinciam
> Cepisti duram!"

How often since has this sentiment been re-echoed by those poor wights whom unkind Fate has doomed to the bear-leader's thorny path!

That Terence was a philanthropist in the highest sense of the word requires no further evidence than the famous line—

> "Homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto."

No writer, either ancient or modern, has furnished us with so striking a combination of beauty of expression, with concentration of thought. The very quintessence of philanthropy breathes through every syllable. The justly-admired exclamation of Dido in the Æneid—

> "Haud ignara malorum, miseris succurrere disco,"

rivals it in grace, but is by no means so all-embracing.

No humane society could have a more appropriate motto than this magnificent line of Terence.

But, perhaps, enough has been said to illustrate the general character of the poet's mind. To quote and comment upon all the brilliant apophthegms to be found in Terence would far exceed the limits of this essay. If the samples above given shall encourage any, who have not hitherto done so, to dip for themselves into this "well of Latin undefiled," the labour expended on this necessarily imperfect sketch will not have been bestowed in vain.

C. E. Egan, B.A.

The Fugitive Slave.

A STORY FROM THE ANNALS OF SLAVERY. FOUNDED ON FACT.

Aunt Deborah! What a host of recollections that name invariably calls up of the prim old maiden lady (my father's aunt) who presided over his household, and had almost the entire charge of his rather numerous family. My mother being a woman of very delicate health, and my father Aunt Deborah's favourite nephew, she had taken up her abode with him after her own father's death, and soon after his marriage with my mother. Our home was situated in an old-fashioned village not far from the western capital. Railways had not been introduced then, and a trip to Cape Town was a matter of rare occurrence, in fact, quite an undertaking in its way, requiring no end of preparation days beforehand, and taxing poor Aunt Deborah's patience and ingenuity to the utmost in the way of cutting and altering garments so as to give it something of a fashionable cut. How far she succeeded in doing so I dare not undertake to say; but having no "Journal of Fashion" to guide her, and living in such strict seclusion, it strikes me that she studied the old pictures which her father had brought from Holland with him, and which still decorated her room in great profusion, some of them really first-class works by old masters of the Dutch school of painting. I am afraid our appearance must have been most unique when we came forth from under Aunt Deborah's hands, with hair close cropped in the perfect "Roundhead" style, and garments such as our great-grandmothers might have worn. We were always at a loss to account for the unusual merriment we excited amongst our more favoured town cousins, when we put in our first appearance amongst them in the full flush of pride at the display of dear Aunt Deborah's skill. Unsophisticated as we were, the thought never seemed to strike us that there was anything wrong in our appearance, and it was only later in life that I could fully understand why they always displayed their choicest playthings and coaxed us to stay at home with them and play, instead of parading the public thoroughfares and places of amusement, which, of course, we were most anxious to do, until we had been properly *rigged* and could appear in more modern garb.

Oh! how we used to excite the admiration and sometimes envy of our rustic young friends on our return to the village. How every shape and cut used to be copied! till the uniformity was such that a stranger might have fancied we all belonged to one family. However, like all other things, the novelty soon wore off, and we were left quietly to "pursue the even tenor of our way" until our next annual visit to the Metropolis. As to the fatigue incurred by such a journey, that was never thought of. And I am strongly inclined to think that a late friend of mine (an M.P., and one strongly opposed

to the introduction of railways, particularly on the sub-guarantee principle) was correct, when he gave it as his opinion that we had all grown too effeminate, and that we wished for railways when our fathers had been satisfied to cross even mountain ranges with their lumbering heavy wagons and long teams of oxen, the former often having to be held by ropes to prevent their rolling over into some fearful yawning chasm down, down, into the depths below.

I am afraid the owner of the "Post-wagon" (as it used to be styled in our village) was of the same opinion when he allowed his passengers to travel for a whole long day in his heavy lumbering vehicle drawn by eight or ten lean, ill-fed brutes by courtesy styled horses. (I suppose they would range as "*mokes*" in the Slang Dictionary of the period, but then slang was unknown at the time I am referring to). . . . Oh, how the unfortunate beasts used to pant and heave, as with stentorian voice and cruel whip the driver urged them through the heavy sands of the Cape Flats. It must have been the remembrance of their agony that (according to an anecdote related by the late much lamented W. Thomson) made a simple farmer exclaim as he found himself in a Railway train for the first time, and crossing the Cape Flats, whilst the engine was puffing and blowing off steam on approaching a station, "Blaast jij nou? ik het gedenk als jij in de zand komt zal jij moeg wees?" I know that I had a painful recollection of them, and of being rocked (not in the "cradle of the deep," but in the heavy sands) when years afterwards I was driven over the hard road in a light omnibus drawn by four fresh spanking horses, and doing the distance in half a day. The iron horse now supplies the place of both, and its shrill whistle has long since aroused the inhabitants of that primitive village from their midday slumbers, and *Progress* has been their watchword ever since. But I am writing of many years ago, and that puts me in mind that I have been digressing, and that Aunt Deborah has not yet been introduced to the reader. Dear old lady! what a halo seems to surround the very mention of her name. Strictly Puritan in principle, gentle and unassuming in manner, and unselfish to a degree. Methinks I see her now, with her regular features, and silvered hair smoothed under her close-fitting snowy cap, her neatly fitting black gown; her ready sympathy was ever with the suffering, and no matter who the sufferer was, whether a poor sick slave child, or one of the members of the family, all came in for a share of her kind ministrations. Many a dreary night-watch was passed by her uncomplainingly at the bedside of some little sufferer, trying in accents soft to soothe the wail of pain, to cool the feverish brow, and administer such remedies as she had at hand. Her *pharmaceutical* knowledge was of no mean order, and she had an endless store of herbal and other preparations always ready in case of need. Her healing plasters were known far and wide as most miraculous in their cure, and the promise of some "bosjesstroop" was sufficient to coax us into taking the most nauseous decoction. The "bosjesstroop"

was a sweet syrup made by shaking out the *cones* of the "Sugar Bush" early in the morning before sunrise. It then yielded a sweet watery fluid which, on being boiled, became a rich, golden brown syrup, very efficacious in coughs and colds. The pleasure of being allowed to accompany Aunt Deborah on her excursions, when she went to collect the precious liquid was one of the enjoyments of childhood that will long be remembered—each provided with a small tin pail; we used to sally forth at dawn of day, on a bright summer's morning. Her skill in the healing art was often in requisition amongst our neighbours also, for the quaint, irascible, old French Doctor who had been settled in the village for many years, as a rule prescribed the same remedy for every complaint under the sun. He was the only practitioner for miles around; had been attached once as surgeon to the first Napoleon's army; consequently, the reckless waste of life and limb witnessed by him during his campaigns had somewhat blunted his feelings (if he ever had any), and made him less tender than his lady-patients could desire. However, I have been told (with what truth I dare not venture to say) that the crowning act of unpopularity in his career was once attending a lady-patient, who happened casually to remark that her favourite poodle dog was not as bright as usual. The old veteran looked at it and said he would send something for it. Imagine her disgust when she received two powders, enclosed in an envelope, and labelled on the outside, "Take one powder yourself and give one to your dog." Aunt Deborah had no great regard for this disciple of *Æsculapius*, and no confidence in his skill either. As a countryman of her mother's, she was always civil to him, but their intercourse was restricted to an occasional conversation in French, which my aunt spoke with great fluency. Her father had originally come out from Holland, holding some official appointment under the then Dutch Government, and had married the daughter of one of the French Refugees. They had a large family, who all married and settled in some part of the Colony. Why Aunt Deborah, who, I have been told, was the fairest of all the fair daughters of that house, and more courted and sought after than any of the others, should have preferred a life of single blessedness, I am at a loss to conjecture. A small packet found carefully concealed in her writing-desk after her death, yellow with age, and containing a dried flower and a rich, soft, flaxen curl (such as the cavaliers of that period used to pride themselves upon before the present mania of cropping the heads like escaped convicts set in) might perhaps have told the story of a blighted life; but, whatever it was, the secret as well as the packet was buried with her, and there we will be satisfied to let it remain. Her proclivities, almost amounting to prejudice, I am sorry to say, were entirely anti-English. She could not forgive the British Government for taking the Cape from the Dutch; and marvellous were the stories she used to relate to us of the gallant defenders of the country at "Blaauwberg." The deeds of heroism

performed by her father on that occasion was an ever fruitful theme with her, and inspired in our young minds a kind of hero worship for the gallant defenders of our country. My father used to smile on these occasions, and remark, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, that it was a most fortunate thing that so few *casualties* happened on that memorable occasion, and that those who were slightly wounded ought to have been thankful to have escaped with only a few scratches *in the back*.* This used to ruffle Aunt Deborah's usually placid temper in no slight degree, and the only time I can remember that she openly showed displeasure and opposition to my father's wishes, was when he proposed to introduce a young English gentleman as tutor in his family. The young man was in delicate health, and had been recommended to try what country air would do for him. He was therefore thankful to accept my father's offer, and escape the heat and dust of Cape Town by throwing in his lot with the wine-grower's family for a season. When once fairly established in our household, Aunt Deborah's prejudices soon gave way, and she proved the kindest of friends to the young stranger, who, up to the end of his life (which was not many years after he left us), used to speak of her as a second mother, and the kindest friend he had had in a strange land. The advent of the English tutor in our family was an eventful period in my existence, for having the misfortune to be an only daughter, with a number of rollicking, mischievous brothers, I had become a perfect "tom-boy,"—the torment of the household and of my poor invalid mother, and it required some firmness on the tutor's part to bring me to a state of subjection. Accustomed to join my brothers in all their rough boyish games, sometimes even tempted to try my hand at a little pugilistic encounter when I considered the rights of a younger or weaker brother assailed; insisting often on being lifted by them on to the back of the old farm "hack," and thinking it glorious fun to fly along on my barebacked steed, with flowing hair, followed by my noisy brothers, their number perhaps augmented by some half-dozen or more woolly-headed little urchins, in the shape of slave children, shouting at the top of their voices, all trying to urge on the speed of sober, slow-going old "Pompey." The state of my wardrobe in consequence of these pranks must have been in keeping with my state of insubordination, and I am afraid Aunt Deborah's time and patience must have been heavily taxed to supply the deficiencies in the former, so as to make me put in a decent appearance without infringing the rules of the household, which enjoined *thrift* in every department. Poor, dear, old lady! I am afraid her partiality made her too lenient with me, and she always tried to screen me from punishment by saying that I would not have been so unmanageable if my father had not sent me to old "Birchbroom's" school. My education, up to the period I am writing of, had been sadly neglected, from the simple fact of there being no proper educational establishments in

* This was beyond a joke as the Dutch Troops behaved well.

those days. And if my young readers will permit me to digress for a moment I would wish to point out to them the superior advantages enjoyed by them now, when the pursuit of knowledge is made not a task, but an intellectual pleasure. However, perhaps my young friends do not care for my moralizing mood, and are impatiently waiting to be introduced to the hero of my tale, viz., "The Fugitive Slave." A little more patience! he is not far off. And perhaps a few more facts in connection with the writer and her old maiden aunt (to whom she is mainly indebted for the principal features in this tale) will make my readers less severe in their criticism and more lenient to its many shortcomings. As I said before, except for an occasional lesson from Aunt Deborah in Dutch reading and writing, my education had been quite neglected. My mother had made an attempt to commence teaching me French, but her strength was not equal to the task, and she was obliged to abandon it. I had obtained some knowledge of figures by counting up the ages of all the ladies who occupied seats in church in front of me. I had ample time and opportunity of doing so, as we were strict in our attendance at church, and our seats seldom empty. The said church was, with its minister, of the regular old orthodox style; its principal architectural feature being the thorough exclusion of all ventilation; there was only one service a day, lasting on ordinary occasions from 9 a.m. till 1 p.m., four hours; the female portion of the congregation were all accommodated in the body of the building with chairs (pews were then unknown), supplied by themselves, and having their name and date of birth legibly marked in white letters on the back*: this was to enable them to *move forward* as death or other circumstances thinned the front ranks. I being of "no age" and not entitled, much to my childish mortification, to any seat in the building, except a low stool at my mother's or Aunt Deborah's feet, had to be content to sit out the service on a wooden form, with no support for the back, and where myself and companions used to wile away the time by counting up the figures at the back of the chairs, just as I have read somewhere of a chimney-sweep who acquired his knowledge of reading by studying the tombstones in a graveyard. The school that my aunt had such an objection to, and where I acquired the first rudiments of English, was presided over by an old ex-skipper of the name of Birchbroom, who exercised the same authority and enforced his commands in the same knock-down fashion in his school-room as he had been accustomed to do on board the unfortunate lugger that he used to command. The crew must have been broken-spirited men. The only scripture precept that he had any regard for was written out in large letters over the desk where he presided, "*Spare not the Rod*," and his instruments of torture were suspended underneath. His poor cowed wife used to preside over the girls' department in

* A positive fact.—NEMO.

the afternoons, giving lessons in fancy work, which consisted in making gay-coloured paper flowers, spangled over with gilt paper, and made to look as *unlike* nature as possible. They also kept a boarding establishment which might have served the immortal Dickens as an excellent model for "Dotheboy's Hall." The unfortunate boy who personated "Smike" I can still vividly recall before my mind's eye; he could never advance further in English than the first "Lesson in Reading" in Mavor's Spelling Book—"come James, make haste." He was never allowed to finish that sentence before the strap which had all the time been oscillating in dangerous proximity to his proboscis came down in unmerciful blows. Poor fellow! he is still alive, but grew up a sullen-tempered, moody man, opposed to education in every form, and an inveterate hatred against anything English. I think it was on that account he emigrated to the Transvaal, and I have heard that since the Annexation, which he violently opposed at first, he has removed further inland, and declares that this time he will move so far that no bug-bear in the shape of "education" or "English language" will follow to annoy his declining years. Literature was at a very low ebb in our country villages in those days. A few of the more influential men attempted to get up some sort of reading-room or library in our village, and succeeded in a measure, but the affair was in liquidation the next year. With postal communication with the capital only once or twice a week, the *Government Gazette* and *Zuid-Afrikaan*, the only publications as newspapers, and the *Zuid-Afrikaansche Tijdschrift* (edited, I believe, by some of the students of the South African College) the only periodical, our sources for obtaining information were but scant. Such as it was we made the best of it, and I am inclined to believe the whisper I once heard that Aunt Deborah had offered some of her literary contributions to the last named periodical, and that it had been rejected; if so, she will scarcely rest quiet in her grave if she could know how ruthlessly I am about to drag some of her writings from the obscurity in which they have reposed for years, and to publish them for the benefit of my indulgent readers. Amongst the number of multifarious articles that fell to my share as her godchild after Aunt Deborah's death, was a black ebony escritoire, silver mounted, an heirloom which her father had brought from Holland with him; every nook and drawer was filled with a most heterogeneous mass of papers and documents, old marriage and baptismal registers, dating at least a couple of centuries back; recipes for cold, cramps, fevers, corns, cakes, mixed up with family records of all sorts; all these were carefully packed away at the time by my mother, and as we subsequently removed to the Eastern Province of the Colony, the box was safely stowed away in some loft, where the rats and mice, who evidently have not much veneration for old documents, be they ever so valuable, played havoc amongst them, and feasted to their hearts' content without fear of impairing their digestive organs. It was only years

afterwards when some article of value being missed or mislaid in the household, an overhauling of all the old boxes was considered a necessary step, and as the cobwebs which had accumulated for years, were removed, and the ransacking commenced, the unfortunate rats and mice found their citadel invaded, and as in their consternation they fled hither and thither, their mortal enemies, the cats, were in readiness to receive them, very few survived to tell the tale. Amongst the *dèbris* I happened to come upon a small packet carefully tied together, which had escaped the marauders' notice. On closer inspection, I found it contained a simple narrative of events, faithfully chronicled by Aunt Deborah as they occurred ; it had no particular merit to recommend it, and my only reason for bringing it forward at all was that it furnished me with the clue for my tale, as it brought to my mind the many legends I had heard narrated in my childhood in connection with it ; and the singular solution of the whole within my own experience years afterwards. I shall therefore endeavour in a future chapter to give as faithful a translation as I am able to, of my aunt's stiff and methodical Dutch composition.

PART II.

AUNT DEBORAH'S NARRATIVE.

"WELL ! well ! I am glad the fatigues of the day are over at last ; it has been a trying day indeed,—more than fifty people to provide for, and such a feast of good things as it was ! My nephew would insist that everything should be of the best,—and certainly Emilie's tarts and pies were beautifully light. The girl has done credit to my teaching, and I am so pleased, as I took great pains to instruct her. My mother was always puzzled what to call this feast ; she used to say that in *la belle France* they celebrated the "Feast of the Vintage" in autumn after the fruit had been gathered in, and the "wine-press had been trodden ;" but here the feast takes place in winter after the laborious task of digging over the vineyard has been completed. Well, perhaps it suits this country and its climate better ; the work is very hard, and I am sure I often pity the poor labouring slaves as they have to go forth to their daily toil at early dawn on a cold frosty morning, with the crisp earth crackling under their feet. They did appear thoroughly to enjoy their holiday to-day, coupled as it was with such a feast of good things and the free run of the wine cellar. It seems to be their pride to be entrusted with the key for that day, and my nephew, I see, makes it a rule to hand it over quite formally to the "mandoor" (a kind of overseer chosen from amongst the other slaves, whose duty consists in receiving his master's orders and seeing them carried out,—at the same time exercising a kind of supervision over the rest). I do not think there was ever an attempt made to abuse the confidence thus placed in them, for not a single case of riot

or drunkenness disturbed the hilarity of the day's enjoyment. And as they paraded the straggling street of our village in their holiday garb, headed by the "victor" for the occasion, carrying his "flag of triumph," and accompanied by an itinerant band got up amongst themselves, and playing with "involuntary variations," it did one's heart good to see them. Their voices, unfortunately, were not very harmonious, and I must confess that I wish they had had less regard for myself and more for my nervous system, as they would persist in singing some of their refrains under my window, and really that "Olie, olie, van de druiven," was most jarring to the ear. My god-daughter's "flag of triumph" was a perfect success, although I am inclined to think that her mother did the best part of it. I don't think the child could spare the time away from her romps with her brothers. I am getting quite concerned about her. However, as the slaves expect the daughters of the house to make it for them, and she (only six years old) is the only one, I suppose they were pleased.

"I am glad that "Africa" came off the victor to-day. I am sure he has been trying hard for it all the season; and he is getting such a clever, useful young man on the place. I wonder how this idea first originated! I see the evening before the work is finally completed, they leave a plot of the vineyard undug, a row for each man (the vineyards are planted in regular rows), sufficient for them to dig over before breakfast time next morning. The competition that then ensues is very keen and spirited, as the flag has been planted at the end of the rows, and the victor claims the honour of carrying it for the day, and being installed at the same time as "master of ceremonies." When won he shoulders his prize, and, heading the procession, they march to the homestead, and respectfully greeting their master and his family they offer their best wishes for an abundant season, and are then free to commence festivities. What a pity it seems that all slaveholders are not equally considerate—a little indulgence on these occasions goes far towards reconciling them to their otherwise hard lot. There is, for instance, neighbour Desvages, a good, kind-hearted man, but he never seems to consider that slaves are human beings and crave for a little liberty at times, but he finds fault with my nephew for allowing his slaves so much *licence*, as he is pleased to call it. My mother could never reconcile her mind to slavery,—she used to say that she was but an infant when she left her beloved France, but her mother had such an objection to slavery when she settled in this country, and always impressed upon her children that in her own native land slavery had never been known.

"The mention of neighbour Desvages brings his fugitive slave Arend (Eagle) before me; it is now some years since he escaped, and all efforts at capture have been unavailing as yet. How daring some of his adventures have been! and how he has eluded all pursuit as yet! What consternation he caused in our household when, during one of his

raids, he paid a nocturnal visit to our extensive poultry-yard, carrying off a couple of dozen of our finest hens! It was such a pity, as so many of them were sitting on eggs, and I was expecting a number of chickens to come out that very day. It was such a double loss. We laughed heartily at poor old mammy Saleah when she proposed to take the eggs and put them in the oven, which was just then a nice heat, after the bread had been taken out; but not wishing to contradict the old soul we allowed her to have her way. Oh! how she enjoyed her triumph when before evening came round she opened the oven door and pointed to several little fluffy heads peeping out between broken egg-shells.* How the dear children shouted for joy at the sight; and how terrified they grew again as the night came on, lest the drostders (fugitives) should repeat their visit, and perhaps steal them out of their beds and carry them away high up into the mountain. How they watched every fire made by the charcoal burners on the slope of the mountain, declaring they could see the figures of the drostders move round it. In fact, coupled with the exaggerated nursery tales they have to listen to from their sometimes imprudent nurses, Arend has for the time being become the dread of the neighbourhood, and the "bogie" of all the poor little innocents around.

"Rumours of his depredations reach us from all sides, and even of attempts at murder, when the pursuit has been too hot, and he has turned round upon his pursuers. Ah! well, poor fellow, he seeks freedom at any price; his spirit cannot brook the thought of bondage. Born a slave he had been sold away from his mother (whom he tenderly loved), when quite a boy,—his handsome sister also sold and parted from him to go to a distant part of the country, with no chance of perhaps ever seeing her again; and more still his fellow-slave, and the companion of his childhood, "Flora," the idol of his boyhood, also separated from him, and eventually becoming the wife of another. His brain became maddened; and yet I remember him, a shrewd intelligent lad, and not unmindful of a little kindness. How tenderly he would try to amuse the poor little suffering Antoinette Desvages, his master's invalid little daughter, who, at the age of five years old, could neither walk nor sit upright, owing to some spinal complaint; what ingenious little toys he used to contrive for her amusement, and with what satisfaction he would, returning in the evening from his daily toil in the fields, bring the earliest blackberries or other wild fruit, or a few pretty birds' eggs collected by him during the moments of respite from labour. Poor little Antoinette, her life appears to be a heritage of suffering, for although now more then ten years old, she does not improve in health. I am sorry for the parents; they seem to leave nothing untried, and have taken her to the sea-side now at the suggestion of the English Doctor, who came here from Cape Town on a visit the

* The writer was an eye-witness to the fact.

other day. I trust his English skill may succeed in finding a remedy where others have failed. Neighbour Desvages is not at other times so anxious to follow English suggestions!

"I cannot fancy what brings poor Arend so vividly before me to-night. I suppose it must be the casual remarks of old Dinah's, that he must be dead, as for the last few months we have heard nothing of him; but then deaths and funerals appear to be old Dinah's favourite topics of conversation at all times,; she is a gloomy-minded old woman, and my nephew persists in calling her "Old Croaker." I am sure it must be some English epithet he has picked up amongst his friends; neither Dinah nor myself like it."

My reader will readily perceive that at this point of her narrative Aunt Deborah's prejudices got the better of her, and she launched forth at a great rate at what she is pleased to style "English innovations." As it was, or had become, quite a weak point in her character, I will try not to expose it, but gently draw a veil over the rest, and endeavour from recollection to relate the events alluded to in her narrative as they subsequently came to my knowledge.

Yes, indeed! little did Aunt Deborah know that, at the very moment she was penning the few simple lines I have quoted, before she retired to rest, the fugitive had crept forth from his lair high up against the side of the mountain. All day the sounds of revelry had reached his ear from the valley below, and he had watched the revellers with keen interest, as in their boisterous mirth they passed in review before him. From the height where he stood he fancied he could recognize many of his fellow slaves and companions amongst them. The man now seemed rooted to the spot as he stood there on a jutting crag, with his eye fixed on the valley at his feet. Day had long been succeeded by night. The revellers, tired out with the day's excitement, had long sought repose in sleep. Every sound was hushed; and a brilliant full moon threw her soft light over the peaceful scene. The white houses of the village stood out conspicuously from amongst the now leafless trees, whose bare branches cast weird shadows over the landscape. Oh! what a storm of passion was raging in the fugitive's bosom as he stood there alone looking down upon that peaceful scene! He was a man of splendid physique—muscular and strong,—and as his tall figure stood out in bold relief in the bright moonlight, he might have been taken as a model for Michael Angelo's master-pieces. But for the flashing eye that alone betokened his humanity he looked like a statue carved out of the rock.

Hunger was gnawing at his vitals—constant pursuit at times almost running him aground had lately made him afraid to venture his bold forays on the neighbourhood, in order to replenish his now exhausted stock of provisions and other necessaries; and the few roots and herbs, with an occasional wild bird or rock cony dexterously snared by him, afforded but scant subsistence in the trying winter weather, when even a fire was a luxury seldom indulged in for fear of dis-

covering his hiding-place. What were the thoughts that were surging like an angry sea through that breast, as he stood with arms closely folded over his bosom? Once or twice during the day the thought had come over him, as he had watched his fellow slaves in their rude enjoyment, that he would go down and once more throw in his lot amongst them. Yes, he would go down and submit himself to fate! He would submit himself to his master and be a slave once more, although he felt that even his fellow slaves in their cringing degradation, and with the manacles of slavery on them, would taunt him as a runaway.

The impulse now came upon him again, and once or twice he made a move forward as if he would carry out his intention at once, and run down the mountain's side to seek his master's home. But, alas! even if his master was willing to receive him, the law would not let him go free—he had transgressed against it, and offended justice had long been waiting to take vengeance on him; for had he not even attempted murder to avoid falling into its hands? As he felt the utter hopelessness of his position, despair filled his breast; and, raising his folded hands over his head, a cry of anguish escaped him.

Suddenly another impulse seemed to have taken possession of his breast. His dark eyes flashed fire; and, darting into his den, he secreted something in his bosom that glittered ominously as the pale moonlight shone upon it. With a wild spring, and leaping from crag to crag like a gazelle, he descended the mountain side, and never slackened his speed until he reached the outskirts of the village. Crouching under the shadow of the vines and fences, he soon reached his old master's extensive grounds. The thought of submission was now entirely gone, and in its place vengeance dark and deep was goading him on. He crept on stealthily to where he knew the slave-quarters stood, and, listening outside a window under the thick shade of some orange trees, his ear could only catch the deep breathing of the tired sleepers reposing after a day of hard toil. Not another sound disturbed the silence of midnight, and, as he knew every nook and corner of the rambling old place, he quietly went round by the kitchen, and, noislessly opening one of the windows, soon found himself once more in his master's house. Ah, Arend, it was well for you that circumstances in this instance frustrated your intentions; the echo of your own vengeful footfall is the only sound of life in the whole of the large building. Your master is away at the sea-side with his little invalid daughter, and the instrument of vengeance you have hidden in your bosom will have to return bloodless to its sheath! Arend was not long in discovering the fact of the absence of the family, and his rage and disappointment knew no bounds at the discovery; it found vent in tearing and destroying everything that came in his way. He ransacked every wardrobe and drawer, flung the contents out upon the floor without taking time to consider their value, cut down the

curtains and hangings of the beds and windows, threw them, with other valuables, in one heterogeneous mass on the floor, and made bonfires of them ; and if any one could have looked in as he was carrying on the fierce work of destruction he would think him a demon let loose from the lower regions, so appalling was he in the fury of his revenge. He had carried on the work of destruction from room to room ; nothing had been left untouched—the fatal knife he had used for cutting and damaging the furniture. Ah ! his rage was both wanton and cruel ; but his evil nature was uppermost, and he knew no restraint. And yet what is it that suddenly stops him in his mad career ? What makes him pause and put up his hand to his burning forehead as he comes to a corner of one of the rooms ? There was nothing there to arrest his attention, only a few play-things belonging to some little child or other and carelessly thrown together, as some little prattler had evidently left it after being tired of play. Yes ! it was the corner of the room devoted to the little invalid's toys, and as he recognised among them some of the rough little wicker baskets and other rudely constructed toys that he had made for her now some years ago, a softened feeling came over him. He stood lost in meditation, and even unconsciously to himself was trying to arrange some of the playthings as he used to do for her in days gone by. Ah ! there was a soft spot still in that man's heart that throbbed responsive to kindness ; and as the image of the patient little sufferer rose up before him almost reprovingly, his rage cooled down, and he almost felt sorry for the havoc he had made of her father's house. She had always spoken kindly to him, and often shared her sweetmeat or cake with him when he had rendered her any service. How she would intercede with her stern father if any of the little slave children had been caught in some mischief and had to undergo chastisement. How rapidly these thoughts chased one another through his maddened brain ; and for some moments he stood spell-bound. How long he might have stood is impossible to say ; but as the light of his bonfires died out, and darkness reigned inside the house once again, he suddenly became aware of the approach of daylight, now trying to find its way through the chinks of the heavy doors and shutters. Yes, daylight would soon stream in a golden flood of glory and reveal the terrible devastation he had committed. In his thirst for revenge he had been unmindful of the lapse of time, and the shrill warning note of the roosters that had been proclaiming the dawn in his immediate vicinity had been unheard by him. In utter dismay he ran out of the house by the same way that he had entered it. Yes, morning was already far advanced ; the slaves on the premises, taking advantage of their master's absence, indulged in a little extra slumber, but he saw the smoke lazily curling up from many a neighbouring chimney, and here and there he could discern some of the sons of toil going forth to their daily work. Bounding away like a frightened deer, and clearing every obstacle in his

way with a leap and a bound, he stayed not to look behind him. The distant bark of some far off watch-dog sent a shudder through his frame at the thought of pursuit. He kept to no beaten track, but through "brake and brier" he flew along until, panting and with bleeding feet, he gained the river side. He had avoided the ford, as at that hour of the morning he would be sure to meet some of the wagons and carts coming into the village for the early market, and even could he escape recognition his appearance was such as to awaken suspicion. But there was no time for thought. As he stood on the bank, the river here at its deepest (just one immense zeekoegat) lay cold, dark, and still before him; he gasped as he plunged headlong into its depths, dividing the water with a splash, swam across like an otter, and soon reached the opposite bank; shaking the cold drops from him he darted into the brushwood that here formed an almost impenetrable barrier, but freedom was in the balance and justice was in pursuit, and as the fugitive crept along he heeded not the merciless thorns that lacerated his flesh, and tore his already tattered garments into shreds. He might have remained here in comparative safety, for no human foot but his would have dared to attempt so hazardous a retreat, but the hue and cry raised in the village at the discovery of his night's work reached him even then. They had discovered his track, and were in full pursuit; he could hear the sounds coming nearer, and approaching the river; and although he knew that he was safe in his present retreat, they might cut off his escape to his mountain cave. Onward he pressed, sometimes creeping on hands and feet, and bounding forward as he gained an open space. The sun had long risen on the landscape in all his splendour before the fugitive reached his lair on the mountain. Snatching up the broken crock that held his drinking water, he took a long, deep draught, and throwing himself down on his heathery couch, all sense of injury and bodily suffering was soon steeped in forgetfulness, and the hunted fugitive again free; yes, free as he often was, and only ever could be, in dreams. This man's soul revolted from bondage, and freedom at any price was precious to him. Had his pursuers followed his track to his mountain den he would have fallen an easy prey to their relentless persecution; for his sleep was almost death-like, and, as he lay outstretched, with torn and bleeding limbs, oblivious to all outward sense, his spirit was roaming over the plains of Freedom; and the ringing sound in his ears caused by weakness and exhaustion—in Dreamland was kindly transformed into the clanging chains and manacles of slavery dropping from his legs and arms, as he gained freedom at last.

Dream on hapless dreamer! "Emancipation" is on the wing, and even now, although you cannot know it, England's heart is throbbing to let the oppressed go free. Soon she will pour out her wealth, and that "golden key" will unlock the galling chains in all her wide dominions, and "slavery shall be no more."

Here for the present we must be satisfied to leave our fugitive to his repose.

* * * * * * * * * *

Several months had passed over since the events narrated in a former chapter took place. Arend and his exploits had well nigh been forgotton, and the sensation caused at the time by the devastation he committed on old Desvages' property had now exhausted itself. Neighbours and friends had kindly come forward, and with ready sympathy helped to make good the loss the old man had sustained through the relentless hatred of his fugitive slave; and so everything went on in its usual course in our quiet village.

Amongst the slaves at that time many were Malays, or rather Mahommedans, by profession, and I know of scarcely a single instance where slaveholders interfered or forcibly restrained them from exercising the rites of their religion. So it happened in our village, at the time I am alluding to, that a grand celebration of the "Kalipha" was in contemplation. An empty house had been secured on the outskirts of the village, close to the river's side, and almost every Malay slave had obtained permission from his owner to attend the celebration. Being something rather novel, the affair caused quite a little sensation in its way, and my maternal grandmother, finding that the whole of her household were determined to attend *en masse*, and prompted by a little female curiosity herself, determined to accompany them, "to keep an eye over them," as she said. The long wished-for evening arrived at last, and dense was the crowd that assembled in and around that house to witness the curious display of religion and fanaticism mixed up so strangely together. My grandmother soon felt the heat and crush too much for her, so she quietly slipped out, telling one of the women outside to tell the members of her household that she had gone home, but that they might remain a little longer if they chose. She soon reached the outside of the crowd; but here arose a difficulty. The night was dark; there was no moon, and she could scarcely venture to walk home all by herself, as she was very near-sighted; to find her way back through the crowd she cared not to attempt, and as she stood hesitating what course to adopt, her eye fell on the sea of human faces, lit up by the glare of tallow candles burning in profusion in every window. On the outskirts of the crowd she saw a tall figure standing, evidently shrinking from the light, and away from the rest. Going up to him she addressed him, and receiving a very civil answer, she told him her difficulty, promising him some trifling fee if he would see her safe home. He readily complied. And as he walked respectfully at some distance from her she saw that he was a fine handsome young slave. She entered into a kind of running conversation with her slave protector, telling him that she had asked him to accompany her home as she was in mortal fear of Arend. She dilated at great length upon his conduct, and the many crimes he had been guilty of, saying that she felt sure justice would overtake him

some day or other, and at the same time expressing a hope that her young guide might never be tempted to follow such evil ways, and advising him to shun bad companions. He quietly assented to all she said, and as by this time they had reached the house of my grandmother, he assisted her quietly, almost tenderly, to mount the many stone steps leading up to the old-fashioned high stoep, and as she entered he stood outside waiting to receive the promised fee. Handing a trifle to the old slave woman who had remained in charge of the house, my grandmother desired her to give it to the young slave who was waiting outside. She took up a candle and went to the door with that object, but imagine her horror and surprise as the light of the candle revealed to her sight Arend. Yes, there he stood before her with set features and flashing eyes; he was human once more—he had been trusted. The terrified slave woman waited not to see more, but slamming the heavy door in his face she could only ejaculate "O God, my mistress, it is Arend!"* and fell back in a swoon. When the alarm had ceased and they could muster courage to open the door, Arend was gone! Gone out in the darkness, no one knew whither. Driven out in the prime of youth from amongst his fellow-men, he must wander forth alone, unpitied, uncared for; his very name a terror to all.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

South Africa and its Mission Fields.†

Mr. Carlyle informs us in the preface to this work that he was led to write this sketch of South Africa and its Mission Fields in consequence of certain resolutions adopted at the meeting of the General Presbyterian Council held in July, 1877, at Edinburgh. A resolution having been passed that "it is eminently desirable that mutual understanding and co-operation be secured among the churches labouring" in South Africa, it was further resolved that "statistical and other information should be collected—the members present proposing to send documents to the Rev. J. E. Carlyle, who agreed to receive and put such information into shape." Mr. Carlyle states that in treating of the subject he has allowed himself considerable latitude, and that for the opinions and judgments expressed, and for the statistics furnished, he alone is responsible, a statement which he afterwards explains by mentioning that his chief information has been derived from published official statements. The book before us, therefore, is for the most part a compilation of facts and figures derived from the annual reports of the missionary societies, and from other published sources, together with the author's own

* The above is literally true and happened to the writer's grandmother.

† South Africa and its Mission Fields, by the Rev. J. E. Carlyle. London, James Nisbet & Co.; Cape Town, J. C. Juta.

views. It is a most useful contribution to our South African literature. We have fairly put before us the Native Question as it presents itself to the missionary. We can make allowance for the inevitable partiality with which men will look upon the results of a work for the sake of which they have sacrificed all the comforts of civilized society, and to which they and their families have devoted the best years of their lives. But for that sanguine temperament, which sees in the faintest symptoms of improvement not only the promise of better things but the realization of hopes—proof that the victory has been won—it would be impossible for human nature to carry on the struggle against the powers of ignorance and darkness. The calmer and less enthusiastic bystander, upon reading the accounts of the conversion of tens of thousands of heathen barbarians to Christianity, cannot but feel that the words will convey more to the minds of those who have never been brought into contact with barbarism than he would feel inclined to admit to be correct. But it would only be a mind strongly prejudiced against missionary work who would not acknowledge the importance of Mr. Carlyle's statement that the total number of natives in South Africa making some Christian profession is 538,000, probably a sixth of the whole population of South Africa up to the Zambezi. If Mr. Carlyle's statement be correct, we have here a wide margin for the unconscious exaggerations of the over-enthusiastic. To account for this success Mr. Carlyle points out that in South Africa "Christianity and civilization are one, and the attractions of both are combined. The thinking native readily appreciates this double advantage, especially when he sees Christian men like the missionaries approaching him in so kindly, generous, and loving a spirit, and when he witnesses the quiet, peace, order and sanctities of a Christian home. Insensibly his deeper sympathies are thus won, and he is more open to the divine influences of the Gospel." There can be no doubt that the missionaries have done a mighty work in South Africa. We do not presume to discuss the amount of their success as far as the one great object is concerned for the attainment of which they have entered upon their labours. A heathen, who resigns one dearly-cherished evil habit, because he believes it to be the will of his Father in Heaven that he should do so, although he may still be addicted to the heroic crimes of his race, and although he may continue to be an enemy of the white man and a lover of his cattle, may yet be as good a Christian as the man who has observed the Commandments from his youth up and has a seat at the board of directors of such an institution as the City of Glasgow Bank. We do not say that he is better. We were not told that the grain of mustard seed became a mighty tree all at once, or that the little leaven instantaneously leavened the three measures of meal. We wish that missionaries would not leave us under the impression that they intend us to believe that this does take place. We are convinced that many of them believe that this both does and ought to take place. Hence the bitter disappointment and the occasion for the scorner when the zeal of the converts appears to be on the wane. But let us leave the Keys to St. Peter. Fortunately for us, and for all our friends and neighbours, it is neither they nor we who are to decide who are to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. The great work which we can judge of—the great service for which South Africa will be for ever grateful to these humble

unknown, but devoted missionaries and their supporters—that is, they have brought these thousands of natives to take the first step towards civilization.

The question as to the constitution under which the inhabitants of the South African States shall for the future carry on their Government is one engaging the anxious thought of all interested in the prosperity of this portion of the globe. The jealousies of different ports and towns and villages appear to us small in the last degree as compared with the question of the relations between the white man and the hordes of savages who will evidently soon be our fellow subjects. As long as these native tribes are independent the difficult matter of their treatment is in so far simple that the man and the brother requires us to check him only when he is guilty of open acts of hostility and intrudes upon our territory or injures our people. But when we look forward to having hundreds of thousands of uncivilized or semi-civilized barbarians, each of whom is not only a man and a brother, but proudly exlaims, "Civis Romanus sum!" or whatever the Kafir equivalent may be for this hackneyed expression—the prospect is not quite as satisfactory as one could wish it to be.

We are all now agreed as to the object we have in view. The writings of Dr. Philip and Mr. Fairbairn, which at the time of the abolition of slavery lashed into a frenzy the supporters of that institution, are mild as milk and water when compared with the indignant utterances of the press throughout the length and breadth of the Colony, when now-a-days cases of cruelty or oppression are reported in the newspapers. There is no desire to deprive any class of any of "the substantial blessings of life, the peaceful enjoyment of liberty, property, religion, and independence." But we feel that, under the peculiar circumstances of our case, the legislators who will have to frame our constitution will have to put aside all abstract notions of the political rights of every member of the community. They will have to do with men. They will have to remember that, while enlightened reason no doubt ought to and will often guide and direct men in the course most calculated to advance the interests of the individual while it secures the prosperity of the whole, yet full account must be taken of human passions and of their continual tendency to sway human action. And they will have to judge whether the large masses we are about to admit to the privileges of citizenship will not be peculiarly exposed to the influence of such passions—to the injury and possible ruin of the State. Then, admitting that this must be so, in what manner is the classification of the citizens of the New South African States to be carried out? We are not stating objections to the scheme of Confederation, for the question on a smaller scale affects each separate Colony, but we wish earnestly to press upon all serious men the necessity of considering this matter before the time arrives when it will provoke a dangerous contest to do that which at the present moment would not be felt. Mr. Carlyle on this subject, speaking of Natal, says: "I may notice that to obtain the franchise along with colonial rights requires a somewhat lengthened period of residence. This might be reduced were an educational test introduced. An experienced South African statesman has suggested to me that the personal possession of land by a native might be a

sufficient guarantee. It is quite plain that eare must be taken lest the black vote should, in the end, swamp the higher colonial influences. Lord Carnarvon has pointed to this somewhere in his despatches." Mr. Carlyle is of opinion that, as "civil rights involve duties and responsibilities of a grave character, which a mere savage can searcely be expected to fulfil,—take for instance the duties of a juryman,—these ought not and never can be conceded without those who receive them being taught that it is a great privilege they have obtained." The question to be decided then would be, whether "the personal possession of land by a native" would be "a sufficient guarantee" that he appre·ciates the privilege he has obtained and is a proof that he is fitted to fulfil the duties and responsibilities involved in the possession of civil rights.

We do not intend to pursue the matter further at present. We see from Mr. Carlyle's book that the missionaries, who may be looked upon to a certain degree as the representatives of the natives, feel that it would be impossible to attempt to confound civilized and uncivilized, black and white, into one homogeneous mass. The future constitution must provide for some classification of the citizens as far as their political rights are concerned. The missionaries see in this no hindrance to the prosecution of their own great work. In discussing this important question, information, such as that afforded by the book under consideration, is of great assistance.

Mr. Carlyle commences his work by giving us an outline of South Africa and the extent of its mission fields. He then briefly describes the native raees, and gives a very condensed account of Kafir history. The following is the author's view of the late occurrences on our frontier :—

"The history of this insurrection is another instance of the need of energy and promptitude in grappling with native difficulties. Sir Bartle Frere from his large Indian experience at once saw his position, and we cannot indeed read these South African Blue Books without observing in how many ways the experience of India Administration is invaluable in the treatment of native races. Had Sir Bartle Frere been supported by his Cape Government as Sir Benjamin Pine* was by Natal, in suppressing the insurrection of Langalibalele, probably the struggle might have ended in a few days or weeks, but the Cape Ministry did not at first realize the peril. Even when fully aroused to a sense of this, and when they had taken energetic measures for the suppression of the insurrection, they still showed an unworthy jealousy of Her Majesty's military forces, and attempted to put down the rebels by their Colonial troops alone. This they suceeeded for a time in doing and the greatest honour is due to the volunteers, police, and native forces for their valour and discipline. Unfortunately a premature disbandment nearly made ship-

* The serious and lengthened injury to the Cape Colony, and to its Christian Missions by the uncertain policy of the Cape Ministry, we venture to say, vindicates, if it were needed, the energetic action of Sir Benjamin Pine in Natal. At the time his policy was supported not only by the Colonists but by a large majority of the missionaries and ministers of Natal, with the exception of Bishop Colenso. The misrepresentations of Bishop Colenso, and, we must add, the signal weakness of Lord Carnarvon, led to an unjust estimate and treatment of an able and humane public officer. We believe the justice, wisdom, and even humanity of the course pursued by Sir Benjamin Pine, is now generally appreciated.—Note by Mr. Carlyle.

wreck of the enterprise. The Ministry seemed to have lost their heads, to have got perplexed in the mazes of constitutional puzzles, and but for Sir Bartle Frere and the Commander of the British Forces, Sir A. Cunninghame, the Colony might have been exposed to the greatest danger. The result might have been as disastrous to the Colonial Forces and their military prestige, as that which happened two years ago to the Boers in the Transvaal, when they were so ignominiously repulsed by Sekukuni. An attempt was made by Mr. Molteno and his Cabinet to call in question the rights of Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor and High Commissioner, and as from his office, the Commander-in-chief of the Forces in South Africa. To have conceded this would have been to disturb, if we may so speak, the whole hierarchical order of the British Army. This is a position which Sir Bartle Frere occupies, not only as Governor, but as High Commissioner, having entrusted to him not only colonial interests, but the protection and defence of the native tribes of South Africa. The theory of the Colonial Cabinet was, that they were at liberty to supersede the Commander of the Forces, at least as regards the Colonial Forces, and to take them under their own exclusive management, and they practically acted upon this. This was a clear invasion of the Royal prerogative, and would reduce the executive Power of the Empire to a position inferior to that of the President of a Republic. It would strike, in fact, at the whole unity of the British Colonial Empire, the connecting link of which consists for the present, at least, in the constitutional rights and authority of the Crown. Practically, also, this division of the military forces under two separate commands was most injurious in the campaign, and but for Sir Bartle Frere's obtaining additional forces from England, and for the successes they won in the field, the state of the Colony might still be precarious. Fortunately the British Cabinet gave their sanction to this ruling of Sir Bartle Frere, and the majority of the Cape Parliament have, after a long and somewhat embittered discussion, also acceded heartily to it."

Mr. Carlyle is severe on Mr. Trollope's remarks with respect to missionary institutions. He says :—

"We take, for instance, a very popular writer of the day, Mr. Trollope, who has recently favoured South Africa with a visit. These are some of his observations on Missions, 'A little garden, a wretched hut, and a great many hymns, do not seem to me to bring the man nearer to civilization; work alone will civilize him.' He remarks again, regarding some observations of M. Casalis, a distinguished French Basuto Missionary, 'The noble simplicity of individual missionaries as to the success of their own efforts, is often charming and painful at the same time, charming as showing their complete enthusiasm, and painful when contrasted with the results.' We may say here, to do Mr. Trollope justice, that when he sees mission work with his own eyes he is far from being a prejudiced judge. Thus, for instance, he gives a glowing description of Worcester, one of the educational institutions of the Rhenish Mission : 'I do not know,' he says, 'that I ever saw schoolrooms better built, better kept, and more cleanly. As I looked at them, I remembered what had been the big room at Harrow in my time, and the single schoolroom at Winchester, for there was only one.' Had Mr. Trollope been able to follow the

lessons given in that Rhenish establishment, he would have also found, as we know, on good authority, that they were almost abreast of similar German Institutions, and higher than many English. But, after all, would this have been very satisfactory to Mr. Trollope? We have difficulty in saying, as it is hard to gather from his book whether education is of value or not; at least we quote here these puzzling sentences, 'The Kafir at school, no doubt, learns something of that doctrine, which in his savage state was quite unknown to him, but with which the white man is generally more or less conversant, that speech has been given to men to enable them to conceal their thoughts. In learning to talk, most of us learn to lie before we learn to speak the truth. While dropping something of ignorance, the savage drops something of his simplicity.' We must observe on this, that if Mr. Trollope believes in the savage simplicity of a Kafir, of his knowing nothing of lies till the school has taught him, he has an idea of the race singularly contrary to what colonial experience teaches. We might add, is not Mr. Trollope's view of education a somewhat cynical one?—for it evidently means that for the civilized, as the savage, education is, as regards moral value, a very uncertain quantity indeed.

"Elsewhere, we may observe, that Mr. Trollope does great justice to another large educational and industrial mission institution; we refer to Lovedale. 'Lovedale is a place,' he says, 'which has had, and is having very great success;' but then he adds, 'It has been established under Presbyterian auspices, but it is, in truth, altogether undenominational in the tuition which it gives. I do not say that religious teaching is neglected, but religious teaching does not strike the visitor as the one great object of the institution.'

"In regard to all these statements of Mr. Trollope on Missions, there is not one of them that is not quite inaccurate. Take Lovedale, for instance, he would scarcely place it in the category of religious institutions at all, yet it is well known in South Africa, to any who know anything of the subject, that while Lovedale is a model educational and industrial institution, it is pre-eminently, not simply evangelical, but evangelistic in its whole system. It is no doubt undenominational, as Mr. Trollope says, but it is not less intensely Christian in the whole teaching that pervades it. As regards M. Casalis again, of the Basuto Mission, Mr. Trollope could not possibly have stumbled on an instance more unfavourable to his authority as a witness regarding South African Missions. It is the poor results of Missions that pain him, yet if the Basuto-French Mission in South Africa is esteemed for anything, it is for the valuable results that have accrued from the work of the missionaries. It had remarkably educated and civilized the Basutos, and it has done a great deal to develope, what Mr. Trollope seems to regard as the sovereign civilizer, work. I shall on this subject quote a few sentences from a Colonial Blue Book, giving the testimony of Mr. Griffith, the late colonial agent and magistrate in Basutoland. He says, 'The work of forty years has not left the missionaries of Moshesh without valuable testimonials to the faithfulness and efficiency of their labours in this country, testimonials which consist not in elaborate reports to societies at home, but in the religious life and Christian conduct of thousands of natives who would otherwise be enveloped to-day in all the darkness of their primitive

heathenism.' The quality of the work done in the field is of more moment than the quantity, and in this respect, no missionaries could have been more conscientious and successful than those who have charged themselves with the duty of evangelizing the Basutos. To this fact may be attributed in great measure that superior intelligence, spirit of inquiry, desire for improvement, and appreciation of good government, which prevails among this people more than amongst any other South African tribe, except the Fingoes.' Here are certainly two very strongly-contrasted opinions as to results. We may look upon this and upon that, the one the opinion of a casual visitor to South Africa, who never in fact went near the Basutos ; the other of an able, experienced colonial magistrate, who knows Basutoland better perhaps than any other. We venture to suggest that Mr. Trollope may spare himself the pain inflicted on his feelings by M. Casalis' enthusiasm.

"As to hymn singing, it is really a very innocent thing. The Moravians, the Germans, the French, all the missionaries, we may say, are addicted, so to speak, to this. They think that it is enlivening to the rude native, and that it has an elevating religious tendency. But if Mr. Trollope supposed that the time of the Mission Schools is thus engrossed, we assure him he is quite mistaken. We may refer here to the Cape Blue Books, or to Dr. Dale, the able superintendent of education in the Cape. Many of these Mission Schools are of a highly efficient, educational character, almost abreast of the same class of schools in France, Germany, England, America, or Scotland. I can testify myself to the high class of teaching I have seen in Natal. In reference again to labour, Mr. Trollope's specific, the missionaries have certainly not fallen short. Many of them might justly say, with St. Paul, that they had wrought with their own hands. Their houses, their very churches, many of them considerable edifices, have been raised chiefly, not only under their direction, but with their own manual labour. It was a pity, I may say, that Mr. Trollope, in his tour when at Maritzburg, a town which so pleased him, had not also ridden out to Edendale, at a few miles distance. He would there have found, in contrast with the poor kraals of the heathen, one of the most thriving Christian villages in South Africa, and he would have learned that it owed all its busy life, as a hive of industry, to Alison the missionary. If also, on his dreary journey in the upper districts of Natal, his eye had caught a native busy erecting a colonial or native cottage, had he inquired who he was, or how he had learned his trade, he would probably have been informed—he was one of Alison's School Kafirs."

The author does not appear to consider that the South African (Anglican) Church is in every instance working as harmoniously with the other labourers in the vineyard as could be wished. He objects to the statement of Bishop Macrorie that this Church will be the Church of the Colony. He says :—

"The Bishop of Maritzburg, Dr. Macrorie, we observe, in a letter to the Society, shares in the impression of the rising prosperity of the South African Church—at the same time expressing his views in a form less conciliatory. He writes thus regarding Natal : 'There is, I thankfully report, progress almost everywhere, and had I the means for placing a few more clergy in the districts which are yet without the regular ministrations of the Church, there would be good hope that our communion

may take the place, which we should all desire, and be regarded by the rising generation, both of colonists and natives, as the Church of the Colony.'* I shall not venture to say how far this may be true as regards the rival Episcopate of Bishop Colenso, although even in this relation, the statement may be open to some question. There is, in point of fact, as is very well known, in Natal a considerable body of estimable English Churchmen, who, while repudiating Dr. Colenso's theological opinions, refuse to admit that they compromise themselves, in clinging to their old communion as members of the Church of England. They feel, in fact, safer to remain where they are, than to intrust themselves and their families to the spiritual care of a Church with such ritualistic proclivities as the Anglican South African Church. As regards Christianity in Natal generally, and the hope of the Bishop that his will be the future Church of the Colony, it certainly rests on no basis whatever of existing facts. Colonially viewed, the position of the Wesleyan, Presbyterian, Independent, and Dutch Churches, quite excludes the idea of the Anglican South African Church being in any sense the Church of the Colony, as their membership very far exceeds those under the care of Dr. Macrorie. In reference to Missions, again, the hope is still more baseless. In fact, when one contrasts the feeble success of the S.P.G. Missions in Natal with that which has been attained by the American, the Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Berlin and Hermannsburg Societies, any one knowing the facts, cannot but be surprised at such a statement made on such authority."†

Bishop Callaway, however, is spoken of in the highest terms as "pre-eminently, in his whole spirit and life, the Missionary Bishop of South Africa, full of zeal and yet of charity."

But what is especially complained of is what is termed the aggressive policy pursued by Bishop Webb toward the French-Basuto Mission. This Mission, it is well known, has been in existence for many years. Bishop Webb has commenced Anglican Missions in the immediate neighbourhood of two of their principal stations. One of the French missionaries was commissioned to inquire of Bishop Webb in what attitude he stood to their mission, and was informed, "Lessouto (Basutoland) is not yet a Christian country; besides your teaching is incomplete, the doctrine of the apostolical succession is put aside by you, and that of the sacraments enfeebled." We shall not remark upon this dispute beyond regretting the effect it must have upon the native mind. If, as the French missionaries say, the result as far as they themselves are concerned is that they find "there is no other remedy than to be in advance of the Ritualists in doing more than them, and better than them," it will appear to most people that it has been wisely ordained that they should undergo this trial. A significant fact is that the Basutos are inclined to desert their old friends for the new ones, because they "see near their station a school well kept, well furnished, materially directed by English ladies, who, if they speak Basuto badly,

* S.P.G. Report, 1875, p. 54.

† Looking over the returns of the various Societies, I should estimate the Mission-members of these Churches, in comparison with the S.P.G., as three to one; as regards communicants the proportion is more nearly as four to one. It deserves also to be noticed here, that about half the S.P.G. Mission-members and communicants in Natal, as given in the returns, belong to one Church of which a Berlin missionary, who has gone over to the S.P.G., is minister.

teach at least, and above all, that English language so ardently desired, because it is supposed to be the key of all knowledge, and to put them in the way of arriving at greatness." This marks great progress in the Basuto mind, and while we hardly feel inclined to blame them in selecting a school where these unquestionably great advantages can be obtained, it is to the credit of the French missionaries themselves that they have educated them to an appreciation of these advantages. A more serious reason, however, is given, in which we trust the French missionaries will find themselves mistaken. They say that many of their adherents, finding their discipline too severe, "the foundation of a rival church will thus respond to their wishes, the Ritualists will not put before them embarrassing questions, but will fling their doors open to receive them." We hope that the different missionary bodies will find that there is room enough to work without puzzling the native mind as to the great truths they all profess to teach. The great and leading principles of Christianity are surely sufficient—without discussing the relative merits of Paul and Apollos. We are all looking forward to the time when we are to be one united people. Colour is against this—different stages of civilization will for some time prove obstacles—differences in language must disappear—why should we introduce antagonism in religion?

Mr. Carlyle is evidently no great admirer of Cetywayo, and his statements with reference to that Chief will be read with interest at the present moment, when the attention of all persons is directed to the attitude he is likely to take with respect to Sir Bartle Frere's ultimatum. Mr. Carlyle says :—

"The results that have accrued from this Zulu Mission may at first sight seem inadequate when compared with the Christian labour that has been expended on them. But the cause is not far to seek. It arises from the insecurity of Missions under such a chief as Cetywayo. The stations of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and of the Hermannsburg Mission, have long languished for the same cause. Latterly, the arbitrariness of Cetywayo's rule has given place to open hostility. In 1873, when crowned, by Mr., now Sir Theophilus Shepstone, he promised that his rule should be one of justice and humanity, and he especially pledged himself that no native subject should be put to death without a trial. All these promises have been utterly violated, as well as his friendly assurances of aid to Christian Missions. The Secretary of the Norwegian Mission writes me,—'We have been waiting and hoping in the expectation that the English Government, now that the Zulu King has broken so clearly his promise to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, when he was crowned, would take measures to guarantee religious liberty, without which the Missions will not be able to show greater results.' This aid we may say the British Government has declined to give. The grounds of this decision are given by the Earl of Carnarvon in a despatch of 31st August, 1877. I quote the following extract:—'I request, therefore, that you will cause the missionaries to understand distinctly that Her Majesty's Government cannot undertake to compel the King to permit the maintenance of the Mission Stations in Zululand, and that it is desirable for them, if they are of opinion that mission work cannot be carried on in Zululand without the armed support of England, to retire for the present from the country. In a

very few years, at most, it may be hoped that matters will become more settled, and that the country will be in a more favourable condition for the resumption of their labours of Christian charity, which no one can desire to see continued and developed more sincerely than I do. I may further observe that, viewing the matter as one of worldly wisdom, they will, I believe, advance their cause much more effectually by a brief and prudent suspension of proceedings, than by risking an open quarrel with Cetywayo at the present moment.' As regards this despatch, one might have desired to know more definitely from his lordship what moral pressure he had brought to bear on Cetywayo. Apart from hostilities, we should have expected his lordship to have directed that the strongest remonstrances should have been made as to the murder of Christian natives, and the flagrant violation by Cetywayo of his promise to put no one to death without a fair trial. In point of fact, the missionaries and their converts have been in great part compelled to abandon the country, as Lord Carnarvon suggests may be expedient. As to a more settled state of things to which Lord Carnarvon looks forward in a very few years, it is likely that the crisis is much nearer at hand than he seemed to anticipate. The recent violent aggressions of the Zulus on Natal territory, carrying away from a Natal police office, and killing one poor fugitive Zulu woman, and murdering in cold blood another found also on British territory, are violations of international law which demand explanation and redress.

"An attempt has been lately made in the British press to show that Cetywayo was not responsible for the murder of the Christian converts, to whom we have previously referred. An article lately appeared, entitled: 'A Visit to King Ketshwayo, by Magema Magwanza, communicated by Bishop Colenso,'—*Macmillan*, March, 1878. It may be well on this question to lay before the British public the strong evidence which substantiates Cetywayo's guilt.

"The murder of one of their native Christians took place at Ekyowe, an important Norwegian Station under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Oftebro, the Superintendent of the Norwegian Mission. He is now, we may say, with his converts, a fugitive in Natal. The Secretary of the Mission writes to me regarding this:—'In the month of April, an old Zulu, at the *command of the king*,* was killed at Ekyowe, he was not yet baptized, but was preparing for baptism, and died at the hands of the executioner, praying and confessing the name of Christ. Some of the baptized were also persecuted by the Impis of the King, but escaped. The reason why the anger of the King fell especially on Ekyowe was that Christian principles had latterly got great influence there.' Another more detailed statement is found in the Hermannsburg *Missionary Journal*:—'The Superintendent Oftebro, had, at the wish "of the old Zulu convert," just the week before, spoken with the King, and as Oftebro wrote me the King had been quite friendly. Eight days later, he sent an Impi (a native soldier), and without anything further caused him to be killed. His end was happy. As the soldier came, he asked why he would kill him. The answer was, 'Because you are a learner and would be baptized.' 'Well!' he says, 'Let me first pray.' It was permitted

* The italics are mine.

to him. He knelt down and prayed, and then rising up, added, 'I am now ready, shoot me.'*

"The other murder was perpetrated at Enyezane, a Hermannsburg Station, near the Zulu Coast." Mr. Carlyle gives the details from which it appears that the unfortunate man was first tortured and then shot, the murderer informing the victim that he had been "sent by the King," because he had poisoned the cattle of a neighbour; and that other officials acknowledge that it was the act of the King.

"We turn then now to Bishop Colenso's impression, says Mr. Carlyle. 'Such exaggerated accounts,' he says, 'have been sent to England of the state of things in Zululand, and particularly of the atrocities, which are said to have been committed by orders of the King in respect of numerous native converts, and to have caused a sudden flight of many of the missionaries from the district, that your readers may be interested in a narrative of a visit which has just been made to the Zulu King by a Natal native, written by himself in Zulu, and literally translated into English.'

"'The writer,' he adds, 'is the manager of my printing-office, which is wholly carried on by natives. I have had him with me from a boy—for more than twenty years—and I am sure his statements are thoroughly to be relied on as accurate reports of what he has seen and heard in Zululand, and of what he believes with reference to the condition of that country and the intention and wishes of its present rulers.'†

"According to Bishop Colenso, Magema may be 'thoroughly relied on.' I have these remarks to offer on this. It is, of course, not to be supposed that the British public can be acquainted with the more obscure incidents that occur in the history of a small colony like Natal. But the Natal readers of such a statement as the Bishop's will not forget Magema's name in connection with a native Christian petition to Sir Garnet Wolseley, when in Natal, of so offensive a character that, abandoning the blandness of his usual communications, Sir Garnet thought it his duty exceptionally to censure it. But what bears more on the value of Magema's testimony is the fact, which will not readily be forgotten, that it was also clearly established on a careful scrutiny that the petition itself was a forgery, having appended to it the names of a number of native Christians, who protested that they had never given authority to Magema or any other to sign for them. This is in the recollection of every Natalian, as it made a considerable sensation, not only as regards the Natal public, but the Legislative Council of the Colony also. But I pass from these general considerations to look at Magema's testimony in regard to Zululand and those atrocities which the Bishop regards as exaggerated.

"The two murders to which we have referred are, of course, admitted. The question is, Was Cetywayo privy to them? Let me notice here on what evidence Magema rests. It is altogether hearsay. It is the authority of two Christians, whom he meets at Cetywayo's kraal, and who tell him what they had heard on the subject. They were not themselves personal witnesses. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, we may notice, to find these Christian converts so near Zulu royalty at a time when most

* Fröhling's Letter, Hermannsburg Missionsblatt, October, 1877.

† *Macmillan*, March, 1878.

of the native Christians were flying the country, and Cetywayo's views on missions and missionaries were generally well known.

"As regards the murder at the Norwegian Station Ekyowe—these converts insisted that Cetywayo was not at all to blame for that shedding of blood. Mr. Oftebro had told the King of the conversion, at which he was surprised, as Gaoze, the inferior chief of the convert, had not told him. He was astonished at this, and when Gaoze heard it, fearing that the missionary had informed against him, he sent a man to kill the convert, at once, before Cetywayo knew of it. Cetywayo stated on this subject to Magema, 'He was killed by our people, without my orders.' This evidence is quite contrary to the testimony of the Rev. Mr. Oftebro, who affirms that it was done at the order of the King. It may be also here added—if done contrary to Cetywayo's will, why did he not punish the murderers?*

"As regards the murder at Enyezane, the account of the converts is that he was 'killed by Sentwangu's people,' but they concede, 'Evidently that convert was killed, though perfectly innocent of any fault.' Then Cetywayo, whom Magema interviews on the subject, says—'The matter was reported to me after the convert had been killed. I was startled at that when I heard it, and blamed Sentwangu's people very much, for killing a man without my orders. But they assured me, he privately did that. But that convert did, no doubt, a very bad deed.' The testimony here again of the Missionary Fröhling, is quite clear, that the officials sent declared that they killed the man by order of Cetywayo. On the other side, the statement of the converts is mere hearsay, and Cetywayo's declaration must be taken, in the circumstances, for what it is worth. Of course, his evidence is more direct than theirs, but is it in any way satisfactory? He blamed, he says, Sentwangu's people, but was there then any inquiry made, or were the murderers punished?

"The whole story of the visit of Magema to Cetywayo, as translated by Bishop Colenso, can scarcely fail to occasion a smile to those who know anything of the Zulu character. It is quite characteristic of them that as face answers to face, so the mind of Magema, an old attached follower of the Bishop, should reflect, as in a mirror, all the Bishop's ideas about Natal, Langalibalele, Matshana, Cetywayo, &c. Still we could scarcely have fancied that one whose position before the world is that of a keen, inexorable, single-minded critic could have ventured to rest a charge of 'exaggerated accounts and atrocities' on such meagre hearsay gossip as Magema retails. It will, I think, overtax even the Bishop's ingenuity to prove to the British public that the persecutions of the Christians in Zululand are a myth. I may add here, that the evidence proving Cetywayo's direct part in these murders, given by the Norwegian and Hermannsburg Missionaries, has been also strongly confirmed by some later correspondence of the Rev. R. Robertson, a highly respectable missionary of the S.P.G. I must say here also, that Bishop Colenso, having translated Magema's evidence on the subject, I should have expected that before publishing such a testimony he would have investigated the evidence, so readily to be obtained in Natal from his missionary brethren, the German, Norwegian and Anglican Missionaries."

* *Macmillan*, March, 1878, p. 427.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A Chapter on Volcanoes.

Most of us have some general notions about volcanoes; a few have by extensive reading converted these hazy notions into a more or less definite conception; and of these few a small proportion have thought and studied so carefully as to be able accurately to fit this geological fragment into its true place in the structure of philosophy. It is, unfortunately, not only of a particular branch of a special science that this sufficiently common-place remark is true; it partakes of the nature of an universal fact. Everywhere general notions are predominant, definite conceptions are rare, and a broad philosophical grasp of things as they are is scarcely to be found. To the majority, indeed, the very conception of the existence of a philosophy, save as the butt of an ignorant ridicule, is altogether new; and the statement that "knowledge of the lowest kind is *un-unified* knowledge; that science is *partially-unified* knowledge; and that philosophy is *completely-unified* knowledge," conveys no definite meaning. And this must be so as long as science is regarded as the handmaid of money-making; as long as the geologist, for example, is expected to frame his answer to the ever-recurring question, "*Cui bono?*" in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence.

It is true that the geological branch of special philosophy is still in its infancy; that many of the generalizations of the science have been made with undue haste, and with an equally undue disregard to like generalizations in other branches of science; and that the theories of 1879 differ widely from the theories of 1849. But that the conclusion often drawn from these premises is a legitimate one is not true. It is said that, since many of our generalizations have been proved to be erroneous, we must not generalize at all; that since old theories are false, we are to replace them with no new theories; that we are to collect facts, not fuse them into laws. Strange conclusions negatived by all history. Wild hypotheses have always led to more sober generalizations; false generalizations have ever been the stepping stones to truer views. The Ptolemaic system preceded the Copernican, the hypothesis of Lamarck led to the theory of Darwin, and cataclysmal geology preceded and led to the uniformitarianism of Lyell, and through that to the evolutionits

views of later geologists. The supposition that true theories can spring at once from facts, without passing through the untrue and relatively true stages, is only to be paralleled by the supposition that the invention of the modern printing-press could have been possible without a previous and slowly-developed ancestry of relatively-imperfect hand and steam presses.

Let it not be imagined, however, that I should hesitate to condemn that too common product of geological nescience which combines the minimum of fact with the maximum of hypothesis, those vivid flights of imagination which are totally at variance with the established truths of science. These are the fungoid growths which eat away the confidence of the half educated in the truth of all geological reasoning. Being unable to separate the good grain from that chaff of which the lightest breath of criticism would at once purify it, the majority of the intelligent must either reject both or accept both. Nor is it at all strange that they should choose the former alternative. And until a liberal education shall be held to include some generalized knowledge of science, this difficulty must continue to make itself felt.

The subject of volcanoes and volcanic action has by no means escaped the disease of unfounded hypothesis. It has, indeed, always been a prominent centre from which the disease has taken its origin. Take, as an example, the theory of the earth proposed by Lazzaro Moro in 1740. "On the third day (of creation)," he said, "the globe was everywhere covered to the same depth by fresh water; and when it pleased the Supreme Being that the dry land should appear, volcanic explosions broke up the smooth and regular surface of the earth composed of primary rocks. These rose in mountain masses above the waves, and allowed melted metals and salts to ascend through fissures. The sea gradually acquired its saltness from volcanic exhalations, and, while it became more circumscribed in area, increased in depth. Sand and ashes, ejected by volcanoes, were regularly disposed along the bottom of the ocean, and formed the secondary strata, which in their turn were lifted up by earthquakes."* Or, if a more recent illustration be required, a sufficiently striking one may be found in the proceedings of the Royal Society for June, 1874, where Mr. Mallet contends that Stromboli is no true volcano, but a geyser or intermittent fountain of boiling water situated at the bottom of a crater, immediately beneath the mass of white hot and liquid lava.

Leaving, however, such hypotheses for which we have here, indeed, no further space, let us turn to the consideration of some of the leading facts of volcanic action.

* It was originally my intention to give notes of the authorities whom I have consulted in writing this article. When I found however, that such references numbered *more than sixty*, I determined to omit them altogether. Those who are already well read in this subject will see how indebted I am to the writings of Scrope, Judd, Lyell, Phillips, Green, Herschel, Darwin, and others.

When, some seventy-two years before Christ, the Roman gladiator Spartacus encamped with his followers in the vine-clad hollow of the mountain hard by Naples, he little thought that beneath his feet lay the slumbering fires of a volcano. Before his time, as far back as history reached, the mountain had remained in a peaceful condition; and early tradition told the same tale. Its sides were partially covered with fruitful vineyards; at its base lay flourishing cities, the homes of Roman luxury.

In the early part of A.D. 63 the country round Vesuvius was shaken by violent earthquakes, "which," we are told, "shattered Herculaneum and Pompeii though it did not destroy them;" and during sixteen years the land was thus shaken again and again, until in A.D. 79 the earthquakes became so violent that the whole country seemed to "reel and totter." Then suddenly on the 24th of August the air became dark with showers of volcanic ashes; from Vesuvius came hollow thunderings; and the volcano which had slept so long was found to be in fierce eruption. From the newly opened crater a dense column of steam surged up in globular clouds of extreme whiteness, which, having reached a height of some three or four times that of the mountain, spread out on all sides into a dark and turbid circular cloud. The base of the column, glowing with a fiery fountain of incandescent lava drops, seemed lit with angry flames; forked lightning played around the steam cloud. So great was the quantity of volcanic ash and fine dust which was showered around the mountain, that day seemed turned to night. It fell thickly round Misenum, more than fifteen miles from the centre of eruption; it almost completely covered Stabiæ six miles from Vesuvius; and, raining down upon Pompeii, it buried that town in which two soldiers chained to the stocks, and some seventeen other persons perished. From the spreading steam clouds great quantities of rain fell around Vesuvius, and the streams which collected on the mountain were soon so highly charged with ash and dust that they became great sluggish rivers of mud, by one of which Herculaneum was overwhelmed. And when the force of the internal fires had spent itself, when the clouds of steam and of ashes, which had gathered over the mountain had rolled away, it was found that the whole of the southern portion of Vesuvius had disappeared and had been literally scattered to the winds.

Such was the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79. It appears that during this paroxysm no lava was ejected from the volcano; but this has by no means been the case in all subsequent eruptions. In 1794, for example, a lava stream 1,200 feet broad, flowed down from the mountain, and passing through the main street and in among the houses of Torre del Greco ere long reached the sea. Setting aside, therefore, the absence of lava flow, the eruption, as above described, may be taken as a typical example of volcanic action in what has been termed its paroxysmal phase, a phase marked by long periods of repose followed by extreme vitality. The repose is, however, fre-

quently relative not absolute. We may, in fact, distinguish three conditions of repose. First, when the quiescence is complete as in the case of Vesuvius before 79; secondly, when hot springs and constant emanations of acid and sulphureous vapours tell us that the repose is not absolute, and seem to remind us forcibly that a paroxysm, such as that which after a lapse of seven centuries, shook the Soufricre of St. Vincent, may break the long period of slumber; and thirdly, when the paroxysms are preceded and followed by periods of moderate activity. This is the condition in which most volcanoes at present exist. Vesuvius again presents us with an illustration. After the paroxysm of 1794 the volcano was in an almost continuous state of placid activity, moderate jets of ash being discharged from temporary orifices in the summit or flanks of the cone, "while streams of lava welled out, sometimes with the tranquillity of a water-spring, from the same or contiguous openings." In 1822, however, a paroxysm "broke up and blew into the air the whole of the upper part of the cone, the product of preceding minor eruptions, leaving a central caldron, of great dimensions, excavated through the heart of the mountain." In this way in nearly all cases the period of moderate activity is followed by an out burst of more than usual violence. There are, however, instances of volcanoes in which the eruptions are mild but incessant, and never reach the paroxysmal stage. Of such Stromboli will serve as a typical example. From some point or points in the crater of this volcano a continual series of small explosions, which resemble snorting puffs, like those of a high pressure steam-engine, of different durations, and at intervals of from one to twenty minutes, are always taking place. And although these vary in intensity to some extent, being most violent in the winter season and in stormy weather, they never attain to any great degree of violence.

Before leaving the subject of volcanic eruptions, and passing on to that of the structure of volcanic cones, it will be well rudely to classify the effects of these eruptions on the physical aspect of the locality in which they occur. As the results of volcanic action, then, we find, in the first place, that the mountains, which are the centres of this action, are continually undergoing a change of form, of which change the constantly-watched Vesuvius again affords an illustration. In the beginning of 1822 the summit of the cone consisted of a "rough and rocky plain covered with blocks of lava and scoriæ, and cut by numerous fissures, from which clouds of vapour were evolved." Before the end of that year the height of the cone had been diminished by eight hundred feet, and in place of the rocky plain there was a great crater three miles in circumference, and two thousand feet deep. By the year 1832 this hollow had been completely filled up, and a central cone overtopped the edge of the old crater by a hundred and fifty feet. In 1834 this new cone had in turn disappeared, and a deep crater had been formed. If a still more striking example be required, it may be found in the Javan volcano,

Papandayang, the height of which was in 1772 reduced by about *four thousand* feet.

Secondly, by volcanic action new mountains are formed. In 1538, those who dwelt on the shores of the Bay of Baiiæ, were terrified by the sudden outburst of volcanic fires from a new or at any rate long silent centre. Fearful noises were heard, and clouds of volcanic ashes filled the air for the space of three days, at the end of which time a new mountain, Monte Nuovo, four hundred and forty feet high, and a mile and a half in circumference at the base, had been formed. Nor is this a solitary instance. In 1759 an eruption took place in the midst of the fertile farm of Don Pedro de Jorullo, in Mexico, the result of which was the formation of six cones, of which the central volcano was sixteen hundred feet above the level of the plain. And again, in 1831, a new island was formed in the Mediterranean to the S. W. of Sicily, which rose to a height of two hundred feet, with a circumference of three miles. Zealous geographers gave to this island eight names, but the action of the waves rapidly undermined the soft volcanic ash, and in three months nothing but a submerged reef marked the place where the island had stood.

Thirdly, we may notice the effects of lava streams. In 1783 Skaptar Jokul, one of the many volcanoes of Iceland, that "land of frost and fire," was in eruption. A great lava stream pouring down from the mountain filled the bed of the river Skapta, drying up the river and completely filling the ravine in places six hundred feet deep and two hundred feet broad, which that stream had worn for itself through ancient lava. Flowing down this channel to a more open spot, it converted a lake of water into a lake of molten rock fifteen miles broad and a hundred feet deep, and, still continuing its course, it formed at the falls of Stapafoss a cascade of fire. Another current usurping the bed of a second river, filled its channel in the same way. The combined length of the two streams was ninety miles, and it has been calculated that the mass of molten rock poured forth on this occasion was as great as the mass of Mont Blanc.

Lastly, attention may be drawn to the showers of volcanic ashes. That the town of Pompeii was buried beneath accumulations of such ash is well known, and may serve as an illustration of this effect of volcanic action. A further illustration is offered by Conseguina, which, during the eruption of 1835, shot forth so great a quantity of volcanic ash that, eight leagues to the southward of the crater, the ground was covered to the depth of three yards and a half.

To these primary effects may be added certain secondary effects. From the great steam clouds which collect over a volcano during a paroxysmal eruption rain descends in torrents; the rain drops collect into streams and these streams catching up the fine ash in their flow, become mud deluges, such as that beneath which Herculaneum was overwhelmed. Still more fearful deluges result from the melting of the snow and ice, which lie on the glistening slopes of such volcanoes

as Cotopaxi or the mountains of Iceland. This melting is effected either by the incandescent ash, by the molten lava, or by the heat transmitted through the cone itself. In 1755 the Val del Bove in Etna formed the channel down which a flood, due to this cause, burst a passage, which channel, nearly two miles broad, was "strewed over with sand and fragments of rock to the depth of thirty-four feet." Another cause of such disastrous floods is the bursting of a crater lake; in such cases the mud is highly charged with carbonaceous matter, probably from the algæ and other water plants which grow in such lakes, and with the tests of Infusoria.

From what has been already said concerning volcanic action, it will have been seen that the products of this action are, roughly speaking, four:—First, steam, accompanied by variable quantities of acid vapours; secondly, ash; thirdly, tuff, the admixture of volcanic ash and water; and fourthly, lava. Disregarding now, for reasons that are obvious, the first of these products, we may make the last three the basis of a fourfold classification of volcanic cones into ash cones, tuff cones, lava cones, and compound cones, built up of all the three preceding materials—ash, tuff, and lava.

Ash cones are, as a rule, the products of single eruptions. They vary in size from "that of a haystack to a hill more than a thousand feet in height, and two or three miles in circumference," and are entirely composed of the fragmentary matter ejected from a single orifice, which arranges itself around this centre in layers, symmetrically in calm weather, more or less unsymmetrically when a strong wind is blowing, which layers have a general slope of from twenty to forty degrees. The fragmentary matter consists partly of sedimentary rocks derived from strata which lie beneath the volcano—the so-called lava ornaments from Vesuvius, for example, are made of altered limestone ejected in this way. By far the greater proportion, however, is derived from the lava, half solidified portions of which having a cindery appearance, from the bubbles of steam contained in them, are shot into the air. These scoriæ are split up into fine ash by constant trituration in the volcanic vent, and by the expansion of the steam within them. In some cases the fragmentary matter consists largely of so-called volcanic sand made up of crystals (mostly augite) originally contained in the half molten lava. Several hundred cones built up of such materials lie around the flanks of Etna, forming striking objects in the panorama. "There are, indeed," says Sir Charles Lyell, "few objects in nature more picturesque than a wooded volcanic crater."

Tuff cones are by no means so common. The before mentioned Monte Nuovo, however, presents us with an example: this volcanic cone, which was thrown up close to the shore of the Mediterranean, and probably on the site of the ancient Lucrine Lake, has a nucleus of hard tuff which was actually seen to be so formed by an eruption of volcanic ash and water, tossed up in repeated jets from a low spot on the margin of the sea. In the small area of the Galapagos Islands,

in which Mr. Darwin "scarcely hesitates to affirm that there are at least two thousand craters," the same observer tells us that most of the cones, which are beautifully symmetrical, owe their origin to eruptions of volcanic mud, and are composed of a hardened brown tuff, and were formed "when standing in the sea."

Of true lava cones certain so-called mamelons of the volcano of the Isle de Bourbon are, perhaps, the only typical examples. But the huge flattened cone or dome of Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, nearly fourteen thousand feet high, seems to have been formed chiefly, if not entirely, "by the repeated outflows of highly liquid lava boiling up and over the lips of a central vent at its summit." Volcanic ashes do not at present seem to be thrown out on a large scale, either from this crater or from that of Kilauea in the same mountain. The solidity and compactness of the framework of this mountain are great, its slopes rising at angles of from four to eight degrees.

So much for simple volcanic cones. They form, however, either minor volcanoes, such as the parasitical cones of Etna, the tuff cones of the Galapagos archipelago, and the mamelons of Bourbon, or exceptional instances among the great volcanoes of the earth such as that of Mauna Loa in Hawaii. The great majority of volcanic mountains are compound in structure. These will now claim our attention.

There are three ways in which we may study the structure of a volcanic cone, and ascertain how that structure is produced. We may watch a volcano during eruption and note, so far as we are able, how the volcanic ash is formed and shot forth, and how it disposes itself as it falls, how the lava boils up in the crater, in what way it flows down the mountain, how it arranges itself in its flow, and other like facts. In this way we gain most valuable knowledge of what has been aptly termed volcanic physiology, and also learn something of the manner in which the outermost layers of the cone are built up. In the second place we may extend our knowledge of this physiology, as is done in their province by zoologists, by the adoption of the comparative method. Visiting volcano after volcano we may tabulate the points of resemblance and the points of difference between them, and thereby gain an insight into volcanic action unattainable by the study, however thorough and accurate, of a single eruptive centre. And, thirdly, we may devote our attention to volcanic anatomy. Scattered over the face of the earth there are innumerable volcanoes which, though long since extinct, can teach us lessons to be learnt from them alone. These under the "scalpel of denudation" are in all stages of dissection; and the geologist in the districts of the Auvergne, of the Eifel, of Mull, of the Cumbrian mountains of England and the Cambrian mountains of Wales, has, ready to hand, examples of all the details of the internal structure of volcanoes. How valuable is the additional aid, to carry this biological analogy one step further, afforded to the geologist by volcanic histology, or the microscopic examination of lavas and allied rocks, can

only be fully appreciated by those who have worked practically in this branch of the subject, who have carefully compared the microscopic structure of the rocks, both ancient and modern, of different volcanic districts.

Of all volcanoes, Vesuvius has received the largest share of general and scientific attention, a fact due, of course, to its ready accessibility, and of all eruptions in modern times that of 1822 was probably the most striking and the most typical. Of all students of volcanic action, again, Mr. Scrope, whose long and useful life has but recently been brought to a close, undoubtedly takes the lead; and everyone who takes an interest in this subject must deem it a matter for rejoicing that this observer was able to be an eye-witness of the eruption of 1822, and that he has placed on record so masterly a description of such a paroxysm. We cannot do better than take his general description, based on what he saw in 1822, as an example of the first method of studying volcanic action; and I make no apology for quoting in full Mr. Scrope's own words, since I imagine his work on volcanoes is not in the hands of the majority of the readers of this magazine.

"Great eruptions or volcanic paroxysms," he says, "are preceded by earthquakes more or less violent, frequent, and prolonged, but affecting principally the volcanic mountain itself, which seems to be convulsed by internal throes, comparable to those of parturition in an animal. Repeated loud subterranean detonations are heard, resembling, so as frequently to be mistaken at a distance for the firing of heavy artillery, or the rolling of musketry, according to its intensity.

"These threatening indications of an approaching crisis last for a greater or less time, and are accompanied by the disturbance or total disappearance of springs, the drying up of wells, and such accidents as the cracking, splitting, and heaving of the substructure of the mountain must naturally occasion. During this time the lava is probably forcing its way upwards like a wedge through one or more fissures broken by these violent throes. When it thus at length obtains a communication with the outward air the eruption begins, generally with one tremendous burst, which appears to shake the mountain from its foundations. Explosions of aëriform fluids, gradually increasing in violence, succeed one another with great rapidity from the orifice of eruption, which is in most instances the central vent or crater of the mountain. This vent has usually been obstructed, during a long preceding period of repose, by the ruins of its sides, brought down by the wasting influence of the weather and the shocks of earthquakes, or by the products of previous minor eruptions.

"The elastic fluids, therefore, in their rapid escape, project vertically upwards these loose accumulated matters and the fragments of the more solid rocks through which they have forced a passage.

"The mutual friction to which these fragments are subjected

during their rapid and repeated projection, as they fall again towards the orifice, reduces them to such tenuity that a large portion is carried upwards by, and remains for a time suspended in, the heated clouds af aqueous vapour, which are discharged at the same time in prodigious volumes from the volcanic aperture.

"The rise of this vapour produces the appearance of a column several thousand feet high, based on the edges of the crater, such as that described as a striking feature in the first historical eruption in 79.

"These phenomena result from the lava boiling up the chimney of the volcano. The elastic fluids by which it is traversed rend and carry upwards portions of its surface as they explode from it, and form a continual fiery fountain of still liquid and incandescent drops or fragments, which, from the velocity of their motion, present a luminous appearance that has frequently been mistaken at a distance for flame. The internal column of lava, continuing to rise, forces an issue at length, either over the lowest lip of the crater, or from some crevice broken through the side, from whence it flows in torrents over the lowest surfaces it can reach. By night the running lava appears at a white heat wherever the liquid interior of the current is visible; but as upon contact with the air its surface is instantaneously congealed into a thick scoriform crust, the general tint of the outside is a glowing red, gradually darkening as the solidified coating increases in thickness. In all cases where lava is emitted, its protrusion marks the crisis of the eruption, which usually attains the maximum of its violence a day or two after its commencement. The stopping of the lava in the same manner indicates the termination of the crisis, but not of the eruption, for the gaseous explosions continue often for some time with immense and scarcely diminished energy.

"At length, however, they cease to throw up liquid or red-hot lava, the surface of the lava column having seemingly sunk too far within the vent; the fragments projected are either blocks of older rocks, or consolidated scoriæ. By degrees, these fragments, most of which fall back into the crater, become more and more comminuted by the immense trituration they sustain in the process of repeated projection and fall, till at length only clouds of sand and ashes, reduced ultimately to an extraordinary degree of fineness, are carried upwards.

"The explosions then gradually decrease in violence, appearing to be stifled by the accumulations of finely pulverized matter which occupy the volcanic vent and impede their expansion. The column of ashes projected becomes gradually shorter, the eructations less frequent, and seemingly from greater depths and through increasing impediments, until at last all struggle seems to cease—no further explosions are heard,—the eruption has terminated; usually, however, not until many days, or even weeks, after attaining its maximum of violence."

To this description of Mr. Scrope's no words of mine need be added.

Turning now to the comparative study of volcanoes several fresh facts are elicited, or facts which by the study of Vesuvius alone would not be brought into due prominence. The fact, for example, that during the Vesuvian eruption of 1784, five small cones were formed at the eastern base of the mountain in a line which if prolonged upwards would have intersected its apex, might have failed to attract attention, had it not been observed that in Etna the same thing has taken place on a larger scale. It appears that in 1811-12 "after the great crater had by its violent detonations for some time testified that the ascending lava had nearly reached the summit of the mountain by its central duct, an unusually violent shock was felt, and a stream of lava broke out from the side of the cone, at no great distance from its apex. Shortly after this had ceased to flow, a second stream burst forth at another opening, considerably below the first; then a third still lower, and so on till seven different issues had been thus successively formed, all lying upon the same straight line, prolonged from the summit nearly to the base of the mountain." Other similar instances have been observed in other volcanoes, being admirably illustrated in the Lipari Islands. And these facts thus, as it were, insisted on by Nature, seem to furnish an explanation of the still wider fact that the great systems of volcanoes have a linear arrangement. Finding that in a single volcanic district a string of minor cones is thrown up along a line of fissure, we have tenable grounds for the hypothesis that the great chains of major cones have been also thrown up along lines of fissure, in radial and parallel series. Another fact, fully brought to notice only by the comparative study of many volcanoes, is that the fluid product of volcanic action—that which is called in a general way lava—is not in all cases the same kind of rock. This is admirably illustrated by the lavas of Stromboli and Vulcano, the two active volcanic vents of the Lipari islands. Whereas the lava of the former hardens into a rock which is extremely *basic* in character, containing about 50 per cent. of silica, with 10 of oxide of iron, 11 of lime, and 4·5 of magnesia, that of Stromboli is highly *acidic*, containing 74 per cent. of silica, with only 2·75 of oxide of iron, ·12 of lime, and ·28 of magnesia. The solidified lavas of Stromboli resemble basalt, those of Vulcano resemble granite, being often also glassy like obsidian. Those of Stromboli again are relatively heavy, those of Vulcano comparatively light. The cinders of Stromboli are dark in colour, stony in character, and are full of vesicular hollows; those of Vulcano consist of white pumice, exported thence to all parts of the world. Once more; whereas the lavas of Stromboli have flowed freely down the side of the volcano, those of Vulcano have evidently flowed with extreme slowness, the lava stream seeming to adhere to the sides of the cone, and refusing to spread out (as is the case with more basic lavas) in the shape of a fan at its base. It would seem, indeed, that beneath the Lipari islands there lies a reservoir of melted rock which, in the process of time, owing to differences of

weight, has separated into an upper acid layer and a lower basic layer; and that the vent of Stromboli communicates with the lower layer, while that of Vulcano has connection with that which lies uppermost. Many facts with regard to the fluidity of lavas are also brought out by a comparative study of volcanoes. In some cases, as for example in obsidian flows, the rock issues from the volcano in a completely melted condition; but in the great majority of cases the apparently liquid lava really consists of a mass of crystals and other solid particles enveloped in a pasty, imperfectly fused mass, which is permeated throughout by water and by superheated steam and other gases. Such lava has been compared by Mr. Scrope to the mixed mass of granules or imperfect crystals enveloped in syrup formed at certain stages in the manufacture of sugar.

The presence of water in lava is proved, first by a microscopic examination of the rock, which discloses a number of minute cavities which still contain this fluid; secondly, by the fact that some of the minerals found crystallized in lava have been formed artificially in the wet way, while all attempts to produce them by dry heat alone have failed; and thirdly, by the great quantities of steam which are evolved by a cooling lava stream, some of the steam bubbles being seen to escape to the surface and burst, while others are entangled in the semi-solid upper layers and then give rise to the well-known vesicular structure.

That lava should thus contain *water* as one of its invariable constituents is a fact which, if previously unknown, is likely to evoke some scepticism. And yet of all facts about lava this fact is of perhaps the deepest significance; for upon it hinges the very existence of volcanoes such as we find them.

Although, from the nature of the case, it is impossible for us to know with any degree of absolute certainty all that takes place beneath a volcanic centre; although, from the nature of the case, any explanation of the cause of volcanic action must be imperfect and hypothetical; we may yet by applying sound scientific principles to carefully verified observations attain some degree of relative certainty and frame an hypothesis which is at all events probable. We know that beneath the surface there is a large mass of intensely heated lava; we know that this lava contains great quantities of imprisoned water, either in the liquid state or in the state of superheated steam. We know also that under great pressure water may exist at a very high temperature without being vapourized; that under the pressure of the superheated steam produced by the vaporization of a portion of the water in an enclosed space the remainder of the water may be kept in the liquid state; and finally, we know that, if the pressure be relaxed, the superheated steam will expand and if possible escape, and the imprisoned water will flash into vapour. It is probable then that in the words of Professor Green, "the expansion of the lava and the elastic force of the vapour, in their attempts to force a way through the rocks that hold them back, cause the preliminary

earthquakes and underground detonations," and that "at last an outlet is gained, and then with a tremendous burst the imprisoned steam flashes forth in repeated explosions. In the meantime the vapour still retained within the body of the lava forces the latter upwards till it meets with an opening, from which it continues to escape till the pressure is so far abated as to be unable to produce any further flow." Toward the close of an eruption the falling in of the sides of the crater, or the washing down of detritus into the half-closed channel by which the escape of steam takes places, finally closes this orifice, while the solidification of a plug of lava in the outlet through which the melted rock has forced its way, aids in preventing a further flow, and thus the volcano becomes quiescent and remains in this state until, by accession of heat from below and the tension of fresh masses of lava, sufficient force has been accumulated to cause a fresh eruption, the violence of which will depend upon the amount of this accumulated force. It is interesting to learn, and the fact is a proof of the value of a comparative study of volcanoes, that "nearly every observer who has studied the phenomena presented by Stromboli, has been convinced that the permanent character of its action is connected with the existence of the steep slope of the Sciarra, which enables the ejected materials, sooner or later, to roll down into the sea, instead of accumulating around the vent and stifling its action for a time, only to lead to more violent paroxysms."

Passing to the third or anatomical method of studying volcanoes, we find that to it we owe a more thorough and complete knowledge of the general structure of a compound volcanic cone than could otherwise have been attained with any degree of certainty. Such a cone is found to consist of alternating layers of ash, tuff, and lava, which are neither continuous horizontally, nor arranged in any definite order of sequence vertically. The whole mass is intersected in all directions by vertical *dykes* of lava, due to the filling in of cracks and rents in the mountain by this melted product of volcanic action. Thus a structure of great solidity, strengthened by buttresses of lava, and knit together by dykes of the same material, is built up by volcanic action.

But the study of dissected volcanoes has brought to light a further fact of the utmost importance to geology, a connecting link in the chain of geological philosophy. It has enabled us to connect lava with the other rocks of the earth's crust. That there might be some connection between granite and lava is an idea which has long been floating in the minds of geologists; but it was reserved for Mr. Judd to prove by his researches on the ancient volcanoes of Western Scotland, confirmed, by his subsequent examination of the old volcano of the district of Schemnitz, that this connection between plutonic and volcanic rocks is a fact. In both Ben Nevis and Ben Uaig in Mull alike, he says, "we see the evidence that while felspathic lava streams and scoriæ were being erupted at the surface,

masses of molten materials of the same composition were intruded below them, and by slow consolidation formed those bosses of felsite which pass by insensible gradations, in their lower and deeper parts, into hornblendic and ordinary granite."

Mr. Darwin has said, "I believe that a mountain axis differs from a volcano only in plutonic rocks having been injected instead of volcanic rocks having been ejected." The connection proved by Mr. Judd between these two classes of rocks involves, if this generalization of Mr. Darwin's be correct—and who can doubt it?—the close connection between mountain ranges and volcanic systems. For a consideration of this connection there is no space here. I hope, however, to make this point, and others connected with it, the subject of a future paper in this magazine, "On Mountains and Mountain Ranges."

This already too long paper must now be brought to a close. In conclusion, I will give a short description, culled from the writings of Professor Judd, perhaps the greatest living authority on this subject, of the history of a volcanic centre so far as it can be gathered by a combination of the three methods of study which have been above exemplified.

The first sign of volcanic action in a hitherto undisturbed district is the appearance of springs containing large quantities of carbonic acid, or holding silica or other substances in solution. These are followed by similar springs of a high temperature, which may after a time become dry or nearly dry, the orifice which discharged the water becoming a channel for heated vapour and acid gases. Eventually actual fissures are formed, giving rise to the formation of ash cones and lava streams of small dimensions, till, gathering fresh force the igneous activity is equal to the task of building up a large volcanic cone, the seat of paroxysmal or long continued outbursts on the largest scale. By constant ejections from its summit the volcano continually increases in height, and thus adds to the length of the column through which fluid materials must be raised in order to produce a central eruption. In the course of this action a point is arrived at when it becomes easier for the subterranean forces to rend new fissures in the flanks of the mountain than to raise a column of lava to its elevated summit. Hence, on all sides around the central orifice, the flanks of the mountain will be covered with parasitical cones, such as are now seen in Etna. But as the bulk and solidity of the volcanic cone are continually added to by these operations, the subterranean forces will be gradually driven to seek new vents, at lower levels in the plains around the mountain, thus giving rise to those subsidiary cones which go by the names of *puys*. Finally the eruptions cease altogether: fumaroles and solfatara mark the expiring stages of volcanic action; the steam and acid vapours give place to hot springs, and these in turn to cool springs containing carbonic acid in solution. Not unfrequently a central subsidence of the area takes place, either from

the cooling of the molten matter beneath the volcano, or its deflection to new vents. And finally the denuding forces carve and sculpture the mountain, until at last in the very heart of the old volcano, now cold and dead, the geologist may study the products of operations similar to those which are doubtless taking place, far below the surface, in the case of vents which we still see in activity around us.

C. Lloyd Morgan.

Rondebosch.

Rural Schools.

Among its numerous advantages, the Cape Colony possesses an elaborate system of education, comparable in its upward direction to the systems devised in the most advanced dependencies of the British Empire. Whether the department providing three grades of school, and three only, has descended sufficiently to reach the widespread substratum of bucolic ignorance, and is in a fair way to plough it up into a useful tilth, is quite another question. Taking these schools as we find them, it will probably be agreed that even in those of the third grade, a decided bias is given to the scheme of work by the minor University examination. The teacher, fired by a laudable ambition, is bent on matriculating, and scarce needs the stimulus of a hint from the inspector that promotion may depend thereon. The more earnest and thorough his preparatory studies, the more distinctly will the scheme of work prescribed to him react upon his daily teaching, and mould, at least its manner, if not its actual components. Chiefly from this cause, aided by others of less potency, it comes to pass that one can hardly find a school where the ultimate object of the tutor is to give a thorough English education, treating Latin as a help to the knowledge of the mother tongue, and algebra as a means for the better comprehension of arithmetic.

Yet, whatever may be the wants of the large towns, it is just such a simple school as this which is needed for the overwhelming majority of the Cape people. I have heard many intelligent farmers, both Dutch and English, incensed at finding three-fourths of their sons' time spent on the classics and mathematics of an unattainable University course, ask why there are no definitively English schools to supply exactly that English education for which alone their children have time. Far from disparaging ancient classics and advanced mathematics for professional and bookish men's sons, destined to enter upon a studious life or born to one of cultured leisure, they not unnaturally complain that we have but one type of school, laid down on lines that suit the few rather than the million. Their

children, prepared in an irregular and unmethodical manner, can seldom secure more than three years of continuous school-life,—a period all too short to make any head-way in the literature of the Latin tongue, hedged about as it is with the thorns of a complicated grammatical system. Expressed articulately, their disappointment and grumbling at the existing state of things ask that a child who can read passably, write and work simple sums, shall in three years or so be able to express himself easily with tongue or pen on subjects within his range, keep plain farm-accounts, and shall have found his way through such suitable English classics as Robinson Crusoe and the Pilgrim's Progress, up to a fair appreciation of some considerable portions of Spenser, Milton, and Shakspeare, and shall have acquired a healthy literary hunger for more.

In attempting a partial reply to such complaints,—a full one I have not dared to give,—this and that school has been pointed out where a select class for purely English subjects is maintained. The answer has invariably been that in these places the English class receives the mere fag-end of the teacher's time and attention; exercises and sums without number are never examined, and even repetitions are hurried over with unseemly haste, that the master may get back to the "Matriculation" work. Thus the English class becomes a licensed Alsatia for idleness, besides being looked down upon by the rest of the school as belonging to boerdom.

Then it comes to this—a farmer with sufficient but not superabundant means, must either condescend to an utterly inferior school, too often kept for bread's sake by some incompetent waif unsuccessful in other trades, and take the "English" of the place, or must accept the peculiar organization of the high school, and pay for the half of its teaching which, is nearly useless to his boy, in order that he may secure the other available half. It may well be said "nearly useless," for the short average of three, or four years at most, involves no more as its classical outcome than a weary wandering through the platitudes of the *Principia* into the promised but most disappointing Canaan of Cæsar's Commentaries.

Now have not the grumbling farmers exactly hit the blot? The bulk of the rural population, disguise the facts we may, is actually a *peasant* population. They may be wealthy, but the majority lead the lives of peasants, think the thoughts of peasants, and like peasants are satisfied with the uneventful routine of their farm life. Their analogues in England, as far as culture is concerned, are to be found in the yeoman farming a bit of freehold, half with plough and half with spade. Of the mental unrest and audacious spirit of doubt and inquiry which mark the English artizan, they know nothing. Is it impossible to provide for this sturdy race, which ought to be the stronghold of the rough common sense of the country as it is of its physical lustihood, just what they demand: a rural school where the aim shall be to train up intelligent farmers,—where there shall be no impatience of teaching the first elements, no ill-concealed scorn of

the pupils and the place, and above all no hankering after the "higher education?" The effort might be made, but it is questionable if the teachers could be found, at least under present conditions of supply and demand. For one experienced tutor who has been taught his profession, as lawyers and physicians are taught theirs, or who has after years of effort found out for himself how to teach, and is willing to devote his skill to the work of rousing torpid intellects into an intelligent curiosity, you will find hundreds who look upon such work as degrading and fit only for beginners. Yet almost any one possessed of sufficient Greek and Latin may successfully guide the reading of youths preparing for their arts examination. It needs small skill to keep their trained wits to the work. The lads teach themselves for the most part, and the tutor is little more than a moderator. But, alas, for those who, having had this amount of experience, deem themselves teachers, and take in hand a class of utter yokels, farm-bred bucolic boys, with eyes that only seem to see, ears that with extreme slowness filter in to the brain an unusual question. One of two alternatives is almost sure to befall. Either the *soi-disant* teacher loses temper, and perhaps begins to use the stick as a remedy for dulness, thereby proving himself incompetent,—or, things turn out more hopefully,—he feels profoundly the difficulty of his task, and girds himself up to meet it, divines each unseen stumbling-block to the intellect now first moving doubtingly on unaccustomed paths, and watches to encourage every groping effort at generalizing or logical conclusion. Whoso naturally takes the latter course is a teacher to the manner born. *Nascitur non fit.* Of the man with the stick, to whom there comes not spontaneously that infinite pity and sweet gentleness casting out anger, which the poor yokel's helplessness should inspire, truly there is more hope of a fool than of him.

Hence the real difficulty in grappling with the stolid peasant-mind lies not so much in the lack of means as in the lack of men. Doubtless this has been the reason why the infinitely easier task of providing for the higher education of the few among us intended for a professional career or for the leisurely cultured life possible to the wealthy, has been undertaken first. We have the apex of the pyramid and some few descending courses. Let us hope that while the structure hangs poised in mid-air, and while yet the underpinning holds good, we may see established as a foundation, first, Normal Training Schools, where schoolmasters may learn their profession, especially that most difficult part thereof, elementary teaching; and secondly, Rural Schools where highly accomplished and well-paid men shall, without lusting after higher education, do their service to the State by breaking up the fallows of ignorant *insouciance*, and shall bring into the dull round of Cape Peasant-life the light and free air of intelligent curiosity about all things human and divine.

Z.

The Fugitive Slave.

A STORY FROM THE ANNALS OF SLAVERY. FOUNDED ON FACT.

(*Conclusion.*)

I MUST now hasten on to the concluding part of my story. Many years had passed over since the events narrated in the preceding chapter took place. I had been married and settled in a different part of the Colony for some years, when, partly, in search of health, and partly for pleasure, my husband and self undertook a journey towards the northern boundaries of the Colony. It was just after the conclusion of the war of 1851-2, and the country was by no means in a settled state yet. As we travelled on (our ox-wagon our home for the time) we were often alarmed by rumours of straggling bands of marauders having entered the Colony, and making some of the mountain passes dangerous for travellers. I well remember my agony of terror, and how little of a heroine I felt, as we were told by a passing traveller on entering the rocky defiles of Hell Poort, that the notorious rebel leader Pock Baas, and his desperate gang of followers, had been seen in the neighbourhood, and that it would be safer for us to turn back. However, as this could not be done, some of our people having gone on before the previous day, and fearing that their provisions might run short, we mustered all our courage and went on—I sitting in front of the wagon holding my husband's pistol in readiness in case of attack. However, there was no occasion for the display of bravery on my part, and we were enabled to pursue our way unmolested; and to my great disappointment I must inform my reader that I have no deeds of daring to chronicle during that adventurous drive. I breathed more freely as we emerged from the Pass about dusk, and gained the open country. We found that the rumours we had heard were not quite unfounded, and that our people, who had some loose cattle and sheep with them, had been very much annoyed and frightened by the rebels during the night. As we neared the Fish River, it was a pitiful sight to see almost every homestead in ashes. It is only on such occasions that one can fully realise the horrors of war. Many families were living in tents and wagons in sight of their ruined homesteads, and many a tale had to be listened to of the suffering and distress caused by the ruthless invader. The country was suffering from the effects of drought also, for although August was already far advanced, no rain had fallen as yet, and everything looked parched and dry, and water was scarce everywhere. To crown all we met the locusts, a great flight darkening the heavens over our heads. Altogether, our journey was an adventurous one, and my reader will agree with me that, considering that health and pleasure was the object, there was not much to conduce to either. Still it had its charms also, and there must have been some enjoyment

coupled even with our misadventures, otherwise why should that journey call up so many pleasant memories? We travelled slowly, staying over at some of the towns and villages on our way; and about the beginning of October we had only reached as far as the Tambookie Border, in the Queen's Town district. Here an unusual thing for that time of year happened: a violent snowstorm overtook us, and we were almost buried under the heavy fall of snow, which covered the ground as far as the eye could reach. Much as we had hitherto enjoyed our gipsy life in the wagon, we were thankful when the kind farmer (on whose homestead we were encamped) offered us the shelter of his hospitable roof—the kindness and hospitality to us strangers was unbounded—and as the storm lasted at intervals over more than a week, we were thankful for his kind offer. The large, comfortless "voorhuis" of a farm-house with no fireplace, no books, and sometimes none of the little comforts of life, offers but little to divert the mind, and as we felt that it would have been want of courtesy on our part to bring in our own books and magazines, and devote to reading the time which our kind host and hostess considered they had a claim upon, we made the best of it. Living in the country myself, I was but a poor authority on the fashions of the day, and my small stock of information on that subject was soon exhausted. However—good, simple people—they were easily pleased, and their thorough, genuine kindness was such that time did not hang so heavily on our hands as we might have anticipated at first. Amongst the members of that numerous household I had remarked a light-coloured, crippled old woman, who had evidently formerly been a slave. She seemed a kind of privileged person, and often used to bring a low stool and sit down when we were at work, joining in our conversation. I soon found out that she was the "Meester's" wife, an Englishman (evidently an escaped soldier) some twenty years younger than herself. I was right. She had been a slave once, and had a history of her own, too. I soon questioned her, and found that she originally came from the Western Districts; and happening to mention my native village I found that she, too, had once been there, and knew much of its history.

"Had she known the family of Desvasges there?"

"Oh, yes! he was the man who bought her brother Arend when their old master, Van M., died an insolvent, and his estate had to come under the hammer."

So, then, here was actually Arend's once beautiful sister before me. She was now aged and decrepid, and it was difficult to trace any line of beauty in that now wrinkled countenance; but I felt interested to know her history, and as she was not disinclined to be communicative, she supplied me with the following solution to my tale:—

"I dare say you have often heard them tell how old Van M——, once the wealthiest man in that district, was gradually ruined by his

sons, who spent all his income in wantonness and riotous living, so that when the broken-hearted old man came to die, his estate was found to be insolvent, and scarcely sufficient left to pay off the large debts contracted by his undutiful sons during the lifetime of their parent. As you know, the slaves were sold as part of the estate, and well do I remember poor Arend, then a boy of only ten years old, clinging to my mother, and declaring he would not leave her; they had to tear him away with pieces of her gown clinging to his clenched fingers as he clutched her in his grief. After being torn away from her he became sullen, and for a whole day would not speak. My mother, with her two youngest boys, were bought by a farmer from the Colesberg division, who immediately took her with him to his far distant home. After the grief of separation from her children was over, her life was not an unhappy one. Her new master was a simple, pious, and in every respect good man. He instructed his slaves in his own simple way, taught them to read, and did all that a good, right-thinking man would do for those under him. My mother became greatly attached to the family, and after the emancipation of the slaves remained with them until the death of her old master and mistress, when the establishment was broken up, and she settled in Griqualand with her two sons. Her master had often during his lifetime rewarded her services by making her a present of a sheep or goat. These by careful tending had increased, so that she had quite a little flock when she settled in her new home, and after she discovered my whereabouts she was able to send her own cart and horses for me. The family of her master had always retained the greatest respect and love for her, and no New Year ever passed over without bringing her some gay coloured shawl or gown, a present from some member of the family. As to myself, ah! it was a sad day for me when they sold me away from my mother, and it was only in after years that I could understand why my mother pressed me so tearfully to her bosom at parting, and bade me beware of temptation.

"I became the property of a widowed lady in Cape Town. She was wealthy, kept a fine establishment, and proved a very kind mistress, indulgent almost to a fault. She was proud of my good looks, and kept me as a sort of waiting maid about her person. Alas! my beauty became a snare to me. My mistress used to see a good deal of company. Amongst them, Mr. F—— was a frequent visitor. It was not long before he enticed me to leave my mistress's sheltering roof, and run off with him to a far distant inland town. My mistress's indignation was very great when she found out how ungratefully I had repaid all her kindness, and that perhaps was the cause of her resorting to harsher measures than she would otherwise have done. She was not long in discovering in what direction we had gone, and soon my place of concealment became known to her. Mr. F—— guarded me, or pretended to, with the strictest vigilance, but a sharp country agent had instructions from my mistress to watch our move-

ments, and as soon as possible to arrest me. It did not take him long to succeed in doing so ; and I now often think that my heartless seducer, regretting the false step he had taken, and perhaps already tired of me, had put him in the way of accomplishing his purpose. He certainly made no effort to rescue me, and was thankful when he found the agent was willing to let him off by paying a sum of money, and so being saved the disgrace of having the matter exposed in a court of law. I never to this day have seen or heard anything of him again. The agent took me to his house, and saying that as he shortly intended going on a trading expedition into the interior, and as his wife was going with him I should accompany them to wait upon her, and at the same time, as I was a neat, handy young woman, I might assist in selling the lighter articles and fineries he was taking for sale or barter with him. Having youth on my side, and blessed with a buoyant spirit, not yet crushed by adversity, I soon forgot my troubles and my unfaithful lover, and the thought of travelling into the far interior seemed something so new, that I looked forward to it with keen anticipation. The eventful day dawned at last, and we set off in a large, comfortable bullock-wagon, laden with merchandize and other articles of a miscellaneous description. The trip proved more successful and remunerative than the agent had expected, consequently he was in the highest spirits, and praised my dexterity as a saleswoman. Ah ! there was still one article to dispose of, but I was unconscious of the fact. One great bargain still to be made ! It was reserved for the last—human flesh and blood was to be sold to the highest bidder. We had nearly disposed of all our stock, and had come to the end of our journey, as the following day it was proposed to turn our faces homeward. I had packed up the few remnants of finery, &c., and the oxen were put to the wagon preparatory to a start. Everything was ready, and I was just going to take my accustomed place at the back of the wagon, when my *then* master stopped me, and handing my box and other articles out, he told me with a malicious grin that I had been disposed of also. My rage, grief, and disappointment knew no bounds, and I was perfectly frantic. There was I, a young girl, left alone in a land of strangers, far, far away from all my friends and belongings. For several days I neither ate nor slept, and my new mistress became quite alarmed lest she might lose the prize she had paid so heavy an amount for. She was an old person, and as I subsequently experienced, very kind and considerate with her young waiting maid. My duties were very light, consisting principally in waiting upon her and doing fine needlework, knitting, &c., in which I have no hesitation in saying I excelled. I was certainly fortunate in again finding so kind a mistress. She treated me almost as if I were her own child, and often kindly patted me on my head as I sat working on a low stool at her feet, saying kindly, 'Ah, poor child ! she is far away from her mother.' Unfortunately, her daughter-in-

law was not of the same opinion. From my first entrance in the household she had betrayed a dislike and an aversion to me, almost amounting to hatred. She was a bony, hard-featured woman, with a shrill, discordant voice, and her poor, unfortunate, henpecked husband lived in constant terror of her fearful outbreaks of passion. The kind consideration shown towards me by her mother-in-law provoked her jealousy, and after any special favour from the old lady, I have known her hold up her finger threateningly, saying in a menacing tone, 'Wait! your day is coming.' And truly that day did come, sooner than I expected, too. My old mistress died very suddenly, and as she had a large family of children, her estate had to be sold and the proceeds divided amongst them. Her young female slave formed one of the assets of the estate, and flesh and blood was again to be knocked down to the highest bidder. The day of the sale was a great day. The heirs were all in high spirits. There was feasting and shouting as they playfully bantered one another as to what would be their share of the profits, and how they would outbid each other in purchasing the different assets. My enemy preserved a sullen silence, but there was a meaning smile on her cold thin lips as she passed and repassed by me during the morning. But the auctioneer's hammer is heard, and all rush to the point of action. 'Going! going! gone!' as one article after another passed into the hands of some new owner. Farm, cattle, furniture—all had been disposed of. But now comes the most exciting part of the day's work. The slaves are brought forward: the young, the old, the mother with her infant in her arms. But why dwell on that painful subject. Those days are happily past now for ever. God be praised for such deliverance! It was not long before my new mistress, in the shape of my mortal enemy, presented herself before me, and in an exultant, jeering tone, informed me that now her dearest wish was fulfilled, and I had become her property by purchase. From that day she made me feel that I was in her power, and that, as she had threatened, 'my day indeed had come.' No form of humiliation, no species of torture, did she leave untried. One could scarcely realize the fact that she was human, much less a woman. Her poor husband, who had his mother's kind disposition, dared not utter a word of intercession for me, as the current of her wrath would then turn in full force against him. I tried to escape from her fury, only to be brought back and subjected to worse ill treatment. Well, she is dead and gone now; and when during a long, painful, lingering illness I tended her, she felt and expressed great remorse and contrition for the ungovernable fury of her temper, and prayed so earnestly to be forgiven. I was—"

Here I interrupted her, as I was anxious to hear what had become of her brother Arend. "Come," I said, "I will not longer listen to a recital of your wrongs and grievances, as it strikes me that in the first instance you brought it all upon yourself. Tell me about Arend. Did you ever hear anything of him again?"

"Not after his capture," she replied.

"His capture!" I answered in amazement. "Is it possible? Was he ever really taken?"

"Yes, indeed, he was betrayed by a fugitive fellow slave! The craven-hearted wretch had also escaped from his bonds, and many a day had he shared Arend's scanty meal when too cowardly to venture on a foraging expedition for himself. The promise of immunity from punishment and a heavy bribe had been too tempting for him, and he undertook to guide his enemies to his mountain den. In the deep of night, they ascended the mountain, led on by the infamous Amos. As daylight dawned, they approached the cave, intending to surprise him in his sleep, and so to disperse the men with them, that whilst a couple entered the others should keep watch and guard outside, thus rendering escape impossible. Stealthily they approach the entrance. Amos was the first to enter. He found Arend stretched out in a deep sleep, and unconscious of the snare that was being laid for him. With his quick ear, Arend caught the sound of his footsteps as he entered, and, starting up, he demanded from Amos what brought him there at so early an hour. In a sneaking tone, he tried to reply, but his very manner excited suspicion—as guilt will ever betray itself. And as poor Arend caught the sound of the footsteps approaching the entrance, he felt that he was betrayed. He sprang from his couch, and had just time to exclaim, 'Wretch, traitor, take this!' as the cold steel entered the heart of his betrayer, ere his captors entered. Amos lay stretched out at their feet, with the knife up to the hilt still sticking in his bosom, whilst his life-blood stained the floor of the cave. Arend fought hard for dear life and liberty, but, overpowered by numbers, he found resistance in vain. They bound him with cruel thongs, and led him with some difficulty down the rocky path in the side of the mountain. They had lost their guide, and as the sun rose higher in the heavens, an occasional shadow moving across their path, warned them that the vultures were assembling to the feast. That night, Arend found himself the occupant of a prison cell, cold, damp, and dark, with heavy chains on his legs. He sat all through the night with his face resting between his hands in sullen silence and despair; his case now was hopeless, escape impossible, he would be brought to justice now, and his doom was sealed. A heavy indictment would be brought against him, for he had offended on more than one point, and the last crowning act was the murder of the craven-hearted wretch who had betrayed him. A few days more, and he would be led forth to stand his trial at the bar of justice—led forth amidst a jeering crowd, who would gather round to witness his humiliation. He knew the sentence that must await him, and at times almost felt a grim satisfaction that at last this terrible strife would end. Several days had now passed over since his capture, and Arend had preserved the same sullen air as at first. He knew that the eyes of the curious were constantly

permitted to pry through the bars of his prison, as if he had been some wild beast, but he took no heed; let them satisfy their idle curiosity and gloat over his downfall: there was a time when his very name was sufficient to inspire them with terror. It was the evening before the trial; to-morrow would seal his fate. The love of life and liberty came back to the captive with a sudden rush; he started up, and felt the heavy chains dragging him down. The prison was an old building, and not built in modern style at all. Despair lent strength to his almost superhuman efforts; he succeeded in wrenching one of the iron bars out of the window frame. As he had been kept heavily chained, there was no close watch kept, and prison discipline in those days was not what it is now. Once possessed of that strong bar, he soon loosened the half rotten window frame, and finding an old nail in the wood, he quickly sharpened it, and commenced filing away at his chain. Only a desperate man could have succeeded as he did, and the tops of his fingers were nearly worn away and bleeding before success crowned his efforts. The window was some distance from the ground, but a large pear-tree, growing in an adjoining garden, and throwing its branches over the prison wall right under the window, enabled him to make use of it, and swinging himself down, and laying hold of the branches, he soon found himself on *terra firma* in the garden, once more free. Now escape for dear life, Arend! This time he did not take the path up the mountain; he could not look upon the hideous spectacle that awaited him there. No! he ran down the valley, keeping close to the river side. Only once he paused to cast a glance of defiance at the prison walls that had so lately held him, and a smile of satisfaction passed over his features as he pictured to himself the disappointment and rage of his persecutors when they entered his cell to lead him to his trial, and found only his chain. The dawn was breaking in the East; and as the early morning breeze fanned his heated and fevered brow, he stood for a moment like a wild animal at bay, with nostrils distended, snuffing up the fresh morning air. Whither he went we never knew, but his captors' fury knew no bounds when they found that the fugitive had once more escaped, and left them only an empty cell and his chain. Soon after that heavy floods swept over the country, and reports were rife that the body of a coloured man, supposed to be Arend's, had been seen floating down the river. My mother must have heard the rumour at the time, for she died under the belief that her unfortunate son had perished, and was at rest. Subsequent events, however, have proved the contrary, and some time after——"

But here I interrupted her again; my attention had become rivetted, and seeing the preparations for a meal going forward, I could not brook the idea of being interrupted before hearing the end. I therefore urged her to tell me all she knew at once. Had she ever seen Arend again? Had she ever heard of his death? How had he died? I was intensely interested.

"Patience," she replied. "Remember that I am an old woman, and my memory is no more fresh and green like yours. Besides, bringing up these old things always upsets me more or less. I did hear of Arend again, and in a strange manner too. Did you ever hear any of your old people tell of the wild little Bushman boy, Willem Jaagers, or 'Aap' (monkey), as they used to call him, that old Vermeulen's son brought out with him when he returned from one of his trading trips up country? He was a wild scamp, and the name was certainly a most suitable one, for not only in looks but in all his ways he was a regular young monkey, up to all kinds of tricks, and frightening old Mrs. Vermeulen's life out of her, by appearing sometimes on the top of the roof, running like a cat along the ridges and swinging himself down to the ground by one of the boughs of the large oak trees. He had a seat on a horse, too, like a cat; for if once on he would defy any young unbroken colt to throw him off. On account of his light weight and fearless riding he was for a long time sought after by the racing men of the place as jockey, but his vicious and intemperate habits made him a perfect nuisance to those who employed him. For a long time he used to accompany the togtgangers (hawkers or traders) as leader to their oxen in their up-country trips; and that is how I occasionally used to see him after I had been left behind by the agent. However, on one occasion, through intemperance, he lost all his master's oxen, and being unsuccessful in his search (having no opportunity of ascertaining that they had long been found, and that the search was now for him), he feared the consequence of his master's displeasure, and ran away altogether. From what I can gather he first went amongst the Kafirs, obtaining a scanty subsistence by herding their cattle, &c. At the outbreak of the last war he found himself mixed up with the rebel Hottentots, and threw in his lot amongst them without knowing the why or the wherefore. He certainly could not have infused a large element of bravery amongst them, for old 'Aap' is the greatest old coward in existence. After the war, many of the rebels were allowed to come out and take service amongst the farmers, as they were in a starving condition. My husband was then 'meester' at old L——'s farm, some distance from here, on the immediate frontier, and one day a starved, ill-conditioned, old Hottentot applied for service and was engaged as shepherd. 'Aap' had always been an ugly specimen of humanity, but now he was positively hideous. He looked a mass of wrinkles and bones. As he came in for his allowance of food at night he sometimes used to be allowed to sit and warm himself in the spacious fireplace of the kitchen. The young members of the family soon made the discovery that 'Aap' had an inexhaustible fund of Hottentot legends, ghost stories, &c., at command, and often used to coax him with a stick of tobacco, or the promise of a 'soopie,' to tell them some of his marvellous tales. As I was sitting at work one evening at the kitchen table, 'Aap' as usual, surrounded by all the young fry, was entertaining them with

an account of the drostders (fugitives) of the old slave times. I listened, and heard he was recounting Arend's adventures.

"'Aap, did you know Arend?' I here broke in.

"'Oh, yes. I saw him the day he was captured, when he stabbed Amos to the heart. My! but he was angry. I never saw a human being so furious. His face was pale with anger, and he almost broke the thongs he was bound with as he struggled to get free. The cords quite cut into his flesh, and as he writhed in his agony he told many of the bystanders how often their lives had been in his hand, and yet he had spared them, naming time and circumstances, which they were obliged to admit was correct.'

"'Ah, but tell me, Aap,' I went on, 'have you ever seen him again? Have you ever heard what became of him? Speak, old man, speak, and tell me!' I said, 'for Arend was my brother.'

"The old wrinkled countenance was lit for a moment up with surprise and amazement as, staring at me, he replied, 'Yes, I have seen him again, and a terrible sight he was, such as I never hope to look upon again. Must I tell you, his sister? Then listen! You know that I was drawn in the late rebellion also. The leader of the party that I belonged to was a tall, fine, muscular man, with grey hair and a flashing black eye like an eagle's. He was advanced in years, but the fire in his eye was not quenched; and as he marched at the head of our party and led us into the thick of the fight, he was as brave as a lion. I do not think the man knew what fear meant. I was terribly afraid of him, and was never any use at all, for as soon as we got into action I commenced trembling so violently that my rifle by some accident always discharged itself in the air, and as I trembled too much to load again I generally hid myself behind some ant-heap or other place of shelter until the danger was past. We had met with some reverses, and our stock of food had run low. The men were all more or less dispirited, as the Kafirs, who looked upon us as their allies, always pushed us to the front when there was danger, and turned round upon us if we were unsuccessful. This state of things had lasted some days, when one evening, as I was crouching hungry by the low watch fire, where sat our leader trying to satisfy the cravings of nature with some pieces of dried buckmeat and "Kaboo mealies" (mealies boiled without being either ground or stamped previously), he noticed me, and seeing my hungry look, he shared his small supply of food with me, his eye lighting up kindly as he handed me what I am sure he could ill spare himself. The man held a kind of spell over me. I feared him, and yet I could not tear myself away from him. As he sat brooding over the low fire till the night was far advanced, I crept near the fire, and, pretending to be asleep, I watched him. Did you ask me how his face looked? How can I describe it? You have seen the thunderclouds gather heavy and dark, and you have watched the ominous, fearful stillness that reigns just before the storm breaks and the lightning flashes out. That was just how Arend looked, and his face was fearful to behold. He must

have perceived that I was feigning sleep, for, suddenly addressing me, he said,

"'"Aap, have you ever been a slave?'" His face looked so terrible when he asked the question that I shuddered, and hesitatingly replied, "'Yes. No, my captain, I don't know. I don't think I ever was.'"

"'He scowled as he interrupted me with 'Speak, say! Have you ever been in bondage? Have you ever been sold, soul and body, to become the property of another?'"

"'No," I said, as I crouched away. "No, my captain; perhaps it would have been better if I had, for I would have been kept in better discipline, and not got so fond of spending my time at the canteens." (This latter speech I made in a sneaking tone, hoping to pacify him, as there was wrath in his look now).

"'He spurned me with his foot, as he hissed out between his clenched teeth, "Wretch! craven! You have been unworthy of the freedom you have enjoyed all your life!" and moodily he sat down by the fire again.

"'But what proof,' said I, 'had you, that he was indeed Arend? Is it mere supposition on your part?'

"'Wait, until I tell you,' Aap replied. 'Arend must have felt sorry for the unprovoked anger he had displayed towards me. So after I had really fallen asleep, he woke me up, and telling me to sit nearer the now replenished fire, he gave me a short stick of tobacco, bidding me light my pipe and have a smoke. I was but too thankful to accept the offer, and I think the man must have felt that his end was near, and he wished to unburden something that was on his mind. As I sat there before him, his face was again lit up with a kindly expression, and, beginning by asking me my name and previous history, he suddenly said: "Aap, as you say you lived in that district, tell me, did you ever see the notorious Arend, the runaway slave, who always escaped from his captors?" "Yes," I replied, and commenced narrating the circumstances I have just been telling you. His eye lit up with a curious expression as I went on, and suddenly interrupting me, he exclaimed, "Do you think you would know him again, Aap, now that he must be old and grey-headed?" His easy familiarity had now emboldened me, and fixing my eyes upon him, I said, "Yes, my captain, I think I see him now before me!" (I had long suspected that such was the case). "You are right, Aap," he went on. "I am indeed, Arend, the fugitive slave! the outlaw! with blood on my hands; thrust out from amongst my fellow-beings! But the fire which has devoured me so long is burning out in my bosom now, and I feel that the strife will not be long. Peace will come at last, and then only I shall be *free!* I have fought hard all my life against a fate I considered too hard to bear, but I could not help it. I could as soon have chained up the rapid rolling river, or the waves of the ever surging sea, than have subdued the turbulent spirit that was for

ever warring in my bosom." Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle is heard. More shots are fired ; our camp has been surrounded ; we are attacked. In a moment Arend was up, rousing his sleeping followers to action, and plunging into the thickest part of the fight himself. A party of burghers had been on our track for several days, and now came upon us. I watched the fight from behind an ant-heap as usual, for, in my hurry to escape, I had forgotten to take up my rifle. I saw Arend here, there, and everywhere. At last I saw him raise himself up erect, stagger, and fall back. A bullet had pierced his brain. His followers were soon dispersed, and the gang broken up. Some were killed, some taken prisoners, and the rest took to flight. Being of such small stature, I succeeded in completely escaping observation, and the next morning, after all was quiet and our conquerors had retired from the scene, leaving the dead a prey to the vultures, I crept forth from my hiding place. Not a sound disturbed the silence around. The wounded of the party had been removed. The hot sun was pouring down his rays on the recent scene of carnage, and the vultures were swooping round previous to descending for the feast. I soon found Arend's lifeless remains : he lay stretched out as if in a quiet sleep, his features were as composed as that of an infant. I tried to remove his rifle from his grasp, but the death grip had stiffened, and I would have had to cut off the hand and remove it with the rifle. I felt that the confidence he had placed in me the evening before now constituted me a kind of guardian over the lifeless clay, and I sat driving away the vultures until the sun began to get low. I wished to give him a decent burial, but how to set about it I knew not. At last an idea struck me ; seeing a hole new made by the *Aard Vark*, I scooped it out with the broken barrel of a rifle, which I found lying near, and dragging the body along as best I could, I deposited it in the hole and carefully covered up the entrance with heavy stones and earth. So there he rests like a warrior in his glory, and if you do not believe me, I will take you there and show you the spot.' "

"Such," my narrator went on, "was old 'Aap's' account, and I see no reason to doubt it."

"But," I exclaimed, my curiosity raised to the highest pitch by her recital, "what of the family of Desvages, Arend's former master ?"

"Ah, well," was her answer, "I know but little of their subsequent history. The little invalid, Antoinette, by skilful treatment, was restored to health. She married, and had a family of children. Her husband removed to this part of the country afterwards, and the farm where they lived is not far from here. Some of little Antoinette's stalwart sons are now living there. But she has for many years rested peacefully in a quiet corner of their beautiful garden, under the shade of some orange trees. Her husband and children adored her for her sweet, gentle disposition, softened, I suppose, by

early suffering. I could not understand at the time how it was that their homestead escaped pillage and destruction during the late war; in fact it was a puzzle to the neighbourhood, as it lay in the immediate route of the rebel Hottentots as they passed and repassed into the Colony. I can understand it now. 'Aap's' narrative explains the whole. That little mound reposing under the shadow of the trees saved the place from ruin. The rebel leader's influence amongst his followers was sufficient for that."

My narrator here broke off, and abruptly left the room, as the family were noisily gathering round the social board. I felt saddened and depressed, and sat down scarcely heeding what was going on around me. Yes, I thought to myself, there was one soft spot in that heart still, only the remembrance of a little invalid child who had shown sympathy for and kindness to him, and yet he cherished it as a tender recollection all through his life. It remained the only green spot in his memory unto the end—yea, even unto the bitter end.

The Forest Department

AT THE

PARIS EXHIBITION, AND THE APPLICATION OF ITS LESSONS TO OURSELVES.

Of the numerous "annexes" to the French exhibition, one of the most interesting to the Cape colonist was that devoted to the forests. This consisted of three wooden buildings, which lay to the left of the visitor as he descended from the main building of the Trocadero.

The principal of these was a rectangular, one-roomed house, built of polished pine, with a frontage about the length of, but rather loftier than, the new public buildings of King William's Town, and formed a conspicuous and highly ornate object in the grounds. At the sides and rear of it, miniature Alpine scenery, made of artificial rockwork, gemmed with ferns and mountain plants, and pleasantly resonant with gurgling streams, was environed by small plantations of conifers, illustrating the vast variety of arboreal forms introduced, experimented on and improved by private growers or the State.*

*The following list conveys a notion of a few of the finer forms selected at random:—

Abies Cephalonica
" nobilis
" Cilicia
" Douglasii
" Nordmannia spectabilis
" reginæ ameliæ
" menziesii
" pinsapo
" peloponesiaca
" appolinis
" mertensiana
Abies lasiocarpa
" numidica
Taxodium distichum
Picea excelsa
" orientalis
Belinospora plumosa
Thuja elegantissima
" lobbii
Juniperus thuriferá
Cedrus deodara
" libani
" atlantica

The approach to the building was up a lofty flight of steps on to a broad verandah surrounding it, and shaded by an ornamental roof of open fretwork, over which climbers luxuriantly twined their covering of greenery. On the panels of the building outside were fastened in neat groups collections of the larger kinds of tools used in the department—such as spades, shovels, hoes, forks, axes, adzes, &c.; as also of the coarser products, such as the staves of casks, sabots or wooden shoes, wooden handles for different implements, forks made from the wood of the alisier (*cratægus latifolia*), and several small machines for economising labour, such as a very ingenious machine for compressing and fastening the prunings of trees and brushwood into bundles of firewood, were arranged behind on the verandah. I must not omit to mention the extremely comfortable and ornamental outdoor seats on this verandah, an innumerable and varied collection of which, in wood, iron, and basket-work, throughout the entire exhibition, formed one of the chief topics of admiration and gratitude among strangers, and is one of the many instances in which the French have applied a word (*comfortable*) borrowed from us to their own habits of life in a more genial clime. An early visitor on ordinary days would have found no difficulty in studying the contents of the "Forêts," but towards one o'clock, or even earlier on Sundays and fête days, a long *queue* or string of visitors, slowly regulated by gensdarmes, showed how attractive was this collection; not merely to strangers, but to the French themselves.

On entering the room a fine trophy of sylvan beasts and birds, in which the wild boar and the lammergeyer were conspicuous for their excellent setting, met the eye

Passing to the left a fine model, about four feet in height, exhibited a mountain valley in course of plantation, while on the wall a long series in concentric circles showed the successive processes of manufacturing sabots of different kinds, from the rough wooden block to the finished shoe; as also an immense collection of pruning bills, hooks, knives, and scissors, the ingenuity and variety of which can only be learnt by studying the operations in the plantations, woods, and forests. Among these I noticed some huge spurs, fastened to the leg by long splints, the use of which I had previously ascertained by noticing how easily the woodcutters ascend and descend the smooth boles of lofty trees without any other assistance.

Adjoining the model were two long glass table cases, the one on the left side exhibiting an excellently-preserved collection of beetles injurious to vegetation, and especially to timber trees. Not merely were the insects in their different stages of growth exhibited, but also sections of wood, and diagrams illustrating the injuries inflicted by boring beetles and their larvæ; the different parts attacked by these, such as the bark or heartwood; the different kind of trees subject to the ravages of each species; and the effect on the annual growth of the timber from the destruction of their foliage by beetle larvæ. All these were accompanied by concise explanatory cards. With these were also shown the various insects destructive to the beetles themselves.

In the adjoining right-hand case might be seen other orders of insects destructive to vegetation; the lepidoptera being accompanied in every instance by their caterpillars, their natural colours being preserved by a process, I believe, due to the ingenuity of Lord Walsingham. In this

case I specially noticed a very interesting series of wood-boring bees, among which figured several large xylocapas, closely allied to the wrongly called Cape humble bees, and samples of the destructive injuries they inflict on timber.

A wall-case adjoining the corner contained an immense collection of what most Cape colonist would have termed rubbish; namely, the different kinds of fungi which attack timber and foliage, together with sections of wood, on a larger scale than could be exhibited in the centre cases, of the injuries inflicted by fungi and insects.

These subjects, which at the Cape are too often regarded as scientific trifling, are now seriously studied at immense expense both in Europe and America, the voluminous reports of Mr. Riley in the United States, testifying to the value our shrewd Transatlantic brethren attach to the work of what we ignominiously term a "gogaje man." A capacious stand, at right angles to the insects, contains a large herbarium of the different plants employed in checking the devastations of the sand dunes of the west coast of France. The specimens were excellently preserved, and mounted on a large scale, considerably exceeding the Kew standard, so as to be easily recognised by the unscientific public.

Returning to the right, and for the present omitting the part devoted to the sand dunes, the centre was occupied by seven large models and two long table-cases. One of these models displayed the ingenious and simple processes of making corduroy roads of timber, bridges and sledges, all formed of the rough tree trunks, for the conveyance of wood from the mountain forests.

One large double model represented, in one section, a gorge or kloof in Auvergne of bare rock, and with scarcely any soil or vegetation; in the other, the mode adopted in clothing it with not merely vegetation, but a forest. Across the barren ravine a series of terraced culverts had been so constructed that, while in wet seasons the flood of the torrents passed through below in the deepest culvert, and was thence diverted into several channels, a small quantity of water could pass over the successive terraces, across which, at intervals, huge fascines of brushwood were securely fixed in such a manner as to intercept the washed down soil. Similar fascines had been fastened in like manner along the ledges adjoining the sides, and the various growths of underwood and young timber trees showed how successful this operation had been.

The contrast between the aged, barren, and naked rock and the young, verdant, forest-clad kloof, displayed strikingly man's powers of rejuvenating nature under circumstances almost hopeless.

The lesson this work conveyed to me was the iniquity, where ignorance cannot be pleaded, of thus producing a desert waste by reckless forest destruction, to re-wood which entails such an enormous diversion of capital to a purpose for which it ought never to have been required.

For us it is to remember that, when the French peasant destroyed these wooded regions, and robbed them of their greenery and timber, he had but emerged from a condition little better than slavery, and that in those days science and education were things almost unknown to the people. France, free and enlightened, is now doing what she then undid.

Can this Colony plead the same excuse to its posterity; or will its posterity rise up and condemn this generation for its greed, short-sighted stupidity, and wilful violation of Nature's laws?

A couple of table cases contained specimens of the rocks, fossils, and soils where the forest works are being carried on.

On the side and end wall cases were collections of the various works on Forestry.* Some of these, such as the "Annals of Forestry," extend over a series of many years, and teem with useful information of a most varied nature, and the works on this subject brought out by the National Printing Establishment would form a large library.

On a side table were arranged a set of books illustrating the method of keeping the accounts and diaries of work done, besides forest reports, herbaria descriptive of the forests, relief models of nursery plantations, portfolios of photographs, surveys, and plans.

On the walls collections of cones of fir trees of different species under different conditions of soil, altitude, and temperature, and of the economic uses of their products, were followed by immense plans, maps, drawings, and photographs from the Hautes et Basses Alpes, Auvergne, Cevennes, Pyrenees, and elsewhere, explanatory of the methods and progress of the works. Not merely is the replanting thus illustrated and explained, but also the conservation and production of the original forest areas.

On the right-hand wall were cases illustrative of the plantation and timber of trees, still on their trial, in which was exhibited a very fine series of eucalyptus sections of different species, procured from Australia, among which I noted the following for their compact grain :—

Eucalyptus Corymbosa (moderate growth)
,, Inoptilera
,, Amygdalina
,, Melliodora (slow)
,, Paniculata
,, Microtheca (very tall)
,, Citriodora (slight)
,, Leucoxylon
,, Fissilis (quick)

This genus of trees has received in France especial attention, being grown not merely in Algeria, but also in the South of France, and the hygienic properties of the trees and their products are largely studied and applied.

Here I would note the advance made in our knowledge of these since 1855. It is well known now that the timber of these trees varies according to locality, and that some species which, from an insufficient acquaintance with them, were regarded as inferior, are now known to produce excellent timber under more favourable conditions ; some species, which are more or less dwarfed in South Australia, attaining enormous dimensions in New South Wales and Queensland.

Besides, at that time, different species were often confused together under the same colloquial names, just as is now the case with our colonial ironwoods, milkwoods, &c. ; a mis-application of which led to much confusion in identifying new and valuable kinds.

* Annales Forestiéres : Revue des Eaux et Forêts : Reboisement et Gazonnement des Montagnes : Notices sur le Débit et les Emplois du Châtaignier, des Erables, du Frêne et de l'alisier, &c., &c. Notice sur le Débit et les Emplois du Microcoulier.

In this colony we are apt to speak of the gums as failures for the production of timber, but we forget, in the size they so rapidly attain, how young all our trees are, and that, so far as I am aware, no serious attempt has been made to grow them under the conditions applicable to timber trees.

The giants of Australia grow in the midst of primeval forests on a deep soil, not on the shallow soil of the plains, to be buffeted by every gale that blows.

Who is there that can tell the relative qualities, or even certainly ascertain the specific names, the locality their seed originally came from, or any special modification in their growth under a new soil and climate, of those cultivated here? On these subjects we have no data, not even worthless data. Even in our botanic gardens the labels are few and far between, and convey little information. Whether any registers are kept I know not.

When we consider the ease with which these trees are grown, and the quantity of seed they annually produce, it is indeed a shame to think how few are the species cultivated and how still fewer the specimens.

The second of the buildings, on a much smaller scale, formed an adjunct whose contents were principally devoted to the raising of seed and the earlier life of the trees.

Every tree grower—or, indeed, plant cultivator—knows the vexations he endures from often receiving seed which will not germinate at all or only partially so. This may arise from numerous causes. Either the seed has been too old, or it has undergone some internal change during its voyage through the tropics, or it is of a kind which will not endure being kept dry, or, as is very often the case, as with *Liriodendron tulipiferum*, only a small percentage of the fresh seed germinates.

The largest of the two rooms was devoted to the exhibition of apparatus some extremely simple and others more complex, for testing the germinating capacity of seed. The simplest of these consisted of a small cabinet with glass sides and fitted with wire gauze trays on which were placed damped layers of a coarse woollen fabric. It was warmed by means of a paraffin lamp connected with a simple arrangement of metal pipes. A small thermometer served as a guide to the regulation of the heat. The seeds to be tested are placed on the trays, which may be moistened by water or any dilute chemical solution which will not act on the cloth. The more elaborate seed testers were on a larger scale and heated by gas. In the exhibition myriads of fir seeds might have been thus seen sprouting.

Besides these there were other kinds of apparatus for inducing the growth of side rootlets on the oak and other plants, together with explanatory pamphlets.*

In the adjacent room were models of forest establishments, rangers' houses, and woodcutters' huts; and of the various useful utensils made by them during the winter months, such as churns, milk-pails, bee-hives, &c.

The third house contained exotic trees of different kinds introduced into France and Algeria in a growing state.

A house specially devoted to "Useful and injurious insects" displayed

* Note sur deux nouveaux procédés ayant pour effet d'activer le developpement des Racines laterales du chêne dans la culture en pepinière. Imprimerie Nationale.

a vast variety of hives of bees, the raw and manufactured produce of them, as also a large collection of silk-producing worms ; and formed a sort of supplement to the forest department proper.

In the adjoining annexe, representing Algeria, was a very fine collection of indigenous and introduced woods, showing large polished sections of trees ; among which the handsome and fragrant wood of *juniperus thurifera* especially attracted notice from its beauty and the variety of purposes to which it and a species of *Thuja* are applied by the French, not the least plentiful of which were the cheap bracelets and other ornaments so largely sold throughout the Exhibition. Close to these were some fine specimens of the cork tree, and its application to the arts, the process of making corks by machinery attracting a large crowd. In another place were some splendid specimens of Algerian fretwork and carving, combining the tasteful art-culture of France with the elaborate fertility of oriental design, A " Priedieu " exhibited was a masterpiece of fine workmanship.

In the main building of the Champs de Mars a large section was set aside to the application of the forest department to the arts, novel applications of chemical processes in staining wood, the use of wood fibre in the manufacture of paper and mouldings, and of the different kinds of bark as tanning material, and a variety of purposes beyond the object of this paper.

In the exhibits of almost every country except the Cape, fibres formed a notable feature, a dried sample of the plant being exhibited side by side with the raw material ; the smaller South American Republics, with a population of half-breeds, surpassing us in this respect ; while in the matter of medicinal herbs, in spite of Dr. Pappe's brief notice of a now ancient date, and the possession of the richest and most varied flora in the world, we were quite unrepresented.

The deep impression left on my mind by the inspection of these and other sections of the exhibition is the utter want we have of systematic organization.

We swallow greedily all the prizes and praise a generous nation diffuses with pleasant flattery : but even French wit could not resist an allusion to the seedy bundles of decayed *immortelles,* which gave a cynically mournful, Père-la-Chaise resemblance to our childish museum of heterogeneous curiosities.

The difference between Australia and the Cape is, that the one is the land of a man who is proud of what was a few years ago a desert ; the Cape Colonist is afraid to own the collection he has foisted on the public as a representation of a vast and varied continent, and is content to get critics to painfully anoint his wounded susceptibility and vanity with a product of other climes.*

We have plenty of capable men scattered here and there about the country doing excellent work in their own way and from their love of science, and we have, I am sorry to say, Government money niggardly doled out on men and institutions, which fulfil no useful purpose, partly from incapacity and partly from want of adequate support.

* I met a reviewer, who had been requested to write a pleasing notice of the Cape exhibits, but who evidently shunned the strain on the writer's veracity.—(See Froude and Trollope on Cape Butter).

We have plenty of Botanic Gardens * (*lucus a non lucendo*), but on making inquiries with a view of obtaining the seeds of different kinds of gum tree, I was told at three of them that I should be only likely to obtain what was required at Graham's Town.

For what purpose do these gardens exist, and who is responsible for the proper appropriation of the Government grant? Under a properly-organized forest department, these abuses would be looked into and rectified.

The same may be said of the surreptitious abstraction of timber. During an absence of about two years from the colony, the writer notes that some of the loveliest nooks of Kaffraria have been denuded of their forest, and are now bare and parched patches, only awaiting the first heavy rain to denude them of what soil remains.

The natives do this year after year with impunity, and the shrewd European profits from the immunity a black passport provides.

First the yellowwood, then the sneezewood, then whatever timber trees remain, then firewood, then the stumps and roots disappear.

When these are gone, the hoe goes to work on the bare declivity, and or a few years crops of mealies or Kafir corn come off the soil. Then a dry season or two ensue, and the native repairs to another virgin soil; then floods follow, turbidly red with the disintegrated and desiccated soil, and a few years after the bare rock tells no tale of a forest having been there, save to the eye of the botanist, who notes the vegetation, which takes the place of and distinguishes what once was a forest.

An interesting paper on this subject appeared in this magazine during the writer's absence from the colony. Admitting what was there said in relation to India, with which I have no acquaintance, I would suggest that we already have plenty of scattered detail as to trees fitted to this country; and advocating, with him, the careful preservation of our present forests, I would suggest that, in all mountainous regions, where small areas of forest still exist, active planting should go on side by side with the present conservation.

In choosing a site for this purpose the immediate vicinity to a primeval forest and water should be an indispensable condition.

And I would here raise a plea on behalf of our native trees, before too hastily seeking to acclimatise untried strangers. Strange to say, we have next to no accurate data on their reproductive capacity, the relative value of each kind, and the possibility of their indefinite multiplication under cultivation. Are we going to wait until, like the traveller at St. Helena, we may search in vain for native trees in a deforested and droughty land.

In planting trees several purposes have to be fulfilled :—

1. To increase the rainfall.
2. To keep the soil we have.
3. To make new soil.
4. To shade the soil and prevent evaporation.
5. To protect young plantations from wind.
6. To furnish building and ornamental timber.
7. To supply firewood and fencing material.
8. To supply new and valuable products.

* These remarks do not apply to parks, ornamental gardens, or promenades, which doubtless promote social intercourse; the strictures relate to the object implied by the word "Botanic."

1. The sources of all our main streams should be enclosed and protected from cattle, and the area from which they derive their moisture should be planted with whatever kind of vegetation tends to protect it from the effects of evaporation. Of course, a great deal would depend on the locality; but in moist situations trees like the Cape plum (*Harpephyllum Caffrum*), *Sparmannia Africana*, the arboreal *Erythrinus*, the milkwood (*Sideroxylon inerme*), some of which grow rapidly from cuttings, and all of which have large foliage and are native to such localities, *Catalpa syringæfolia*, *Paulownia imperialis*, *Liriodendron* um *tulipiferum*, *Castanea vesca*, *Juglans* (both the European and American species), and the planes and maples among exotic trees, might be tried as possessing ample foliage and rapid growth. Both the *Catalpa* and the walnut grow well in such situations.

Where the soil is of too saturated a nature for these, various kinds of rushes and reeds, such as the Nile papyrus and bamboos, could be used.

Our wild palm (*Phœnix reclinata*), and probably some exotic species: might serve the same purpose.

The thinnings of these could be utilised for a variety of purposes. When the German settlers first came to the country, they largely used the leaves of the wild palm in the manufacture of hats and ornaments, an industry, I believe, now entirely abandoned.

The bamboos are now attracting great notice in Southern Europe and Algeria, several kinds (*bambusa nigra*, *mitis*, *métaké*), being used in the manufacture of fishing-rods, the handles of umbrellas and parasols, pipe-stems and cigar-holders.

To judge by the eagerness with which Cape tourists purchase the variety of objects manufactured in basketware at Madeira, the cultivation of osiers would return a handsome profit to some of our mission stations, were the natives instructed in this art.

2. Along the banks of our rivers, wherever bush or timber trees are growing, the same should be carefully preserved, not merely from the shelter they afford, but also from the value they possess in preserving the river banks from destruction during inundation. How reckless has been the destruction of such trees may be gleaned from the fact that on two rivers, called the Yellowwoods, hardly any of these trees are now to be found. All species having widely-spread rootlets might be planted in such localities, such as *Combretum salicifolium* and *Erythrophyllum*, acacias, the willows, poplars, maples, and planes. The latter trees (*Acer pseudo-platanus*, *Platanus orientalis* and *occidentalis*) I have never observed growing in this Colony; but, seeing that the last flourishes in South Europe and Madeira, it is surprising that such ornamental and umbrageous trees have never been acclimatized by us.

3, 4, and 6. It may be worth observing here how great is the value of the undergrowths of our forests in preventing the denudation of our soil. During the sudden and violent rainfalls which succeed droughts in this country, the ground on slopes not thus protected is swept clean of its decaying foliage and vegetable mould; the bare soil, often pot-clay, becoming thus exposed and baked by the sun, to the destruction of the larger growths. Just as the artificial fascines used by the French foresters act, so does the thorny mass of tangled vegetation on declivities, such as are clothed by some of our finest forests, retain in its meshes like a sieve these valuable products.

It is unnecessary to enumerate the long list of trees desirable for the purposes of making soil, preventing evaporation, and furnishing timber. All the large-leaved trees, already referred to under Category 1., will serve the first of these purposes.

Among rapidly-growing and freely-spreading introduced trees, to be thinned out or replanted with permanent forest, I may mention the *Ailantus glandulosa*, *Robinia pseud-acacia*, and *Melia azederach:* all of which grow freely, withstand drought, propagate themselves rapidly by seeds and suckers, and their ample foliage while still young affords both shade and manure.

The whole of the *Coniferæ* and *Taxoceæ* are considered in France the most valuable forest trees, both in the production of soil and timber. Our own *Podocarpi* might be tried side by side with exotic forms, several of which withstand the drought almost better than any other order of trees.

The *Araucarias* being specially suited for windy and exposed situations, and growing freely, to judge by the varieties tried in Graham's Town and St. Helena, would be peculiarly suitable for planting along the sky-line on mountain tops. The Port Jackson willow and other Australian acacias, to judge by the last-named island, would flourish in such situations, though from the poisonous action of their roots on the soil, they would hardly be desirable in the neighbourhood of less vigorous trees, requiring much moisture.

The growth of oaks adjacent to forests would probably prove more successful in the Eastern Districts than in the open and detached situations they are at present devoted to.

The blackwood (*Acacia melanoxylon*) and the arboreal *Casuarinas* flourish here, and are both said to produce excellent, hard, and close-grained timber.

The *Eucalypti* are too well known to require further comment, except that in dry regions the South Australian plants, and in the moister the Tasmanian and Eastern Australian species should be selected for planting. Sixty-four species are advertised for sale by an eminent French firm.

5. All plantations ought in the first instance to be fenced, and surrounded by a clearing to protect them from animals and fire. The kind of fence would, of course, depend on the locality; but in many instances, were a Kei apple hedge (*Aberia Caffra*) planted and carefully trained, the fence might be constructed temporarily and removed when this unequalled plant had sufficiently grown.

Of other kinds suitable for fences and withstanding drought, the pomegranate, hakea, Port Jackson willow, and some other species of Australian Acacias do well in the East; while the different kinds of *Cratægus* are worthy of a trial.

7. The sneezewood (*Ptæroxylon utile*), the olives, especially *Olea Capensis*, the white ironwood of Kaffraria (*Syzygium cordatum*), the stringy bark *Eucalyptus obliqua*, and *Eucalyptus fissilis*, and the thinning of pine plantations, would in time supply fencing materials in abundance.

Where the soil was too arid and shallow for forest proper no difficulty would be experienced in raising crops of acacias. In fact, in many tracts throughout the Eastern Districts *Acacia horrida* would soon recover itself were the ground protected from stock and fires. There are

large tracts where these trees exist as mere straggling twigs, being burnt and cropped down year after year; but, in spite of this rough treatment, they succeed in maintaining a stunted existence. In a few years an ample supply of firewood would thus be saved, without recourse to further destruction of wooded kloofs, and eventually afford a handsome revenue, as this kind of wood always commands the highest price in the market

8. As supplementary to this general work, the introduction of new trees of other economic uses could be better performed under Government than by private persons, and successful operations of this kind conducted on a large scale would be a stimulus to private enterprise.

Besides the products already alluded to, the following list is worth attention :—

Pistacia vera, largely cultivated in Sicily, the East, and Algeria, the nuts being quoted at the present time in Paris at 15f. per kilogramme.

P. Centiscus, *P. Terebinthus*, } valuable for the turpentine and mastic varnish they yield.

Rhus coriaria, *Quercus ilex*, } yielding excellent tanning material.

Quercus suber, the cork tree.

Olea sativa, cultivated olive, of which there are many varieties. French olive growers express a most favourable opinion as to the practicability of grafting this on to *Olea Capensis*, the difference between the two species being very slight.

All the varieties of mulberry ought to be carefully experimented on, as there is much to be learnt relative to their value for silk-culture. The varieties in the South of France differ considerably from those introduced into the Eastern Districts, the leaves having a firmer consistency. All the trees are carefully grafted and pruned.

In the nurseries connected with the plantations all these new plants should be grown on a large scale, and carefully experimented on, and properly registered, their peculiarities, progress, and utility being regularly watched and noted.

All these purposes require special study, and experiments conducted on no niggardly scale. They require fencing, irrigation, and protection from fire. Lastly, they will require permanent and intelligent support. It is too much our habit to forget the peculiarities of the land we live in. During the droughts we talk of irrigation and forest-planting; after a few showers of rain we forget our past anxiety, and grudge the money for future benefits. It is the same with our native policy, the same with our products. The last new thing out captivates our imagination, and we forget that permanent progress depends on sagacious forethought and patient toil. The effects of forest culture will not be apparent in a day nor a year, therefore, whoever undertakes the commencement must be prepared to carry it on. The sooner it is undertaken, the smaller will be the obstacles to its success, and the less costly its operation. There is no Holloway's pill to renovate a droughty land, and timber trees cannot be raised by a magician's wand. Properly undertaken and carried out its effects will be permanent, just as the effects of annual denudation tend to become permanent.

The French have found this out. There are places in the South of France, where the olive used to flourish, but where the frost kills it now. There are rivers like the Gardon and the Vidourle, which within the memory of man have become drier year by year.

According to a writer in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," July, 1877, "On the Cultivation of the Maple, the Pine, and the Larch," the traveller need not go to Africa to see a desert. He describes in forcible terms a district to the north of the Pyrenees, where the land has been denuded of trees by being turned into a sheep-walk, and which now barely yields the stock sufficient pasturage. As the writer truly remarks, unlimited sheep-walks are destructive to tree plantation, unless the latter be enclosed; and he describes clearly the mode in which trees are not merely injured, and disappear before the constant browsing of sheep and goats, but how the soil, in a country continuously trampled and intersected by sheep paths, is gradually worn away.

There are large districts in the South of France where a stony soil supports only a low scrub growth resembling our Karoo, and here and there sparsely clad by the prickly coriaceous foliage of the dwarf evergreen oak.

In these regions milch cows are as scarce as with us in the Karoo, and depend entirely on artificial food for their maintenance.

To the markets of Sauve and La Vigau the horses, mules, and cattle are brought principally from the Cevennes and Auvergne, where they are bred to supply the requirements of the plain for agricultural purposes. Formerly these stony hill-sides were clothed with the vine, which flourished on them, and was the source of the principal, and that too a considerable, revenue. But every year the *Phylloxera vastatrix* increases an area, which would be utterly barren but for the assiduous labour the French peasant uses to accumulate soil on built-up terraces. In the valley of the Vidourle hardly any rain fell from August to December, 1877, and irrigation depends principally on wells and water-wheels.

The result of these misfortunes is to attract more and more the attention of the proprietors to the planting of trees as ameliorating the climate and as a source of revenue.

On these stony and barren hill-sides the alisier (*Cratægus latifolia*) and the microcouliers (*Celtis Australis* and *occidentalis*) are being largely planted, as also the evergreen oak, the cherry, and the wild pear.

The question with us remains to be decided—whether we will do now what will be obligatory ere long, or wait till ruin stares us in the face under a burning sun and with a wasted territory?

J. P. M. W.

Clouds and Sunshine;

A STORY OF SOUTH AFRICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XI.

Susie had been four months with the Van Stades, who seemed daily to become more attached to their young governess, and whom they treated in every respect as if she were their own daughter. Her pupils loved and respected her, and already did credit to her teaching in more ways than one. Susie took a great interest in the children, and did not believe that her duty to them consisted *only* in teaching them to read and write; but endeavoured quietly and gradually to improve their manners; teaching them not to put their knives into their mouths at meals, to behave politely at table, and numberless other little things which appear trifles in themselves,—but is not life made up of trifles? By reading interesting tales to them, she inspired them with a taste for reading, the want of which amongst our farmers is much to be deplored. Susie also took a lively interest in farming matters, and, when she had any spare time, assisted Mrs. Van Stade in making butter, attending to the young chickens, turkeys, &c., and she was already an adept at ironing "starched things." Another pleasure to her was watching Mrs. Van Stade's manipulation of the large soap-pot which stood in one corner of the kitchen hearth. Mrs. Van Stade knew how to boil soap; none of your dirty, bluish, greasy, make-believe soap, but huge bars of almost dazzling whiteness. Susie already knew all the technicalities, and delighted to watch the soap in its different stages, through its transition from a mass of unsightly "caiangs," candlestick scrapings, bacon rinds, candle-ends, &c., to the last operation of cutting two large round cakes into bars, and trimming off the corners and edges, preparatory to their being consigned to the already well-stored shelves of the store-room.

Susie and Nettie visited each other as often as their duties permitted. The latter had already worked wonders among the little De Klerks, and some of the elder ones too but she had found it very up-hill work, and often the poor girl had been sorely tempted to take the advice of her friends, and try to get another situation, but her strong sense of duty, and pity for the neglected children, always prevailed.

Once a month the De Klerks went to the village to attend Church. On one of these occasions, the Van Stades also going in at the same time, the two sisters were much pleased at the prospect of spending a couple of days with Mrs. Breda. The old lady was as usual very glad to see them.

"How well you are both looking," said she; "and Nettie has grown quite a young woman,—owing, I suppose, to the responsibility

of teaching so many children. But now you must excuse me ; I must see how Mietje is getting on with supper."

"Oh, never mind supper, Mrs. Breda," said Nettie ; "we want to chat with you, and you can give us what you know we always like—bread and butter and tea. I am quite sick of Mrs. De Klerk's bread and meat meals three times a day."

"You shall have tea certainly, my dear ; but I forgot to tell you that I have a couple of lodgers at present, for whom, of course, I must prepare supper."

"Lodgers!" exclaimed Susie and Nettie, in consternation. "I thought we were going to have such a quiet pleasant evening with you."

"But I think you will like my lodgers," answered Mrs. Breda, smiling at their woebegone countenances, "the one is Pieter."

"Pieter!" now exclaimed Nettie, brightening up. "And who is the other?"

"A Mr. Faure, who, I believe, has come to look at this place with the view of setting up an agency business here; here comes Pieter."

Pieter Breda was now a handsome, intelligent-looking young man of about twenty-five. His employer, Mr. Ross, was justly proud of his *protege*, who was his right-hand on the farm.

By force of circumstances, Pieter and Nettie had never met since the latter's return from Cape Town, for though Pieter had been to Belfort pretty often, Nettie had never been in at the same time. Susie and he had, however, met on several occasions. Pieter was consequently much pleased at seeing his little friend, who was looking prettier and happier than ever, notwithstanding the worry and trouble the young De Klerks occasioned her.

After a while Susie followed Mrs. Breda to the pantry, anxious to assist her.

"I have something I am sure you will like," said Mrs. Breda to her. "Come and see;" and taking the cover off a large dish, she displayed some beautiful fresh honeycombs.

"Oh, how nice," said Susie. "Do let me show them to Nettie," running out with the dish in her hands.

"Look, Nettie, what a feast we are going to have," she cried.

Pieter and Nettie, who had meanwhile been having a cosy chat, now turned towards Susie.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Nettie, "and how fresh. It must have been only lately taken from the hive."

"Yes," said Pieter, "Mamma has a hive in the garden, and I took out the honey last night."

"A hive in the garden!" said Nettie. "Oh do let us go and see it."

"Very well," answered Pieter. "Won't you come too, Susie?"

"Thank you, not now ; I am going to help Mrs. Breda, but perhaps I will join you presently."

"Where is the hive?" asked Nettie, as they walked down the path.

"Right at the bottom of the garden; but you need not be in such a hurry."

"Oh, Nettie," he suddenly added, taking one of her hands in his, "how glad I am to see you again. I cannot tell you how disappointed I have been at always missing you when I came in from the farm."

And, looking suddenly up into his face, Nettie could not help reading therein deep, impassioned love for her, which made her blush and withdraw her hand.

"Dear Nettie, you can never know how dearly I have loved you ever since you were a little girl, and even then I already determined at some future time to ask you to be my little wife."

"Oh, Pieter!" said blushing Nettie, "how dare you talk so; do you know that I am not yet seventeen; and what will Susie and your mother say?"

"I don't care what *they* will say, but I do care to hear what *you* will say; and, what's more, I am not going to move out of this spot until you answer me."

What Nettie's reply was I don't profess to know; but the two young people remained a long time in the garden, and were suddenly startled out of their pleasant conversation by hearing Susie's voice calling,

"Nettie, Nettie, where are you?"

Pieter and Nettie hastened to meet her, trying to look as unconscious as possible.

"What a long time you have been!" said Susie. "What is the hive like, Nettie?"

Nettie suddenly stopped and laughed.

"Oh, Pieter, we forgot all about the hive!"

"So we did, but we were so pleasantly engaged no wonder we forgot it. Mother," he added, turning to Mrs. Breda, who had now joined them, "and Susie, you will no doubt be astonished, but not displeased, I hope, to hear that I have asked Nettie to be my wife, and she has consented, but says I shall have to wait a very long time, as she is so young still."

"I am indeed astonished," replied Mrs. Breda, "though I shall be very glad to have Nettie for a daughter-in-law; but you have been very hasty; why Nettie is almost a stranger to you; you have not met for about five years, I think."

"Never mind, mother, dear," said Pieter, "we are not such strangers as you imagine; it appears we have both been madly in love with each other ever since I carried Nettie through the water to the church, though she nearly boxed my ears awhile ago for reminding her of it. And what do you say, Susie?"

"Well, I think much the same as Mrs. Breda; and Nettie is so young still." And she lovingly drew her sister towards herself, and kissed her.

"Oh, we are not going to get married for a long time," said Nettie; "Pieter cannot afford it yet; and I am going to earn plenty of money first, and by that time I shall not be such a child any more."

"Come in to supper now, children," said Mrs. Breda. "Where can Mr. Faure be, Pieter?"

"I shall run round to Mr. Devonshire's and see if he is not there. Oh here he is. I was just going to look for you. Allow me to introduce you to Miss Kenerell and Miss Nettie Kenerell."

Mr. Faure bowed politely to the ladies, and was just about to take his seat at the supper-table, when he suddenly pushed back his chair, and grasping Susie's hand.

"Surely you are Susie!" he exclaimed. "I have sought you a long time, and at last have found you. I told you we might meet again."

It was now Susie's turn to blush. In Mr. Faure she recognized the hero of her adventure at Zevenjaartjesdahl.

"What!" said Pieter, in astonishment, "are you then old acquaintances?"

"Yes, and no," replied Mr. Faure; "this young lady and I met once before under peculiar circumstances." And he laughed aloud at the remembrance.

Susie was so taken aback at the sudden *rencontre* with the gentleman whom she had often thought of, though she would scarcely acknowledge to herself that she hoped to meet again, that she did not utter a word.

"Come," said Mrs. Breda, "let us have supper first, and then you can chat as much as you like."

During supper Mr. Faure related the circumstances of his first meeting with Susie, at which all laughed heartily.

After supper, while Mrs. Breda was bustling about, and Nettie and Pieter engaged in conversation, Mr. Faure sat down on the sofa beside Susie.

"I want to show you something, Miss Kenerell," he said; and taking out his pocket-book he drew out the little knot of everlastings she had given him. "I have always kept them in here, and many a time have I wondered whether I should ever have the pleasure of showing you how well your little keepsake has been preserved."

"Come along, Faure," Pieter called out, "you know we promised to go and see Mr. Devonshire this evening, so we better go now; though," added he, with a smile, "I think both of us would prefer remaining where we are."

CHAPTER XII.

A week had elapsed since Susie and Nettie's pleasant little holiday. They had both returned on Monday to their respective duties. Nettie with refreshed vigour, and many new resolutions for the ful-

filment of her arduous tasks, and Susie, who led such a quiet, happy life, seemed almost happier than before, and a new life appeared to have dawned for her.

In the afternoon, when the lessons had been disposed of, Susie and the children, as usual, went to the garden. Fond of gardening, she had imbued them with the same liking, and now each one boasted a little patch, which it was their pleasure to weed, dig, and water during leisure hours.

"I am going to my favourite seat, children," said Susie; "when you are ready to go home you can come for me."

Susie now seated herself in a sort of arm-chair, formed of the branches of an old fig-tree, and was soon so absorbed in her book, that she did not notice the approach of footsteps, until suddenly looking up she saw standing before her Mr. Faure.

"You are determined always to come upon me unawares," said she, jumping out of her seat.

"I beg your pardon for startling you, Miss Kenerell," answered Mr. Faure, extending his hand; "Mr. Van Stade told me you were in the garden, so I came to seek you."

After some little conversation they were joined by the children, who had finished watering their plants, and were ready to go home.

"Very well, children, I am coming," answered Susie.

"What! you don't mean to say you are going back to the house already; send your pupils to play a little longer."

"Oh no, they have to assist in milking the goats, so must go now."

"Well, you surely need not go; run home children and tell your mother Miss Kenerell and I will come presently;" and away scampered the youngsters, wondering amongst themselves who the pleasant-faced stranger could be.

"Not very polite of you, I must say," Mr. Faure said to Susie, "to want to run away when I have come all the way out here to have a quiet chat with you.'

"I was not supposed to know that," answered Susie archly, "was I?"

"But you do know, I am sure, and your own heart must tell you, why I wish so particularly to speak to you. Dear Susie I ——"

But, gentle reader, you too have had your little love scenes, and no doubt remember some of the many foolish things uttered by both parties; so you may easily imagine to yourself the blissful half hours which ensued. This I will tell you: that quiet, sedate Susie was forced to acknowledge that she had often thought, with pleasure, of the handsome stranger she had met on the farm near Tulbagh, and had frequently wondered whether they were fated to meet again.

Charlie Faure, like Susie, was an orphan, and had, after his father's death (his mother died during his infancy), been brought up by his uncle, who, having a large family to provide for on the small salary of a Civil Servant, found it necessary, when Charlie was about

sixteen, to procure for him a situation as clerk in a mercantile business, where he remained for seven years, gradually, but steadily, working his way to a good position. Lately, however, on the death of a maternal aunt, coming into possession of a moderate legacy, he determined to leave "shopkeeping," which he never really liked, and to set up an agency business in one of the country villages. His paternal inheritance had only served to pay for his schooling, and keep him in clothes for a time. Some years ago he had joined some of his young friends in a pleasure trip to Wellington and Tulbagh, and it was on this occasion, when having got separated from his friends, that he met Susie. Having heard from an acquaintance who had lately visited the village of Belfort that that place offered a fair opening for an agent, he had at once set out, wishing to judge for himself, and had now made up his mind to return to Cape Town and settle his affairs there prior to opening his agency business in the village.

"And now," said Mr. Faure, "my greatest endeavour will be to make a comfortable home to which to bring my dear little wifie."

"Oh! how late it is," said Susie, "we really must go now; what will Mrs. Van Stade say to my remaining away so long?"

"Oh! never mind; I daresay she will remember her own love days, and sympathise with you."

When they reached the house, Mr. and Mrs. Van Stade were sitting on the stoep, enjoying the cool of the evening. Susie tried to look as usual, but somehow she could not keep the roses out of her cheeks. Mrs. Van Stade could not help smiling at her.

"Stille water diepe grond," said she aside to Susie, "who would ever have believed that you had a 'freiar' all the time, and you so quiet about it."

"Oh no," stammered Susie, "it really was not so, at least ——"

"Never mind, child, it is all right, I am only teazing you."

Next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Faure and Susie set off on horseback for Schildpadskuil, Mr. De Klerk's farm, to visit Nettie. The ride was as pleasant as it could be to the two newly engaged lovers. Nettie was not a little surprised and rejoiced at seeing her sister and Mr. Faure, and no less delighted at the news she heard from them. After spending an hour with Nettie they returned home, and in the afternoon Mr. Faure set off for Belfort.

CHAPTER XIII.

Meanwhile, throughout the Colony startling rumours had been afloat concerning an impending Kafir war; numerous depredations had from time to time been committed by the Kafirs on the frontier, much to the annoyance and terror of the farmers and other of the inhabitants. For a while people at a distance from the frontier treated these rumours as false alarms, but at last even they participated in the general anxiety. The Kafirs were said to be congregating

with no good object in view, troops were now hastily dispatched to the frontier, and commandoes ordered out from most of the villages.

Pieter Breda and Frans Russouw were amongst the young men who were called out from Belfort, much to the dismay of Nettie, and of poor Annie Delport, Frans' promised bride. Nettie was very much depressed in spirits after Pieter's departure, and Susie, thinking a change would be beneficial, persuaded Mrs. De Klerk to allow her to spend a week with her sister at the Van Stade's. To Susie's great joy, Mr. Faure being still detained in Cape Town by business matters, had escaped joining the commando.

One rainy afternoon during Nettie's visit, the young ladies, Mrs. Van Stade, and the two eldest girls were all occupied with needlework; while the younger children were fidgetting about between the kitchen and the dining-room.

"Really, children," said Mrs. Van Stade at last, "I wish you would not be so noisy; if you do not keep quiet now, I shall ask Miss Kenerell to give you each a lesson."

"Mamma," said little Hans, "I'll tell you what will keep us quiet; won't you let ayah Eva come in here and tell us a story, and perhaps Miss Kenerell will like to hear it too."

"Nonsense," answered his mother, "I don't suppose Miss Kenerell will care for any of Eva's silly stories, and besides Eva has candles to make."

"I should just like to hear Eva tell a story," said Susie, "and I think that will be the best way of keeping the children quiet."

"Very well, Hans, you can ask Eva to come, but she must bring her work with her."

Eva, a short spare Hottentot woman, with high cheekbones and twinkling black eyes, soon made her appearance with a large roll of old linen, which was about to be converted into candlewicks. After a great deal of whispering between Eva and the children as to whether she should tell the story of the "Lion with the golden hand," "Ou' Maai en ou' Paai," "Masiesa," or "Oom Ti'er en Oom Jackals," the preference was given to the latter, and Eva forthwith commenced her tale, which ran somewhat in this wise:—

A tiger once invited a jackal to hunt with him; he knew that the jackal was a good shot, while he on the contrary seldom shot anything, and that was the only reason why he wished for the company of the jackal, for whom he entertained a great contempt. Jackal was delighted with the sudden condescension displayed by Oom Ti'er, and the two set out with their bows and arrows. They had not proceeded far when they sighted a troop of springbucks, and immediately fired in amongst them, Jackal killing one.

"My fat buck!" he cried exultingly.

"How dare you say so?" inquired Oom Ti'er, making big eyes at him, "it is my shot."

"I beg your pardon," meekly replied the jackal, "I thought it was mine."

Again they fired, jackal killing another buck.

"My good shot!" in his glee forgetting the tiger's jealousy.

"What's that you're saying?" angrily demanded the tiger.

"I am only joking," answered jackal, suddenly collapsing.

After a few more shots Oom Ti'er confessed himself exhausted, and picking out the fattest of the bucks, slung it across poor jackal's back, telling him to run with it to his (tiger's) house, and tell his wife to prepare a feast; then jackal was to return and assist in carrying home the remainder of the spoil. Jackal trotted along briskly at first, but soon slackened his speed.

"The old rascal," he soliloquised; "so he only asked me to hunt with him, because he knew I could kill a couple of bucks for him; I'll pay him out."

As he went trudging along he sought about for a piece of sheep skin, and when he had found a suitable portion, scratched some hieroglyphics on it with a cinder. Before reaching Ti'er's house he unslung the buck from his shoulders, and hid it behind a bush; then advancing, presented Mrs. Tiger with the billet-doux as coming from her spouse.

"But my husband knows I cannot read," exclaimed the tigress in great consternation.

"If you like I will read," said Jackal; and taking the letter he pretended to read as follows:—"Give Neef Jackals a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine to bring to me."

The old tigress obeyed, placing the articles in a large knapsack, which the Jackal took, and on reaching the bush where the buck had been deposited, hastily cut off the fattest portions and added them to the contents of the knapsack, and then set off homewards. The long walk having made him thirsty, he tasted Oom T'ier's wine, and again and again he repeated the experiment, until at last he became so sleepy that he determined to take the shortest possible nap, and accordingly laid down beside a bush.

Meantime Oom Ti'er, having waited in vain for Jackal's return, thought best to go home; on arriving in the bosom of his family and finding out the deception Jackal had practised on him, he lost no time in following him, and came upon that gentleman whilst he was indulging in rather a prolonged nap.

"Won't I give it to you," he cried, shaking the sleeper, who immediately jumped up.

"Sht, sht," said jackal mysteriously.

"What's the matter now?" angrily asked Oom Ti'er.

"Sucking pigs," answered the crafty jackal in a whisper.

Now if there was anything the tiger doated on it was a nice fat sucking pig.

"Where? where?" he demanded hurriedly.

"Just behind those bushes; you thought I was asleep, but I was watching them; if you will keep watch here I will run round and turn them your way."

Oom Ti'er crouched down behind a bush ready for a spring on the first approach of the expected luxury, but neither sucking pig nor jackal appeared. Suddenly the truth flashed across his mind.

"Oh! you sly creature," he cried, wild with rage, "let me only catch you again, and see whether you will get out of my clutches so easily," and he ran along at full speed. He soon came in sight of the high "krans" on which the jackal and his family were already making a feast of the stolen viands, and the savoury smell only enraged the tiger still more. Instead of seeking an easy way of ascent, he attempted to scale the "krans," but in vain.

"Oom Ti'er," cried the jackal, looking over the precipice, "do come and have a bit of dinner with us."

"If I could only get up there," was the reply, "I would eat what you have stolen and you too." And he tried again to clamber up the steep rocks.

"Wait a minute," said Jackal, "and I'll pull you up; wife, give me the strongest riem you can find;" added he in a loud voice, then in a whisper, "the thinnest I mean."

The riem or rope was let down, and Oom Ti'er, taking hold of the one end, was slowly drawn up to almost within sight of the smoking hot "carbonatjes," when the riem broke, and down went poor Tiger, rolling over and over the stones. The experiment was tried again and again, each time with the same result.

"Oh!" whined the Tiger, scrambling up for the third time, "my whole body aches, and I am dying of hunger."

"Open your mouth wide," Jackal called out, "and I will throw a nice 'speccie" (lump of fat) into it." Then hastily raking a small round stone out of the fire, rolled a piece of fat round it, and adroitly dropped it into poor Tiger's mouth.

"Oh, oh!" gasped Oom Ti'er, "water, water."

"There to your right is water," said Jackal, pointing in the direction; but Oom Ti'er found no water.

"No, not there," said Jackal, "to the left."

There Tiger met with the same disappointment; and, after rushing about in all directions in search of water, he at last dropped down dead, choked by the very piece of fat which he had so particularly wished to have as part of his dinner.

"Is that all, ayah Eva?" asked one of the children. "Please tell us another."

"No, no," interrupted Mrs. Van Stade, "one is quite enough; and Eva must bring in some coals for the 'comfoor,' the coffee is getting quite cold."

Ayah Eva's story, though very far fetched and meaningless, I have related as a specimen of the many fables in circulation among our coloured people, and with which the identical Eva, often during my childhood, amused my sisters, brothers, and myself.

To be concluded in the next number.

Lines.

Gaze tenderly upon the way-side flowers,
What song can utter the deep tones of joy
That spring within the heart of Nature's child,
When the fond eye rests on the favourite flowers?
The woodbine, primrose, and the pimpernel,
Speechless, they speak of joy, and life's young hours,
Before the heart has seen a withered hope,
Or dug within itself a yawning grave
To bury its bright hopes, and faded wreaths.
A tender smile can flood the gentle heart
With strong and deep emotion, and the flowers,
Are they not Nature's smiles? Mine has been
A somewhat silent lot; oft have I walked
Weary and faint along the lonesome road,
The hot and dusty road of life's highway.
Then have I sought the narrow way-side path,
And breathed the fragrance of the new-mown hay,
And under hedge-rows, fair and bright, have spied
The violet and the harebell 'mongst the grass.
These may be ours, we neither sow nor plant,
Yet they unfold in all their loveliness,
Tender and pure—smiles from the heart of God.
Gaze thankfully upon the way-side flowers,
For thou and I may know no other joy;
Ease and repose may fall not to our lot,
Our Master sought them not on earth below.
Let us tread on in patience, yea rejoice
If e'en the flowers that spring beside the path,
May cheer our hearts along the journey home.

J.

Graham's Town.

Domestic Servants.

Aasvogelkrantz, December 10, 1878.

My dear Susan,—In your last letter to me you asked me to give you the benefit of my experience of the character of Christian native servants, now, after having been a few years in the Colony—as you said that in my first letters home, written from Port Elizabeth and Graham's Town, I had stated that it appeared to me that the native domestic servants were often very harshly and unfairly treated, and that all that was wanted to make them equal, if not superior, to the best English servants, was simply to be kind and considerate with them in the house, and give them suitable opportunities of attending the preaching of the Gospel and other Christian ordinances. My home training, and the fact of my having so many friends in the mission field, had combined to make me capable of forming a just and unbiassed opinion of the native character; and I noticed from time to time with no little pain that the generality of the colonists spoke very disparagingly of the native domestics, including even Christian converts, from the various mission stations. The epithets made use of by professing Christians, also, in speaking of them were to my mind totally unwarranted by facts, and indicative of a deplorably low type of Christianity among the colonists themselves. Well, now for a little of my experience. On my arrival on this farm, which happens to be only three or four miles from a mission station, I determined to get only *Christian* natives for my servants, and test the matter properly—my husband hiring native labourers from any that turned up. I went over to see the missionary's wife, and asked her to be kind enough to make it known on the station that I was in want of a cook and nurse (little Albert was then only six months old). She very kindly promised to do her best, and the following day, to my great joy, two tidy looking "black" girls, with smiling faces, arrived at this farm, bringing a note, which read as follows:—

"My dear Mrs. ——,—In compliance with my promise to you, I managed to get the two girls who take this note to consent to go over to Aasvogelkrantz and offer their services to you. Sara understands something about cooking, as she was three months in the house of Mr. ——, in town, and Katje is quite capable of taking charge of your sweet little baby and giving an eye to the other children. I trust they will give satisfaction. The former is a daughter of one of the oldest Christian converts on the station, and she has had all the advantage of the Christian example of her parents, and is also a member of the church herself. Katje's mother is also an old member of the church, but her father is dead. Your farm is some little distance from the church, but I have no doubt you will arrange to allow them to attend the various means of grace, as it is a very great delight to them to attend the public services on the Sabbath as well as the prayer meeting on Wednesday evening."

I was much pleased with the appearance of the two girls. Sara, who who about fifteen years of age, was well dressed for a native—and even wore white stockings, kid boots, and stays! Katje (fourteen) had a clean cotton blanket over a decent blue print frock, and both had pretty handkerchiefs arranged tastefully on their heads. Neither of them were very black, more the colour of a new penny. Each had a copy of the Bible in the native language.

I did not speak about wages at once, but said I would take them for a month on trial, and so set them to work to see what they could do. They appeared to be very cheerful and willing to do what I told them, and all went remarkably well for two or three days, and I thought really these native servants were certainly quite equal to English servants. At night they just laid down and slept on the kitchen floor on mats, without ever thinking of wanting a separate bed-room like English servants, and in the morning they rose with the sun, without any trouble in calling them up. I noticed, too, that they could converse in three languages—English, Dutch, and Kafir. I soon found that they were great chums, and always liked to work in each other's company, and that they had a fund of subjects for conversation simply inexhaustible, and generally the topic seemed to be very amusing, as ever and anon they burst into most uproarious laughter; the only breaks that occurred being filled up by singing in a very loud tone snatches of hymns that they had learnt at school and church, or sometimes one would read aloud from the Bible. On the first Wednesday I noticed Sara hurried on with her work, and seemed to be more than usually lively, and in the afternoon she came and asked me if she and Katje could go to the prayer meeting. I said, "Well, *you* can go this week, and Katje next week." I told her that she could sleep at the station with her parents, but she must come early in the morning. At four p.m. she set off on a run to go to church. Shortly after I perceived a smell of something burning, and went into the kitchen, and found that Sara had gone off, leaving a baking of bread in the oven, the outside of each loaf being already burnt. I told Katje to take it out at once, and said how grieved I was to have a whole week's bread spoiled in that way. At tea time I found there was no water in the kettle for tea, so I slipped out to the fountain, only about two hundred yards from the house, and filled the kettle, but my husband I was sorry had to wait a considerable time before tea was ready.

From the time that Sara started for the prayer meeting Katje took the sulks and would not answer me when spoken to, because she had to stay at home. In the morning I looked out to see if Sara was near the house, but though I could see a long way no one could I see. I felt my temper somewhat ruffled that I had to act again as cook, while Katje was washing the children, as I got my dress so soiled with the greasy pans, &c., and my hands too got so dreadfully dirty that I almost cried. A little after breakfast was over Sara turned up, and I overheard her asking Katje in Dutch if the missis had kept her

coffee hot for her! This being answered in the negative, she would not condescend to say "Good morning" to me when I went into the kitchen, but simply gave a defiant stare. I felt very much inclined to call my husband to her, but I remembered hearing of a somewhat similar case, in which the husband of a friend of mine was called to reprove a native girl, and he was so annoyed that he boxed the girl's ears, upon which the girl slipped out of the house and was not heard of for three days, when her master received a summons on a charge of assault from the magistrate twenty-five miles off, and after being compelled to leave his farm to attend court, and being kept two days in town as the case could not be heard the first day, was fined £5 by the magistrate. So I thought it most prudent not to mention the matter to John, and merely said to Sara in as calm a way as I could, "When I gave you permission to go to the prayer meeting, I had no idea you would expect me to take the bread out of the oven, consequently it got burnt and much of it wasted; and then I fully expected you would have left water in the kettle ready for tea, and also that you would have been here to attend to your duties early this morning, instead of that you grieve me exceedingly, and and I'm afraid that you profit very little by your attendance on the means of grace if you behave as you did on your return this morning." To this Sara replied, "If missis is going to talk to me in that way, missis had better pay me for the three days' work and I will go" I said, "No, I took you for a month, and I shall not allow you to leave me before the month is up, otherwise if you do, you will get no payment whatever." I then left the kitchen, when the door was immediately slammed to, and I heard Sara and Katje talking together, in their own language, with loud and excited voices.

During the morning my little Alice, who is now six years old, came into the parlour and said, "Ma, Sara says you won't get girls to come here as servants if you don't behave better than you did this morning." The idea began to flash upon my mind that, perhaps, the colonists really had some grounds for speaking so harshly of native servants. Both of the girls emitted a most offensive *odour*, especially on a warm day, but Katje was the worst —so one day I made her wash herself all over in a large bath, with hot water and soap, hoping at any rate to modify if not altogether to remove it. In this I was so disappointed that I never ventured to repeat the experiment.

There was something, however, that gave me more annoyance than this, and that was the fact that I frequently found that my dear little children were irritated by the presence of parasites that had come off the heads and bodies of these disgusting girls. As days passed on, I noticed that Sara and Katje became more slovenly and untidy in their dress and person—several of the garments they came in I could see no more; and one day when we had visitors, Katje was going about the house so indecently clad that I was obliged to give

her a dress of my own. I gave Sara a jacket too, very reluctantly though. The washerwoman I got was also from the "station," and a member of the church; on the whole I got on better with her, though that may be accounted for by the fact that I saw less of her, and partly, too, because she was advanced in life and had not the conceit and impudence of the rising generation who are taught to read and write. The principal causes of dissatisfaction with her were, first, that she always demanded a great deal more soap than I knew to be sufficient; and second, that she had a most insatiable appetite, so that when I gave her four times the quantity of food that we used to give a charwoman in England, she would complain that she could not get "dik," which meant that her appetite was not satisfied, and that she could take more without rupturing any important organs. In the former case, I found that she used to bring all her own dirty clothes to wash with my soap, and even then had some soap left to take home to the "station;" and in the latter case, she used to eat as much as she could cram, and then take the remainder home to her children.

One day my husband had to leave home directly after dinner on a journey, as he was to attend a sale next day forty miles off, so I went into the kitchen at twelve o'clock (we dine at one) to see if the cooking was going on properly, when I found Sara had not even pared the potatoes nor put the meat on, but was lying full length on the kitchen floor *reading the Bible*. Well, Susan, not to weary you with the minutiæ of my daily annoyances, at the end of the first month I paid Sara 10s., which she did not deserve, and told her she could go. Katje consented to stay a little for eight shillings a month and clothes.

One evening I heard a smash in the kitchen, and on going in to see what was the matter I found that Katje had allowed little George to pull the tea tray, containing cups and saucers, on to the ground, and smashed several, quite spoiling my set; on expostulating with her she said, "How could she attend to two things at once, didn't missis see that she was writing a letter to her 'brother?'"

For several weeks I was without a cook and had a hard time of it, I can assure you, Susan, as I could not get another girl from the station as "I had got such a bad character." On looking over my wardrobe I missed a little frock of baby's, some lace, and a brown silk veil, two of my ivory handled table knives (part of the set that Aunt Lucy presented to me on leaving England) had been abstracted from the mahogany box, and I had missed several candles and bits of soap. I also found out that both my girls would tell the most barefaced lies that could be invented; frequently they told them to my children, in fact they seemed to think it a capital joke to deceive them in that way! The fear that I had was that this constant familiarity with untruthfulness would seriously interfere with my constant efforts to teach my children to be truthful. I noticed, too, that the native servants never "split" on one another.

One day I said to Katje that since Sara had gone I had missed several articles in the house, and no one had been in the rooms besides my own family and the two girls. Katje said at once, "Does missis mean to say that we are theives then? Who saw us steal?" I said, "I merely said that articles were missing, and that since you and Sara have been in the house."

When I had been some considerable time without a cook, and my health was failing, and I saw that Katje would not stay any longer I got my husband to drive me over to the station, and asked Mrs, ——, the wife of the clergyman if there were no girls in the neighbourhood who would be glad to go out to service. She recommended me to go to an old woman who was very poor, and a widow, and had a large family, and very kindly sent her son with me as guide and chaperon. The old woman's name sounded somewhat euphonious, it was "Maria Nontwala," and I felt hopeful. On arriving at the hut I saw the old woman sitting outside, and I told her, through my interpreter, that I wanted to engage one of her daughters as cook, and asked her if there was one who had been out to service. She said "Yes, there was Elizabeth; if she could be induced to make up her mind to go, she would be glad, as they were very poorly off and she might earn some money." Elizabeth was called, and I said to her very kindly that I had come to see if she would come over to Aasvogelkrantz and be cook for me at ten shillings a month. She replied in English that she did want to go out to work to earn money, as she was badly off for clothes, but that she had heard that I had said that the station girls were "thieves" so she would not go to my place. In utter despair I returned to the parsonage and related my experience to Mrs. ——; her reply was, "Yes, we have to be very careful what we say to these people. I have been living all my life among them, and my father was a missionary, and I have found out that they *will* pilfer little things,—its in their nature; and the only way to get on with natives is to close your eyes to that sort of thing and make up your mind to it and look upon it as part of their payment. My old servant in the kitchen was brought up in my father's house, and has been attending the preaching of the Gospel for forty years, and yet I know she is constantly in the habit of pilfering food and other articles; but I know it is best not to say anything about it." This remark was so contrary to all my English notions of propriety that I could make no reply. I afterwards succeeded in getting a girl from a remote distance, a heathen; and though I found her incredibly stupid and awkward at first (blackleading the legs of the piano, cleaning the silver with sand and water, making tea before the water was hot enough, and boiling eggs for a quarter of an hour, &c., &c.), she turned out to be one of the most honest, obedient, willing and respectful servants I have ever had.

It is now nearly three years since I dismissed Sara, and a few Sabbaths ago I and my husband were over at the native church at service; after which several native infants were to be christened, and

the clergyman asked us to stay to the baptismal service. We consented, and among the rest of the mothers our old Sara was there, with her first-born (a little boy). She had, it appears, married the native schoolmaster. Well, to my surprise, I noticed the long-lost little frock of my little Albert on Sara's baby! I recognized it at once by the trimming, which was some that you will remember cousin Jane gave me when we were staying at Brighton, just before I left for the Cape. I felt the hot blood rush to my cheeks, and almost jumped to my feet, but recollecting that I was in a place of worship, I was prevented making any other demonstration, and after service I told John, but he said we had better say nothing about it.

A year ago, John had occasion to get one of the young men of the station to go to a distance on horseback on business, and it was a very cold day in winter, so he lent the native his thick Inverness cape that cost fifty shillings at Nicols, in Regent-street, requesting him to return it when he got back, but he never had the honesty to do it to this day. So my husband has also learnt wisdom by experience.

You will now not wonder that John and I never shake hands with the natives as we used to do when we first arrived from England.

The conclusion I have come to is this: that the colonists treat the natives, as a rule, better than they deserve, so that I must confess that my first impressions were quite erroneous, and I frankly admit that I did the colonists a great injustice by the censure that I heaped upon them before I was practically aware of the annoyance they put up with (often most forbearingly) from their native servants. Before concluding, I will just mention a circumstance that occurred a few weeks ago. One day my husband found seventy head of cattle belonging to a native, in his wheat, and as he was having them driven to his "kraal" or pen, the wife of the native owner came with a very pitiful face, begging that John would not send the cattle to the pound, as her husband was not at home—the amount that we were entitled to for damages was one shilling and six pence per head, or five guineas—but my husband did not like to take advantage of the husband's absence and so gave the cattle up without any compensation. Well, on Sunday last, during a thunderstorm, four head of our cattle got over the boundary of Aasvogelkrantz, and though the herd was running after them they got into a field of maize belonging to the very man whom John had been so kind to. So John went and asked him for the four cows, when he demanded the full amount for damages that the law allowed! John asked him if he did not remember how he had let him off on a previous occasion when his wife had come and begged him not to send the cattle to the pound. He said, "Ja, maar dat was andere dag!" and my husband had to pay for the four cows to release them. As you don't know Dutch I must tell you that his answer was, "Yes, but that was *another* day."

I know that you will think you would not allow your servants to *steal* and not bring the matter before the magistrate, but you are very

differently circumstanced in England. In this country the distances to the seats of magistracy are often so remote, that it would not pay to bring cases of the kind I have mentioned into court, so that cases of petty theft are seldom heard of in the colonial courts, excepting such as happen in the towns.

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The Royal Society.

THE PRESIDENT'S ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS.

On the 30th November last, at the Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Hooker, who has held the office of President during the last five years, delivered the following address before leaving the chair. After giving full information as to the Society's condition and prospects, and of the duties undertaken by its Council, the President proceeded to touch upon some of the advances made by science during the last few years. He said :—

Looking back over the five years during which I have occupied this chair, I recognise advances in scientific discovery and research at home and abroad far greater than any previous semi-decade can show. I do not here allude to such inventions as the telephone, phonograph, and microphone, wonderful as they are, and promising immediate results of great importance to the community, nor even to those outcomes of great research and high attainments, the harmonic analyser of Sir W. Thomson, the radiometer and oteoscope of Crookes, the bathometer and gravitation meter of Siemens, but to those discoveries and advances which appeal to the seeker of knowledge for its own sake, whether as developing principles, suggesting new fields of research, or awakening attention to hitherto unseen or unrecognised, or unexplained phenomena of nature.

In the foremost rank as regards the magnitude of the undertakings and the combination of means to carry them out, nothing in the history of physical science can compare with the Transit of Venus Expeditions. To observe the transit of Venus various nations of Europe and the United States competed as to the completeness of the expeditions they severally equipped. The value* of the solar parallax cannot be ascertained

* The Astronomer-Royal informs me that Capt. Tupman, who has taken the principal share in the superintendence of the calculation, fixes provisionally on a mean parallax of 8″·8455, corresponding to a distance of 92,400,000 British miles, but that the observations would be fairly satisfied by any parallax between 8″·82 and 8″·88, which in distance produces a range of from 92,044,000 and 92,770,000 miles, differing by 726,000 miles, a quantity almost equal to the sun's diameter.

until the results of all the expeditions are taken into account, when it will have an international claim to acceptance. But advances in this direction will not have ended here, the very difficulties attending the observation of the Transit of Venus, having directed attention to the method originally suggested by the Astronomer-Royal in 1857, of obtaining the solar parallax from the diurnal parallax of Mars at its opposition.

Mr. Gill, by the skilful employment at Ascension Island of the heliometer lent by Lord Lindsay, has greatly increased the accuracy of the method by which the necessary star comparisons with Mars are made, and there is every reason to believe that the results of his observations, which are now in course of reduction, will be very satisfactory.

Within the last two years a remarkable addition has been made to the number of members of the solar system by Prof. Asaph Hall's discovery of the satellites of Mars; and more recently, during the solar eclipse which was visible in America, by Prof. Watson's detection of planetary bodies within the orbit of Mercury.

In 1876 Schmidt recorded an outburst of light in a star in Cygnus, which showed a continuous spectrum containing bright lines similar to those of the remarkable star of 1866. As the star waned the continuous spectrum and bright lines faded, all but one bright line in the green, giving the object the spectroscopic appearance of a small gaseous nebula.

Great progress has been made during the last five years at Greenwich in the method of determining the motions of the heavenly bodies by the displacement of the lines in their spectra, as first successfully accomplished by Mr. Huggins in 1868. Not only do the results obtained by the stars observed at Greenwich agree with those of Mr. Huggins, as satisfactorily as can be expected in so delicate an investigation, but the motions of seventeen more have been determined; whilst the trustworthiness of the method has been shown by the agreement of the values for the rotation of the sun and the motions of Venus, with the known movements of these bodies. Mr. Huggins has also obtained photographs of the spectra of some of the brighter stars, which give well-defined lines in the violet and ultra-violet parts of the spectrum. These spectra have already shown alterations in the lines common to them and the sun, which are of much interest.

In solar physics, which afford remarkable evidence of Mr. Lockyer's energetic labours in this country and Mr. Janssen's in France, I must mention our Foreign member's wonderful photographs of the sun, wherein the minutest of the constant changes in the granulations exhibited on its surface (and which vary in size from $\frac{1}{10}$ of a second to three or four seconds) can be studied in the future from hour to hour and day to day; as can also their different behaviour at different periods of frequency of sunspots.

Before dismissing this fruitful field of research, I must allude to Mr. Lockyer's discovery of carbon in the sun; and to his announced, but not yet published, observations on the changes and modifications of spectra under different conditions, some of which he even regards as indicating the breaking up of the atoms of bodies hitherto regarded as elementary.

Some important investigations on the electric discharge have been communicated to the Society by Messrs. De La Rue and Müller, and by

Mr. Spottiswoode. These, prosecuted by different means, tend to limit the possible causes of the stratification observed in discharges through vacuum tubes. They also point to the conclusion that this phenomenon is in a great measure due to motions among the molecules of the residual gas, which themselves become vehicles for the transmission of electricity through the tube. It is well known that gases at atmospheric pressure offer great resistance to the passage of electricity; and that this resistance diminishes (to a certain limit, different for different gases) with the pressure. And the researches in question appear to show that the discharge, manifestly disruptive at the higher pressures, is really also disruptive even at pressures when stratification takes place. The period of these discontinuous discharges has not yet been the subject of measurement, but it must, in any case, be of a very high order.

Under the auspices of the Elder Brethern of the Trinity House, and as their scientific adviser, Prof. Tyndall has conducted an investigation on the acoustic properties of the atmosphere. The instruments employed included steam whistles, trumpets, steam syrens, and guns. The propagation of sound through fog was proved to depend not upon the suspended aqueous particles, but upon the condition of the sustaining air. And as air of great homogeneity is the usual associate of fog, such a medium is often astonishingly transparent to sound. Hail, rain, snow, and ordinary misty weather, were also proved to offer no sensible obstruction to the passage of sound. Every phenomenon observed upon the large scale was afterwards reproduced experimentally. Clouds, fumes, and artificial showers of rain, hail, and snow were proved quite ineffectual to stop the sound, so long as the air was homogeneous, while the introduction of a couple of burners into a space filled with acoustically transparent air soon rendered it impervious to the waves of sound. As long as the continuity of the air in their interstices was preserved, the sound-waves passed freely through silk, flannel, green baize, even through masses of hard felt half an inch in thickness, the same sound-waves being intercepted by goldbeater's skin. A cambric handkerchief which, when dry, offered no impediment to their passage, when dipped into water became an impassable barrier to the sound-waves.

Echoes of extraordinary intensity were sent back from non-homogeneous transparent air; while similar echoes were afterwards obtained from the air of the laboratory, rendered non-homogeneous by artificial means. Detached masses of non-homogeneous air often drift through the atmosphere, as clouds pass over the face of the sky. This has been proved by the fluctuations observed with bells having their clappers adjusted mechanically, so as to give a uniform stroke. The fluctuations occur only on certain days; they occur when care has been taken to perfectly damp the bell between every two succeeding strokes; and they also occur when the direction of the sound is at right angles to that of the wind. Numerous observations were also made on the influence of the wind, the results obtained by previous observers being thereby confirmed. From his own observations, as well as from the antecedent ones of Mr. Alexander Beazeley and Prof. Osborne Reynolds, Prof. Tyndall concludes that the explanation of this phenomenon given by Prof. Stokes is the true one.

Turning now to biological branches of science, I find that the dis-

coveries and researches of the past five years in this department also are far in advance of those of any previous period of equal length. The *Challenger* Expedition was, in point of the magnitude of the undertaking and completeness of its equipment, the rival of that for observing the Transit of Venus. Its general results, as far as hitherto made known, have been dwelt upon at length in my previous addresses, and the publication of them in detail is being rapidly pushed forward. Some very important papers by Mr. Moseley on the corals collected on the voyage have indeed been published in our *Transactions* with admirable illustrations by himself.

To the botanist and geologist no subject has a greater interest than that of the conditions under which the successive floras, which inhabited the polar area, existed and were successively dispersed over lower latitudes previous to their extinction, some *in toto* and over the whole globe, whilst others, though extinct in the regions where they once flourished, exist now only in lower latitudes under identical or under representative forms. It is only during the last few years that, thanks to the labours of those engaged in systematic botany in tracing accurately the directions of migrations of existing genera and species, and in determining the affinities of the extinct ones, and of palæontologists in referring the latter to their respective geological horizons, that any material advance has been made towards a knowledge of the origin and distribution of earlier and later floras. I cannot better illustrate the condition of this inquiry than by calling your attention to two most recent publications on the subject, which have both appeared within the last few months.

As a contribution to the principles of geographical botany, Comte Gaston de Saporta's essay, entitled "L'Ancienne Végétation Polaire" (which appeared in the *Comptes Rendus* of the French International Geographical Congress) is a very suggestive one, and, having regard especially to its author's eminence as a geologist and palæontologist, is sure to command attentive study. Although it may be argued that neither solar nor terrestrial physics, nor geology, nor palæontology are in a sufficiently advanced condition to warrant the acceptation as altogether established truths of all conclusions advanced in it, still the array of facts adduced in evidence of these conclusions is very imposing, while the ability and adroitness with which they are brought to bear on the subject are almost worthy of the great French genius whose speculations from the starting-point of the theory, which is that life appeared first in the northern circumpolar area of the globe, and that this was the birthplace of the first and of all subsequent floras.

I should premise that Count Saporta professedly bases his speculations upon the labours of his friend, Professor Heer, whose reasonings and speculations he ever puts forward with generous appreciation, while differing from him wholly on the subject of evolution, of which he is an uncomprising supporter, Professor Heer holding to the doctrine of the sporadic creation of species.

In his "Epoques de la Nature" Buffon argues that the cooling of the globe, having been a gradual process, the polar regions must have been the first in which the heat was sufficiently moderate for life to have appeared upon it; that other regions being as yet too hot to give origin to organised beings, a long period must have elapsed, during which the

northern regions, being no longer incandescent, as they and all others originally were, must have had the same temperature as the most tropical regions now possess.

Starting from this thesis, Count Saporta proceeds to assume that the termination of the azoic period coincided with a cooling of the water to the point at which the coagulation of albumen does not take place ; and that then organic life appeared, not in contact with the atmosphere, but in the water itself. Not only does he regard life as originating, if not at at the North Pole, at least near to it, but he holds that for a long period life was active and reproductive only there. In evidence of this he cites various geological facts, as that the older, and at the same time the richest, fossiliferous beds are found in the cool latitudes of the North, namely in lats. 50° to 60°, and beyond them. It is in the North, he says, that Silurian formations occur, and though they extend as far south as lat. 35° N. in Spain and America, the most characteristic beds are found in Bohemia, England, Scandinavia, and the United States. The Laurentian rocks again, he says, reach their highest development in Canada, and palæozoic rocks cover a considerable polar area north of the American great lakes, and appear in the coasts of Baffin's Bay, and in parts of Greenland and Spitzbergen. It is the same with the Upper Devonian and marine carboniferous beds preceding the coal formations ; these extend to 76° N. in the polar islands and in Greenland, and to 79° N. in Spitzbergen, and he adds that M. d' Archiac has long ago remarked that, though so continuous to the northward the coal-beds become exceptional to the southward of 35° N. Hence Count Saporta concludes that the climatic conditions favourable to the formation of coal were not everywhere prevalent on the globe, for that while the southern limit of this formation may be approximately drawn, its northern must have extended to the Pole itself.

I pass over Saporta's speculations regarding the initial conditions of terrestrial life, which followed upon the emergence of the earlier stratified rocks from the Polar Ocean, and proceed to his discussion of the climate of the carboniferous epoch as indicated by the characters of its vegetation, and of the conditions under which alone he conceives this can have flourished in latitudes now continuously deprived of solar light throughout many months of the year. In the first place, he accepts Heer's conclusions (founded on the presence of a tree-fern in the coal measures specifically similar to an existing tropical one), that the climate was warm, moist, and equable, and continuously so over the whole globe, without distinction of latitude This leads him to ask whether, when the polar regions were inhabited by the same species as Europe itself, they could have been exposed to conditions which turned their summers into a day of many months' duration, and their winters into a night of proportional length ?

A temperature so equable throughout the year as to favour a rich growth of cryptogamic plants, appears, he says, to be at first sight incompatible with such alternating conditions (as a winter of one long night and a summer of one long day); but equability, even in high latitudes, may be produced by the effect of fogs due to southerly warm oceanic currents, such as bathe the Orkneys and even Bear Island (in lat. 75 N.), and render their summers cool and winters mild. To the direct effects of

these he would add the action of such fogs in preventing terrestrial radiation, and hence the cold this produces; and he would further efface the existing conditions of a long winter darkness by the hypothesis that the solar light was not, during the formation of the coal, distributed over the globe as it now is, but was far more diffusive, the solar body not having yet arrived at its present state of condensation.

That the polar area was the centre of origination for the successive phases of vegetation that have appeared in the globe is evidenced, under Count Saporta's view, by the fact that all formations, carboniferous, jurassic, cretaceous, and tertiary, are alike abundantly represented in the rocks of that area, and that, in each case, their constituents closely resemble that of much lower latitudes. The first indications of the climate cooling in these regions is afforded by *Coniferæ*, which appear in the polar lower cretaceous formations. These are followed by the first appearance of dicotyledons with deciduous leaves, which again marks the period when the summer and winter season first became strongly contrasted. The introduction of these (deciduous-leaved trees) he regards as the greatest revolution in vegetation that the world has seen; and he conceives that once evolved they increased, both in multiplicity and diversity of form, with great rapidity, and not in one spot only, and continued to do so down to the present time.

Lastly, the advent of the miocene period, in the polar area, was accompanied with the production of a profusion of genera, the majority of which have existing representatives which must now be sought in a latitude 40° further south, and to which they were driven by the advent and advance of the glacial cold; and here Count Saporta's conclusions accord with those of Prof. A. Gray, who first showed, now twenty years ago, that the representatives of the elements of the United States flora previously inhabited high northern latitudes, from which they were driven south during the glacial period.

Perhaps the most novel idea in Count Saporta's essay is that of the diffused sunlight which (with a densely clouded atmosphere), the author assumes to have been operative in reducing the contrast between the polar summers and winters. If it be accepted it at once disposes of the difficulty of admitting that evergreen trees survived a long polar winter of total darkness, and summer of constant stimulation by bright sunlight; and if, further, it is admitted that it is to internal heat we may ascribe the tropical aspect of the former vegetation of the polar region, then there is no necessity for assuming that the solar system at those periods was in a warmer area of stellar space, or that the position of the poles was altered, to account for the high temperature of pre-glacial times in high northern latitudes; or, lastly, that the main features of the great continents and oceans were very different in early geological times from what they now are. Count Saporta's views in certain points coincide with those of Prof. Le Conte of California, who holds that the uniformity of climates during earlier conditions of the globe is not explicable by changes in the position of the poles, but is attributable to a higher temperature of the whole globe, whether due to external or internal causes, to the great amount of carbonic acid and water in the atmosphere, which would shut in and accumulate the sun's heat, according to the principles discovered by Tyndall and applied by Sterry

Hunt in explanations of geological times, and possibly to a warmer position in stellar space, a more uniform distribution of surface temperature, and a different distribution of land and water.*

Before Count Saporta's essay had reached this country † another continuation of the subject of the origin of existing floras had been communicated to our own Geographical Society, by Mr. Thiselton Dyer in a lecture on "Plant Distribution as a Field for Geographical Research." Mr. Thiselton Dyer's order of procedure is the reverse of Count Saporta's, and his method entirely different. He first gives a very clear outline of the distribution of the principal existing floras of the continents and islands of the globe, their composition, and their relations to one another, and to those of previous geological epochs. He then discusses the views of botanists respecting their origin and distinctive characters, and availing himself of such of their hypotheses as he thinks tenable, correlates these with those of palæontologists, and arrives at the conclusion "That the northern hemisphere has always played the most important part in the evolution and distribution of new vegetable types, or in other words, that a greater number of plants has migrated from north to south than in the reversed direction, and that all the great assemblages of plants which we call floras, seem to admit of being traced back at some time in their history to the northern hemisphere." This amount of accordance between the results of naturalists working wholly independently, from entirely different stand-points, and employing almost opposite methods, cannot but be considered as very satisfactory. I will conclude by observing that there is a certain analogy between two very salient points which are well brought out by these authors respectively. Count Saporta, looking to the past, makes it appear that the fact of the several floras which have flourished on the globe being successively both more localised and more specialised, is in harmony with the conditions to which it is assumed our globe has been successively subjected. Mr. Dyer, looking to the present, makes it appear that the several floras now existing on the globe, are in point of affinity and specialisation, in harmony with the conditions to which they must have been subjected during recent geological time on continents and islands with the configuration of those of our globe.

The modern development of botanical science, being that which occupies my own attention, is naturally that on which I might feel especially inclined to dwell; and I should so far have the excuse that there is, perhaps, no branch of research with the early progress of which this Society is more intimately connected.

One of our earliest secretaries, Robert Hooke, two centuries ago, laboured long and successfully in the improvement of the microscope as an implement of investigation. He was one of the first to reap the harvest of discovery in the new fields of knowledge to which it was the key, and if the results which he attained have rather the aimless air of spoils gathered hither and thither in a treasury, the very fulness of which was embarrassing, we must remember that we date the starting point of modern histology from the account given by Hooke in his "Micro-

* Professor Jos. Le Conte, in NATURE, vol. xviii., p. 668.

† Count Saporta's essay was presented to the International Congress of Geographical Science which met in Paris in 1875, and was not received in England till the autumn of 1878, though it bears date of 1877 on the title page.

graphia" (1667) of the structure of cork, which had attracted his interest from the singularity of its physical properties. Hooke demonstrated its *cellular structure*, and by an interesting coincidence he was one of the first to investigate, at the request, indeed, of the founder of the Society, Charles II., the movement of the sensitive plant *Mimosa pudica*, one of a class of phenomena which is still occupying the attention of more than one of our Fellows. In attributing the loss of turgescence, which is the cause of the collapse of the petiole and subordinate portions of the compound leaf which it supports, to the escape of a subtle humour, he to some extent forshadowed the modern view which attributes the collapse of the cells to the escape of water by some mechanism far from clearly understood—whether from the cell-cavities or from the cell-walls into the intercellular spaces.

Hooke having shown the way, Nehemiah Grew, who was also secretary of the Royal Society, and Marcello Malpighi, Professor of Medicine in the University of Bologna, were not slow to follow it. Almost simultaneously (1671-3) the researches of these two indefatigable students were presented to the Royal Society, and the publication of two editions of Malpighi's works in London prove how entirely this country was at that time regarded as the head-quarters of this branch of scientific inquiry. We owe to them the generalisation of the cellular structure, which Hooke had ascertained in cork, for all other vegetable tissues. They described also accurately a host of microscopic structures then made known for the first time. Thus, to give one example, Grew figured and described in several different plants the stomata of the epidermis :— "Passports either for the better avolation of superfluous sap, or the admission of air."

With the exception of Leeuwenhoek no observer attempted to make any substantial addition to the labours of Grew and Malpighi for more than a century and a half, and however remarkable is the impulse which he gave to morphological studies, the view of Caspar Wolff in the middle of the eighteenth century (1759), in regarding cells as the result of the action of an organising power upon a matrix, and not as themselves influencing organisation, were adverse to the progress of histology. It is from Schleiden (1838), who described the cell as the true unit of vegetable structure, and Schwann, who extended this view to all organisms whether plants or animals, and gave its modern basis to biology by reasserting the unity of organisation throughout animated nature, that we must date the modern achievements of histological science. Seldom, perhaps, in the history of science has any one man been allowed to see so magnificent a development of his ideas in the space of his own lifetime as has slowly grown up before the eyes of the venerable Schwann, and it was, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that a letter of congratulation was intrusted by the officers to one of the Fellows of this Society on its behalf on the recent occasion of the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of Schwann's entry into the professoriate.

If we call up in our mind's eye some vegetable organism and briefly reflect on its construction, we see that we may fix on three great steps in the analysis of its structure, the organic, the microscopic, and the molecular, and, although not in the same order, each of the three last centuries is identified with one of these. In the seventeenth century

Grew achieved the microscopic analysis of plant tissues into their constituent cells ; in the 18th, Caspar Wolff effected the organic analysis (independently but long subsequently expounded by the poet Goethe) of plant structures into stem and leaf. It remained for Nägeli in the present century to first lift the veil from the mysterious processes of plant growth, and by his memorable theory of the molecular constitution of the starch-grain and cell-wall, and their growth by intussusception (1858), to bring a large class of vital phenomena within the limits of physical interpretation. Strasburger has lately (1876) followed Sachs in extending Nägeli's views to the constitution of protoplasm itself, and there is now reason to believe that the ultimate structure of plants consists universally of solid molecules (not, however, identical with chemical molecules), surrounded with areas of water which may be extended or diminished. While the molecules of all the inert parts of plants (starch-grains, cell-wall, &c.) are on optical grounds believed to have a definite crystalline character, no such conclusion can be arrived at with respect to the molecules of protoplasm. In these molecules the characteristic properties of the protoplasm reside, and are more marked in the aggregate mass in proportion to its denseness, and this is due to the close approximation of the molecules and the tenuity of their watery envelopes. The more voluminous the envelopes the more the properties of protoplasm merge in those of all other fluids.

It is, however, to the study of the nuclei of cells that attention has been recently paid with the most interesting results. These well-known structures, first observed by Ferdinand Bauer at the beginning of the century (1802), were only accurately described, thirty years later, by Robert Brown (1833). Up to the present time their function has been extremely obscure. The beautiful investigations of Strasburger (1875) have led him to the conclusion that the nucleus is the seat of a central force which has a kind of polarising influence upon the protoplasm molecules, causing them to arrange themselves in lines radiating outwards. Cell-division he regards as primarily caused by the nucleus becoming bipolar, and the so-called caryolitic figures first described by Auerbach exhibit the same arrangement of the protoplasm molecules in connecting curves as in the case of iron-filings about the two poles of a bar-magnet. The two new centres mutually retire, and each influencing its own tract of protoplasm, the cell-division is thereby ultimately effected. This is but a brief account of processes which are greatly complicated in actual detail, and of which it must be remarked that, while the interest and beauty of the researches are beyond question, caution must be exercised in receiving the mechanical speculations by which Strasburger attempts to explain them. He has himself shown that cell-division presents the same phenomena in the animal kingdom, a result which has been confirmed by numerous observers, amongst whom I may content myself with mentioning one of our own number, Mr. F. Balfour. Strasburger further points out that this affords an argument for the community of descent in animal and vegetable cells ; he regards free cell-division as derivable from ordinary cell-division by the suppression of certain stages.

Turning now to the discoveries made during the last five years in physiological botany, we find that no one has advanced this subject so greatly as Mr. Darwin. In 1875 was published his work on insectivorous

plants, in which he ascertained the fact that a number of species having elaborate structures adapted for the capture of insects, utilised the nitrogenous matter which these contain as food. The most important principle established in the course of these researches was that such plants as *Drosera*, *Dionæa*, *Pinguicula*, &c., secrete a digestive fluid, which has led, through Gorup Bezanez's investigations on the ferment in germinating seeds, to a recognition of the active agency of ferments in the transmission of food-material, which marks a great advance in our knowledge of the general physiology of nutrition.

The extreme sensitiveness of the glands of *Drosera* to mechanical and chemical stimulus (especially to phosphate of ammonia), the directive power of its tentacles, depending upon the accurate transmission of motor impulses, and the "reflex" excitation of secretion in the glands, were all discoveries of the most suggestive nature in connection with the subject of the irritability and movements of plants. The phenomenon of the aggregation of the protoplasmic cell-contents in the tentacles of *Drosera* is a discovery of a highly remarkable nature, though not yet thoroughly understood. Lastly, Mr. Frank Darwin, following his father's footsteps, as it were crowned the edifice by showing to what an extent insectivorous plants do profit by nitrogenous matter supplied to their leaves.

In close relation to these researches are those, also by Mr. Darwin, on the structure and functions of the bladder of *Utricularia*, which he has shown to have the power of absorbing decaying animal matter ; and those of Mr. Frank Darwin on contractile filaments of extraordinary tenuity attached to the glands on the inner surface of the cups formed by the connate bases of the leaves of the teasel, and which filaments exhibit motions suggesting a protoplasmic origin. It is to be hoped that this discoverer will pursue his investigations upon these curious bodies, whose origin and real nature in relation to the plant and its functions is involved in obscurity.

The subject of the cross-fertilisation of plants, which, though a long-known phenomenon, first become a fruitful scientific study in Mr. Darwin's now classical work, "On the Various Contrivances by which Orchids are Fertilised," has within the last few years made rapid advance under its author's hand. The extreme importance of avoiding self-fertilisation might indeed be inferred from the prevalance in flowers of elaborate contrivances for preventing it ; but it remained to be shown that direct benefit attended cross-fertilisation, and this has now been proved by an elaborate series of experiments, the results of which are not only that both increased fertility or greater vigour of constitution attend cross-fertilisation, but that the opposite effects attend self-fertilisation. In the course of these experiments it became evident that the good effects of the cross do not depend on the mere fact of the parents being different individuals, for when these were grown together and under the same conditions, no advantage was gained by the progeny ; but when grown under different conditions a manifest advantage was gained. As instances, if plants of *Ipomœa and Mimulus*, which had been self-fertilised for seven previous generations, were kept together and then intercrossed, their offspring did not profit in the least ; whereas, when the parent plants were grown under different conditions, a remarkably vigorous offspring was obtained.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A Glance at the Old Records of Swellendam.

The seventeenth century had not come to a close when the colonists began to make their way across the mountain barrier which separates the interior of South Africa from the districts about the Cape. They were obeying the law which governs all the people of European blood: the law of progress; the law that impels men to endeavour to improve their circumstances whenever they can. Before them stretched away limitless pastures, to be had for the asking and taking, and so they crossed the mountains, and chose out for themselves great tracts of land on which they made their homes. Some of them followed the course of the Berg River northward to Riebeek's Kasteel, and then clambering over the old Roodezand Pass, descended into the Tulbagh Basin, and gradually crept down the Breede River Valley, occupying the choicest sites as they moved along. Others journeyed eastward through Hottentots Holland Kloof, keeping a sharp eye open for grassy glades and limpid streams, and whenever these were found they came to a halt.

There was then outside of Cape Town but one seat of Magistracy in South Africa. Over all these wanderers the Landdrost and Heemraad of Stellenbosch legally held jurisdiction, but practically many of them were soon beyond the reach of law. The land-rents, especially, were slow and uncertain in coming in, and as each occupier of a farm was required to pay yearly a rental equal to £4 16s. of our money, the representatives of the Honourable the Netherlands Chartered East India Company, sitting in Council in the Castle of Good Hope, after a time came to the conclusion that an additional collector of revenue was necessary.

To this end, in January, 1744, Mr. Johannes Theophilus Rhenius, formerly a book-keeper in the Company's service, was sent to the "far outlying districts beyond the Breede River," to act there as assistant Landdrost and Secretary, in subordination to the Landdrost of Stellenbosch. Heemraden had already been selected. But almost immediately a violent dispute arose on the all-important question of the rank of the officials. The members of the Heemraad maintained that Mr.

Rhenius, being their Secretary, was beneath them in dignity, while he on his part contended that as assistant Landdrost, he was their superior officer. The question was referred for settlement to the Governor, Mr. Hendrik Swellengrebel, and the Council of Policy. They decided that when the Court sat to hear judicial cases, Mr. Rhenius was to preside, but when it sat to arrange the district affairs, the oldest member of the Heemraad present was to occupy the chair. This arrangement did not answer at all. But in the following year, on the 31st August, 1745, the dispute was ended by the separation of the "far outlying districts" from the Drostdy of Stellenbosch, and the elevation of Mr. Rhenius to the full rank of Landdrost.

There was as yet no place selected for the seat of the new Magistracy, and for a time the Court met at the residence of one of the Heemraden. The members of the Government in Cape Town wisely left this to be arranged by the local authorities. Some excellent sites were already occupied as farms, and though it was a matter of no great difficulty in those days to eject a Government tenant, it was in this instance considered advisable to avoid doing so. The Board of Landdrost and Heemraad prudently took time, and only after much inspection and discussion was a site agreed upon. Application was then made to the Governor and Council, by whom the necessary permission was given to use the ground selected, for the purpose of erecting thereon such houses and other buildings as might be needed (25th October, 1746).

Mr. Rhenius and the district councillors certainly chose a very pretty locality. From the Langebergen issue at various places little streams of clear fresh water, feeders of a river which drains a valley stretching from the Warm Bokkeveld to the sea. One of these streams, which for want of a more original name, was called the Cornlands River, winds through a dell some miles in length before it unites its waters with those of the Breede. Here, with the mountain close in front and rich irrigable soil around, a Drostdy and other necessary buildings speedily arose. At the present day the village, with its scattered houses and gardens on each side of a single winding street, extends quite three miles along the vale, but in those olden times the population was decidedly rural rather than urban, and hence many years elapsed before it could fairly be called more than a hamlet. It received a name in 1747, as on the 26th of October of that year the Governor and Council of Policy decided that the far outlying districts should henceforth be known as the Colony of Swellendam, and in conformity with the usage of the time the seat of Magistracy took the same name as the district of which it was the centre.

The district of Swellendam comprised the whole country bordering upon the sea from the Breede River eastward as far as there were European inhabitants, and for some years after its formation the Bushman's River was fixed as its boundary in that direction. In this enormous expanse of territory the farmers were thinly scattered

about, and were almost entirely cut off from a knowledge of what was going on in the outside world. They were living under a government which prohibited, under the most terrible penalties, anything like commercial intercourse with each other or with strangers. They were slave owners, and the nature of the slave code was such that a less humane and religious people would inevitably have been turned into barbarians under it. The price of everything was fixed by law, even to putting a spoke into a broken wagon wheel. These are not mere assertions, for the documentary evidence upon which they rest is beyond all contradiction. Some of the sentences recorded and carried out in those days were so brutal, so horribly ferocious, that even after the lapse of a century and a quarter, one cannot read them without shuddering. They cannot be written down without a sense of pain, or thought of at all without a feeling of gratitude to the merciful God that those times have passed away. Some of the laws, however, may here be quoted to show the spirit of that age.

In 1744 a proclamation of the Governor and Council was issued, in which the price to be charged by wagonmakers and blacksmiths for every part of their work was minutely fixed.

In 1753 a law was enacted by Governor Ryk Tulbagh and the Council of Policy, concerning the sale of ivory. The East India Company had been anxious to procure a large quantity of this article, and had therefore raised its price, but without any increase in the number of tusks brought to their warehouses. This circumstance led to the suspicion that the free burghers of South Africa were by some means managing to sell ivory stealthily to the captains and crews of such vessels as from time to time put into Table Bay. In 1750 such practices were peremptorily forbidden, and the price was reduced. Still no more ivory came in than before, and hence the new law. It fixed the price of prime tusks at a sum equal to one shilling and fourpence of our money per pound, and stated that inferior tusks would be paid for in proportion. Anyone detected selling or disposing of ivory in any manner or to any person whatever, except to the Honourable Company, should pay a fine of £66 13s. 4d., plus £6 13s. 4d. for every tusk so sold, and be immediately sent from South Africa to Europe. The purchaser should be punished in the same manner. Any sergeant, corporal, or soldier of the patrol who should through want of proper diligence allow as much as a single tusk to pass the barrier by day or by night, except to the Company's magazine, should be severely whipped on the bare back, be branded, and serve ten years in chains.

It was the same Governor Ryk Tulbagh and the Council of Policy that compiled the South African slave code of those days. In the preamble they state that notwithstanding all the stringent proclamations that had from time to time been issued, the misconduct and brutality of the slaves was such, that for the preservation of peace and good order, it was necessary to collect into one Ordinance all the laws relating to slaves, and to amplify them to meet the circumstances

then existing. After mature deliberation the slave code was finally drawn up in the Castle of Good Hope, on the 3rd of September, 1754, and two days afterwards was published by being affixed to the notice-board with the great seal of the Company attached to it.

The second paragraph condemns to death without mercy any male or female slave who shall raise his or her hand, though without weapons, against master or mistress. The twenty-third condemns every slave found at the entrance of a church, when the congregation was leaving, to be severely flogged by the ministers of justice. The twenty-fourth inflicts the same punishment upon any slave, big or little, found within a churchyard at the time of a funeral. The twenty-eighth prohibits more than six, eight, or at the utmost ten pairs of slaves, from following the corpse of a dead slave to its burial. The number was to be regulated according to the rank of the owner of the deceased, by whom a fine equal to £5 was to be paid if the rule was transgressed. In many cases slaves were to be flogged at once by the officers of justice, without any trial.

Such and similar were the laws under which the burghers of the Cape Colony lived during last century. Anything like progress, except in the size of the country occupied, was simply impossible. It would be interesting to trace the steps which led from this iron despotism to its natural result, the anarchy which prevailed in the district towards the end of the century; but unfortunately the official records of that period have been lost. We do not meet with them again until the last Landdrost under the East India Company, Mr. Anthony Alexander Faure, has taken office in Swellendam.

The first document of this later period that meets the eye shows that a great change had taken place. Resistance to authority was common, poverty and disorder were general. The district was heavily in debt: in addition to other items twenty-two thousand guldens had been borrowed from the Masters of the Orphan Chamber in Cape Town, and the interest even was not paid for years. In 1789 Mr. Johannes Isaac Rhenius, then the second officer of the Government, and Mr. Oloff Godlieb de Wet, the Treasurer, were sent as a special commission to Swellendam to endeavour to rectify matters there. The only measure that they could suggest was that patriotic individuals should lend the district sufficient money to meet its liabilities, and claim no interest for seventeen years. But the patriots of the day, if they had the will, lacked the means, and the scheme was a failure.

Many of the farmers had fallen in arrear with their land-rents, though since 1749 the Company had been willing to receive three four-year-old oxen yearly in lieu of money for each farm. The other direct taxes which they were supposed to pay, were one shilling and four pence for every hundred sheep, one penny for every head of horned cattle, and one-tenth of all produce that was taken to Cape Town. The poverty of the farmers was increasing, and in addition to other troubles many of them were exposed to Bushman

and Kafir depredations. In 1794 the Landdrost and Heemraad forwarded to Government a list of names of over fifty heads of families who were altogether too poor to pay the overdue land-rents, and of nearly as many more who could only pay one-half. Poverty breeds discontent, especially when there is no hope of improvement without a change in the existing order of affairs.

One of the prominent grievances of the time was a tax for the maintenance of a pontoon on the Breede River. Every holder of a farm in the district was required to pay ten shillings and eight pence yearly for that purpose, whether he used the pontoon or not. To many of them this seemed to be gross injustice, and they used very strong language about it. Their petitions on this subject were strange mixtures of requests, demands, and biblical arguments. At length, in 1792, one of these petitions proved so offensive that the complainants were informed by the Governor and Council of Policy that if they did not pay the tax their farms would be forfeited and given to those who would pay it, and furthermore the Landdrost and Heemraad were instructed to prosecute the authors of the seditious paper before the High Court of Justice.

One cause of the restlessness and anarchy that prevailed in the district is to be found in the fact that there was no clergyman resident there, and consequently there were no regular public religious services. Some of the people of Swellendam were written down as members of the Drakenstein congregation, others as members of the church at Tulbagh, but it was impossible for them to travel so far oftener than once in three months at the utmost. The clergymen of the Dutch Reformed Church have always exercised enormous influence over their congregations, and that influence has of course been thrown upon the side of obedience to the laws and legitimate modes of seeking redress for grievances. It was, therefore, unfortunate for the interest of the East India Company in Swellendam that it neglected to send a clergyman there, looking at the question only from a politcal point of view.

The official documents give no insight into the immediate cause of the well-known rebellion of 1795, and the particulars of that bloodless affair are but scantily furnished in the reports of the meetings of Landdrost and Heemraden. The following is the whole record concerning that subject:—

9 *a.m.*, *Wednesday*, 17*th June*, 1795.

Present: The Landdrost Anthony Alexander Faure, and Messrs. Petrus Pienaar, Laurens de Jager, junior, Hillegard Muller, and Peter du Preez.

The following letter from the Honourable Commissioner Abraham Josias Sluysken, was read and placed upon the table:—

Good Friends,—The unwearied cares and efforts which I have made for the welfare of this Colony and of its good and peaceable burghers and

inhabitants, in the hope that it might please Heaven to make this land as happy as my heart wishes it to be, are at present being hindered and disturbed by some of the inhabitants of the Colony of Graaff-Reinet, people who appear to be weary of the quietness and good order which at all times and in all countries are the foundations of the happiness of the people, who are causing the country to become unsettled, and are endeavouring to draw their fellow-burghers into the path of error and unhappiness by causing them to sign documents full of disrespectful words such as do not become any loyal subject of a State. On this account I write to you, and require of you, conjointly and individually, to admonish and to warn all loyal burghers and inhabitants who love their fatherland and esteem good order and quietness, to avoid such like writings and representations, which are filled with words of disrespect to the Sovereign authority or the representative of the same, not to sign such, or to allow themselves to be drawn into sedition by persuasions of any nature whatever. Also by doing so those persons prevent me from promoting their prosperity and happiness, to which end God knows no one can be more inclined than I am,—while everyone who has any complaint to make against any person whatever, can bring the same before me, as my house is always open to each and every one without exception, from early morning till late at night, and can be certain that I shall stedfastly consider as my first duty the administration of justice, the preservation and maintenance of good order, and the assistance of the unfortunate as much as possible.

Resolved,—That the Heemraden who are present make known the contents of this letter to the burghers of the Colony, and that copies of it be sent to the absent members.

Hereupon the burgher, Paul Fouche, with eight other armed burghers, appeared at the meeting, and declared that they were sent by order of the valiant J. J. Botha, Esaias Meyer, and P. J. Delport, for the purpose of commanding the meeting not to separate, and that no one here present should absent himself from Swellendam. Upon being questioned, they also declared that it was in accordance with orders from the abovementioned that they came armed. Whereupon the said Fouche was charged to inform the beforementioned gentlemen, that on account of the militia officers being required to proceed to Cape Town, in accordance with the signals that had been made (*de gedane Sein Schooten*), the Court could not remain long sitting, and therefore they must come at once and make known to the meeting their desires and intentions.

The Court having remained sitting until after midday, without the aforesaid gentlemen making their appearance, it was resolved to send the messenger to them, and let them know that the Court was waiting for them. The messenger returned with information that they had given for answer that it was unnecessary for them to appear today, and requesting that the Court would meet on the following morning at eight o'clock, and that before that time no one should leave the place.

The messenger was sent back with word that the Court having

received their request and orders, would meet the next morning, not at eight, but at the usual hour of nine o'clock.

Thursday, 18*th June*, 1795.

Present: The Landdrost A. A. Faure, and Messrs. Laurens de Jager, junior, Petrus Pienaar, Hermanus Steyn, junior, Hillegard Muller, and Peter du Preez.

After the members had assembled, at their request were admitted Messrs. Esaias Meyer, Jacobus Steyn, senior, G. F. Rautenbach, and J. J. Botha, whereupon they were asked by the Landdrost to declare the reasons why they had sent word to the Court yesterday, and that by armed men, that the meeting must not separate, and that none of the members should remove from the place. Upon which it was answered by them unanimously, that they in the name of the whole body of citizens still present, had found themselves compelled to take this step, for the purpose of representing their grievances and desires, and of accomplishing these.

The Landdrost then caused the respected letter of the Honourable Commissioner to be read to them, as also the minutes of yesterday's meeting, when it was further resolved to cause the same also to be read to the multitude assembled before the Court-house.

Which having been done, by and on account of the assembled burghers, their grievances against the Landdrost, Mr. Laurens de Jager, junior, the secretary, and the messenger, were put forward, when these were commanded to resign their offices, to leave Swellendam, and to give over the Drostdy, the Secretary's house, and all the papers, documents, and funds belonging to the Colony, to Mr. Hermanus Steyn, junior.

Friday, 4*th November*, 1795.

(Special Meeting).

Present: The Landdrost A. A. Faure, Messrs. Hillegard Muller, Petrus Pienaar, Peter du Preez, and Hermanus Steyn, junior; besides also Jacobus Steyn, senior, Ernest du Toit, and H. A. van Vollenhoven.

The Landdrost produced and read the following letter from the English Commanders to himself:—

Sir,—You will receive herewith a copy of the capitulation by which this Colony surrendered to the arms of His Britannic Majesty on the 16th of last month.

You will likewise receive a power from us to continue the office of Landdrost till His Majesty's further pleasure therein be communicated to you by us or any other Governor or Commander-in-Chief, and these will be accompanied by several proclamations on different subjects. For the sake of example, as well as to qualify you for the execution of the trust hereby reposed in you, it is indispensably necessary that you do yourself take the oath of allegiance and fidelity as contained in the proclamation

hereunto annexed, and as you are empowered to administer it to the inhabitants, you will observe in so doing to take an exact account of them, so as to be able to transmit to us at the expiration of a month the names of those who have given this testimony of their allegiance.

You will take the earliest opportunity of publishing the articles of capitulation, as well as the several proclamations enclosed, in the usual form, and we require you to exert your utmost endeavours to convince the inhabitants committed to your care of the benevolent and paternal intentions of the British Government, and of our earnest wish most punctually to fulfill our instructions by promoting the general welfare of the Colony and the happiness of the inhabitants. You will at the same time add your best exhortations to those contained in our proclamation for the preservation of good order and the public peace, and the maintenance of the laws, and in doing so you will assure the people of our determination to enforce and support the latter by every vigorous means which may be necessary.

His Majesty the King of Great Britain being now the only Sovereign of this Colony, you will take care that no other Power of what nature soever be acknowledged or permitted to exercise any act of Sovereignty within your district, and you will observe that the laws and all other public proceedings are in future to be executed in the name of His Majesty instead of that of the United States or the East India Company.

You will correspond with the Commander of the Colony on all matters relating to the discharge of your duty as Landdrost, giving him the earliest and true account of all such matters as shall occur in your district, which may in any wise concern the King's Government, the interest of the people, or the public peace.

We are, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servants,

ALURED CLARKE,
G. K. ELPHINSTONE,
J. H. CRAIG, Major-General.

Castle of Good Hope,
this 15th day of October, 1795.

The following oath of allegiance to the King of England was then taken first by the Landdrost, and afterwards by all the members present, as well as by the Secretary :—

"I swear to be true and faithful to His Majesty George the Third, by God's grace King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., for so long a time as His Majesty shall remain in possession of this Colony."

The 14th of December was fixed as the day when all the inhabitants of the district should appear and take the oath.

Further, Mr. Hermanus Steyn was called upon to give over to the Landdrost and Secretary the Drostdy and Secretary's house, in the same good order as when it was taken possession of on the 18th of June.

In this quiet and businesslike manner ended the Swellendam attempt at self-government. What occurred during the time Mr. Steyn was at the head of affairs we are not told, except casually, that Mr. Jacob van Reenen, the Commandant of the Swellendam Invalides, was deprived of his office. By Mr. Steyn's order, one Jan Crafford, with seven armed men, visited the Commandant, took away eight guns, and terrified his wife and children.

On the 14th of December, Mr. Hermanus Steyn is found again in his seat as a member of the Heemraad, when sixty-six burghers presented themselves and took the oath of allegiance. After this the Landdrost was able to report that perfect order prevailed in the district. How it came to pass that quietness was restored so easily, is explained in a document dated only two days after the capitulation of Cape Town, and sent to Swellendam by Mr. Du Plessis, who was requested to make its contents known to every one with whom he should come in contact. It reads as follows :—

The monopoly and the oppression hitherto practised for the profit of the East India Company is at an end. From this day forward there is free trade and a free market. Every one may buy from whom he will, sell to whom he will, employ whom he will, and come and go whenever and wherever he chooses, by land or by water.

The inhabitants are invited to send their cattle, &c., to Cape Town, where they are at liberty to sell the same in such a manner as they may find best and most profitable for themselves.

No new taxes will be levied ; such as are at present in existence as soon as possible will be taken under consideration, and those which are found to be oppressive to the people will be done away with.

The paper money shall continue to hold its value, but the English make their payments in hard coin.

Lastly, the inhabitants of the different districts are invited by the English Commander, if there is any subject which has not been explained to them, to choose fit persons and send them to Cape Town, for the purpose of conferring with him upon such subject.

J. H. Craig,
Major-General and Commander.

In the Castle of Good Hope,
this 18th of September, 1795.

There are other documents among the old papers of Swellendam which tend to throw light upon now forgotten times and customs. Perhaps on some future occasion the story of another period of our history will be given in the words of the actors themselves, but this article is already long enough without any further extracts.

G. M. T.

Swellendam, 8th January, 1879.

Folk-lore.

SOME POINTS OF CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE FOLK-LORE OF CENTRAL AFRICA AND THAT OF THE KAFIRS, AND CHALDEA.

BY THE RIGHT REV. HENRY CALLAWAY, M.D., D.D., BISHOP OF ST. JOHN'S.

Mr. Stanley, in the narrative of his travels, "Through the Dark Continent," gives us "The Legend of the Blameless Priest." It is highly creditable to the great traveller that during the unsettled life of his journeyings, he should have succeeded in obtaining such a legend in such exact details. It is another evidence that there is hidden away in the Folk-lore of the people of Africa, very much that is intensely and universally interesting, wanting only earnest and competent men to collect it; I say wanting, not waiting, for it is now fast passing away from the memory of the masses of the people, and becoming changed by intercourse with foreigners.

This legend, committed to writing at Uganda, on Lake Victoria Nyanza, has many curious points of resemblance with the Creation-myths of Zululand and other parts of Southern Africa, which it will be worth while to consider; and, further, it appears to me clearly to be a variation of a legend found in the just recovered Chaldean ancient lore. Yet Mr. Stanley is probably unacquainted with these particulars and has thus unconsciously added an important item to our knowledge, and afforded important material for the Comparative Mythologist, and indicated new lines for the collector of Folk-lore.

I will first give an abridgement, as brief as is compatible with clearness, of the Uganda legend, and point out the several curious similarities it has to our local legends; then show its probable origin in some common source with the Chaldean account; and lastly point out that the languages spoken in the Central parts of Africa are dialects of the same language as the Kxosa, Zulu, Suto, &c., spoken in the South Eastern Countries.

THE LEGEND OF THE BLAMELESS PRIEST.

"Kintu was Priest, Patriarch, and first King of Uganda." He came from the North, and "brought with him one wife, one cow, one goat, one sheep, one banana-root and a sweet potato." He settled on the western bank of the Mwerango river at Magonga, near the present frontier of Unyoro. There were no human beings there to dispute with him the right to settle. Kintu was alone in his kingdom; on him devolved the peopling of the country. But it was "not destined to remain desolate long, for his wife was remarkably prolific. She brought forth four children at a birth each year; and each male issued into the world with an incipient beard and the powers of lusty prime youth; and the female children at two years of age bore children, who at an equally early age conceived and bore

sons and daughters, until the land began to be fully peopled." The cow, the goat, the sheep, the chicken, the banana, the potato, all increased at the same rate, until the valleys of Unyoro abounded with numerous families all rich in all the necessaries of life.

When the land could no longer bear the vast population, Kintu gave portions of the original banana to some of his offspring, and portions of the original potato-plant to others, and sent them forth to seek new homes, and to establish new nations.* Those who received the banana cutting went to the south of Magonga, and those who received the potato went to the north and dwelt in the valleys of Unyoro. So to this day the Waganga and all living about Magonga prefer bananas for food, and the Wanyoro prefer the potato.

Kintu, the Priest, had an especial aversion to bloodshedding, whether blood of man or animal. But he did *not instruct his children not to use animal food*; but nothing must be killed in his presence, but at a distance from his house and neighbourhood. If the murderer was subject to the law of having his blood shed by man for the blood of man he had shed, he must not be slain in the presence of Kintu. If the culprit could succeed in reaching Kintu, and touch his feet or garments, or were the patriarch only to cast his eyes on him, he was safe. So great a right of sanctuary surrounded this primitive Priest.

But as man increased so too did evil. And at length the children of the gentle, blameless Kintu not only gave themselves up to all excess of evil living, but rose against their venerable head, and threatened to depose and kill him. At length, wearied by their growing impiety, he determined to leave them, and, calling his wife, said, "See, my sons whom I have brought into this world have become wicked and hard of heart, and threaten to drive their father away or kill him, for they say I am become old and useless. I am like a hateful stranger amongst my own children. They shed the blood of their brothers daily, and there is nothing but killing and bloodshed now, until I am sick of blood.† It is time for us to get away and depart elsewhere. Come, let us go." And in the night Kintu and his wife departed, taking with them their original cow, goat, sheep, chicken, a banana-root and a sweet potato.

From that time for many generations successive chiefs spent much time in searching for Kintu; but each died without any tidings of the lost one, whom all believed to be still alive, and that he would again appear amongst his children.

In process of time Ma'anda succeeded to the chieftainship. He was possessed with a strong faith in the continued existence and reappearance of Kintu, and spurred on by the hope of being success-

* This would be called by the Zulu,—*ubudabuka kwezizwe*, the breaking off of the nations.

† Comp. Gen. vi. 11-13.

ful where all others had failed, he devoted himself to the chase, "penetrating great forests, and traversing extensive plains and valleys, ostensibly to hunt game," but really in the hopes of perchance lighting on some hidden recess where Kintu was concealing himself.

During Ma'anda's hunting excursions, a peasant one day, fatigued by his labour, sleeps in the tropical forest, and there dreams. Three times he dreams the same dream. He hears a voice telling him to go to a certain place in the forest beside a stream, where "he shall see something which shall give him great wealth and make him a great chief." He obeys, and his heart fills with awe as he approaches the deep solitude, and sees, "Ranged in two rows, on either side of a venerable man, who reclined on a kind of throne, many warriors seated on mats. They held spears and shields in their hands, and the complexion of these men was so light as to resemble that of white men. The central figure on the throne was that of an old man, whose long beard was white with age, and his complexion was similar to the warriors seated on the mats. All were clothed in spotless white robes."

He is told that Kintu, the first King of Uganda, sits before him, and is sent with a message to Ma'anda, "for Ma'anda has long searched for Kintu, and Kintu has something to tell Ma'anda." "But," said the Ancient Man, "bid him come hither, accompanied only by his mother and thyself and, mark me, not even his dog must follow him."

Ma'anda, prepared by a dream, receives the message sent to him by Kintu, and at once sets out secretly, accompanied by his mother and the peasant. But the Katekiro, or Prime Minister, seeing his Master go forth alone, unaccompanied by his guards, and fearing treachery, follows, unperceived by Ma'anda. But Kintu points him out to the chief; and he, enraged because the word of Kintu had thus been unheeded, launched his spear at his faithful servant and pierces him to the heart. And turning to the place, lately occupied by Kintu and his followers, all have vanished. Kintu had fled from the shedding of blood; and no revelation was made to Ma'anda; and the peasant lost his reward.

Ma'anda fell on the ground, lamenting and calling on Kintu. But no answer came but that given by the echoing words, "Kintu, Kintu-u, Kintu-u-u," as if in mockery of his sorrow.

"All night they kept watch, breaking out now and then into moaning and wailings for the last loss of the great father of Uganda. But Kintu never more appeared in Uganda, and to this day has not been seen or heard of by any man."

Such is the Uganda-legend of the Blameless Priest.

Thirty-five names of his reputed successors are still retained in the memory of the people. Mr. Stanley fixes the thirteenth or the fourteenth century as the time of the arrival of Kintu at Magonga. But, it is clear, that Kintu is a purely mythological personage; and if there ever existed a Historical person called Kintu, which is not

impossible, the earliest human traditions have been woven into myths around him, and he has become invested with almost divine attributes. He is to be regarded as one of those Great Ancestors, or Onkulunkulu, Great-great Fathers, whose names have been handed down amongst different tribes, as the Ohlanga,—Primal Life-stems,—from whom they have severally sprung. It is very common for natives to confound the special Unkulunkulu, or Great Father of their tribe, with the First Unkulunkulu, to whom they refer Creation, and of whom they speak as the *First Man*. But this confusion may be due more to a misunderstanding of words than any inconsistency in the ideas of the natives themselves.

But whether we are to regard Kintu as representing, in the native mind, the first man, or only as "the Great Father of the Uganda,"* —whether Adam, or Noah, or Ham,—there is sufficient similarity in the account given of him and of the First Unkulunkulu in the Creation-Myths found amongst the Zulus and other Kafir tribes, to lead us to refer them to a common origin. In these latter, Unkulunkulu is represented as first coming out of a bed of reeds,—out of a reed,—from a hole,—or from the earth; and the locality of his outcome is by various tribes referred to various places,—as the sea-shore,—a river,—the mountains,—the North,—or the South,—according to the direction from which tradition says the tribe came. But from whatever source he comes, he appears with a wife,—the Great Mother, or she splits off from him, and with cattle, sheep, &c. Or a tradition of the Ark sending forth its living freight after the deluge may be preserved in those Fabulous Monsters which first swallow, and then are forced to disgorge all living things. The legend of Kintu may be referred to either class of myth.

The latter portion of the legend,—the departure of Kintu, and the constant search made for him by his successors,—appears in the Zulu tales, in two particulars,

First, The uncertainty with which the natives speak of the First Unkulunkulu. They do not know what became of him, whether he died or not, nor where he is. He has no name. He is like one gone out into the wilderness, whose footsteps you follow for a space, and then lose, and never find them again.

Second, Ma'anda's crying for Kintu. There is a curious and up to the present time, inexplicable custom amongst the Zulus, that of crying for Unkulunkulu. The children are told to go and cry for Unkulunkulu on the mountains, when their parents want to get rid of them; and to tell one to cry after Unkulunkulu, that is for him to return, is equivalent to telling him to do a thing from which there is expected to be no result. This appears to be now explained, they are shouting for "the Great Father," as Ma'anda

* Mr. Stanley in using these words did not know how full of interest they would be in reference to the mythology of the native races. It would be very desirable to know if the Waganda have a word corresponding to Unkulunkulu.

shouted for the lost Kintu, but are, like him, destined to be ever disappointed.

The account of the disappearance of Kintu, and Ma'anda's search for him, has several points of similarity in the Chaldean Legends of the deluge.*

It may be as well to remark that the knowledge of these legends has come down to us, not only in the recently discovered "Cuneiform Inscriptions," but also in fragments of the writing of Berosus, which have been preserved to us in the books of various authors. Berosus was a Babylonian Priest, about three or four centuries before the Christian Era, and had ample means of knowing the Babylonian traditions. According to Alexander Polyhistor he gives an account of the deluge in which the builder of the ark is called Xisuthus. It is said that on "quitting the ark with his wife and daughter and the pilot, he paid his adoration to the earth; and, having constructed an altar, offered sacrifices to the Gods, and then, with those who came out of the vessel with him, disappeared.

"Those who remained within, finding that their companions did not return, quitted the vessel with many lamentations, and called continually on the name of Xisuthus. Him they saw no more; but they could distinguish his voice in the air, and could hear him admonish them to pay due regard to religion; and likewise informed them that it was on account of his piety that he was translated to live with the Gods, and that his wife and daughter and the pilot had obtained the same honour."

In the Cuneiform Inscriptions the account is somewhat different. We find amongst them a narrative of the illness and wanderings of Iz-dubar. Iz-dubar is supposed to be Nimrod. He, like Ma'anda was a Hunter. The legend says that in the latter part of his life, suffering from some bodily affliction which is regarded as resulting from the curse of the Gods,—to be "the brand of the Gods upon him,"—he determines, "having had a dream," to go in search of Hasiadra, which is the Chaldean name for Noah. He calls him, "Hasiadra, my father, who is established in the assembly of the Gods, death and life are known to him."

From this it is evident that there existed a legend that, like Kintu, Hasiadra had departed, man knew not where, but that he had not departed from the world, but might be found by diligent search.

During his wanderings he has to pass through many trials, and to overcome many difficulties. At length he meets with a "boatman, named Urhamsi, who takes him in his boat to the presence of Hasiadra. Hasiadra gives him an account of the building of the ark, at Surippak, the ark-city, from which Hasiadra is called the Surippakite, son of Ubaratutu, and the particulars of the deluge. He tells him that when he had quitted the ark," he sacrificed to the Gods; that Ela, "the prince of the Godswarriors, who had inconsiderately

* See "The Chaldean Account of Genesis," &c. By George Smith.

made the deluge to punish man's sin, pleaded against the preservation of any; and endeavoured to stir up the anger of the Gods, exclaiming, "Let not any one come out alive, let not a man be saved from the deep." But he is overruled by the other Gods, and Hasiadra goes on to say, "Bel went up to the midst of the ship. He took my hand and raised me up; he caused to raise, and bring my wife to my side; he made a bond, he established a covenant, and gave this blessing, in the presence of Hasiadra and his people, thus: 'When Hasiadra, and his wife, and the people, to be like the gods are carried away, then shall dwell Hasiadra in a remote place at the mouth of the rivers.' They took me, and in a remote place at the mouth of the rivers they set me."

Izdubar obtained of Hasiadra the object of his journey, and returned to reign at Erech.

It remains to make a few remarks on the language.

The language shows the principle of initial inflection, which is apparent in the Kafir languages, as well as the similarity of many words, thus :—

Mntu, a human being, Wantu, plu.

Mtuma, a slave, Watuma.

Mngwana, a freedman, Wangwana.

Msheni, a pagan, Washeni.

Uganda, the name of a district.

Waganda, a man of Uganda, Waganda.

Em-bomma, evidently a locative case,—at Boma. The English pronounce it Boma. It should probably be written Emboma.

Umriro, fire, for Umlilo, the *r* being used for *l*, as in so many Suto words.

Nyama, meat, Inyama.

Mutti, sticks; from the root *ti* we have Umuti, uluti.

Mku, a species of fig. U-*mku*-iwane is a fig tree in Kafir.

The plural of personal nouns is sometimes *ba*, as Mtwa a dwarf found in many places=Batwa or Watwa. The Zulus use Umutwa, Abatwa, for the Bushman.

Bakutzi or Wakuti, evidently two different dialects, meeting

Ba-ama, Bakumu.

Mambu kwa Mungu. This Mr. Stanley translates, My fate is in the hands of God. *Kwa* is at once recognised. *Mungu* for God has its representatives in other dialects. Joano Dos Santos, a Portuguese Dominican who laboured in the country of Sofala, gives *Molungu* as the native name for God. A lad from the Shiré gave *Umlungu*. *Umlungu* is the name given to the white man by the Kafirs of these parts. The name given to the white man in central Africa is *Msungu*. These words are probably all related.

But perhaps the most interesting word is that of *Muzimu*. It will be known by some that those labouring amongst the Zulus met with the word *Ezozimu*, that is, the cattle of Uzimu, applied to a certain sacrifice, apparently regarded as of great importance. But the Zulus

could not give us any information respecting this Uzimu, except that they had an indefinite notion that in some way it meant, the Ancestral Spirits, to whom, in common with other South African tribes, the Zulus sacrifice. The first distinct explanation of it was found in one of Captain Burton's books, that on Dahomey, where the word Uzimu, pl. Bozimu, is said to mean Ancestral Spirit. In this work of Mr. Stanley we have the word constantly occurring. Thus we have *Muzimu*-Island, or as Livingstone wrote, *Mozimu*, that is, Spirit Island.

The Priests or Priestesses of Muzimu, or witchcraft.

The propitiation of the dreadful Muzimu or evil spirits with charms and medicines by the Chief Priest.

Homage and dues paid to the Muzimu or Spirits by Suna before levying an army.

A small square hut, reared to the genius of the family,—the household Muzimu. Or many Huts made for the accommodation of the Muzimus or Spirits.

The Gambaragara are a nearly white people,—an aristocratic caste living in the midst of the Wasongora, who are a coloured people. They are entrusted with the keeping of the charms of Kabba Rega, and endowed by hereditary right with the privilege of the Priests of the Muzimu of Unyoro.

The elders of Kungwé retain the traditions of the race whence they sprang; and in their charge are the Lares and Penates,—the Muzimu.

The inhabitants of Katavi pray to their Muzimu to raise storms to destroy voyagers on the Tanganika, that they may be wrecked and driven ashore. He is regarded as one of the most powerful spirits along the shore of the lake.

We also read of the "Muzimu of the Well," in a fairy tale, which sounds very much like one of the Arabian Nights' Stories.

Thus we have no longer any difficulty in comprehending the Zulu word; and conclude that the retention of such a sacrifice with the name Ezozimu is a proof that the Zulus, in days of long ago, were connected with the central tribes.

It is also probable that this word Muzimu is identical with the Molimo, Balimo of the Sutos, and Morimo, Barimo of the Bechuana and other tribes.

If every traveller would contribute as much as Mr. Stanley has done to Comparative Mythology and Comparative Philology, of the countries they visit, how much added interest would be taken in their books. But if Stanley could do what he did, how much may not intelligent missionaries resident for years amongst the people do, if they would direct their attention thoroughly and systematically to such enquiries.

How I became a Pasha.

It is now some years since I was engaged in a scientific work between Vienna and Constantinople, which, unhappily, was not carried to its completion owing to the miserable supineness of the Turk. Had it been done the late war with Russia would never have been hazarded by that power; or, if hazarded, must have ended in calamitous overthrow. It was, however, hopeless to attempt arousing Turkey; your most urgent entreaties, proof on proof of the intense importance of the matter, only evoked—Bismillah! Entreaty or anger were alike disregarded, and now that overwhelming disaster has occurred still—Bismillah! What is to be done with, or for, such a people? However, to pass on, the scene of my narrative was in Thessaly. I had been some months in that exquisite region, and often, after a severe day's work, my companion and myself would sit and read or recite the classic lore of our early days, until we could almost fancy the steps of nymphs were heard in the rustling of the leaves, or that the deep shadows which filled the valleys were cast by the assembled gods. These were but dreams; far more frequently we were met by real misery and destitution, the miserable savings of the peasant being swept off by the tax-gatherer, or made the spoil of brigandage, which latter, in fact, was the only dominant power. It had often fallen to my chance to help the poor peasants in their abject misery, and to remonstrate effectually against the oppression to which they were subject. At last I became known as a sort of protector and judge. The people came to me, not only with their wants, but their wrongs, and I had to decide generally on probabilities, as both sides were equally fluent, and nearly equally false. Meantime, either a bad season or better luck with rich convoys had greatly increased the number and audacity of the brigands, and an escort was hardly a protection, as the robbers got early notice of your journey, even if one or more of the escort were not in direct league. Personally, I had been exempt, although often exposed in the wildest and most unfrequented districts, but it was unendurable to live with accounts of murder and robbery of almost daily occurrence. I communicated this to the Government at Constantinople, who fully admitted the evil, and promised redress; but, like all other promises of the Government, they resulted in nothing. I again and again appealed, only to receive fresh promises equally untrustworthy. At last I wrote to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, our ambassador at that time at Constantinople, and he so vigorously stirred in the matter that a regiment of 1,000 men was dispatched to me, with orders to act under my recommendations. In the fulness of time the troops arrived, and the colonel inquired what he was to do. This I declined ordering, but told him much that had happened, where it had happened, and how it appeared probable he might surround and capture the brigands. To

all this he listened most politely, and begged me to accompany him. To this I assented, and in a few days the soldiers were ready. And so were the robbers; indeed, they seemed to know the plans far more quickly than our outposts. But my friend, the colonel, knew his business best: he was not going to be hurried, or allow his men to be harassed by long marches. Neither would he leave detached commands ignorant of the whereabouts of head-quarters at night, and so, for the safety of his command, and for the especial advantage of the brigands, the mountain peaks were aglow with camp fires at night, and the heavens lit up by rockets. The brigands were not slow to profit by this information. Now and again, when passing a deep gorge, some score of men would be disabled by huge rocks rolled down on them by unseen hands; or a dropping shot from some inaccessible fissure of the rocks would empty a saddle. Day after day passed, but not a brigand was to be seen. Once, indeed, we came on a camp fire, but it was an evident trap, as while searching the bushes, in what appeared the certain retreat of the brigands, a rattling fire from some twenty or thirty guns was opened on us, from whence we could not discover. Our colonel being heartily tired of his work, told me he had done his best; that I could not point out where the brigands could be come up with, and that he could not find them. I had anticipated this decision some days, and had instructed my servants to be ready to start home at an hour's notice, so the next morning by daybreak I was in the saddle, and had covered some ten or twelve miles. But now came the odd part of the affair. The brigands, after their little ambuscade, were watching the troops, themselves unseen, but with nervous apprehension, as their egress from the pass was barred by the advanced guard, and in a few hours the whole troop must have surrendered at discretion. Suddenly the troops were halted, fires lit, and the soldiers began to settle down in little groups and to light their pipes. All this seemed to the brigands inexplicable, as in a few hours they felt certain of a deadly fight. The next morning, when the troops began their return march, the brigands were even more astonished; at last they conceived the idea that some subtle scheme was on foot utterly to extinguish them. I had been home but a few hours, had luxuriated in a bath, and was looking up my arrears of work, when my servant told me a rascally-looking fellow wanted to see me. I ordered him in, and certainly a greater ruffian I never cast eyes on. I instinctively drew open the drawer of my table, wherein a brace of revolvers laid ready. The man saw my movement, and stepped forward. "Don't take up those weapons," he said. "I am, as you see, unarmed. I claim your hospitality and protection." There stood the man, with every evidence as to equipment and aspect against him, bold, but not defiant, in his manner. I paused; the man advanced a few steps, and, making a profound obeisance, said, calling me by name: "You are a friend to the poor. I am a brigand; made one by misery and oppression. I am sent to tell you that all the band will

surrender to you with the promise of their lives, and they will pledge themselves to return home, disband, and cease their present trade." So my guest was an envoy or ambassador; he seeming to recognise, at least, a sort of flag of truce. Many an ambassador, I thought, has come to offer worse terms, though I doubt if any have ever looked more ragged or rascally. I must confess I was staggered at the man's cool audacity. All I could say was that the Government alone could make terms; that I knew every man of the band would be hanged if taken now, but at all events I would see the commandant of the troops; mutual safe passes were understood between us, and in two days the ambassador was to return. I was now fairly launched on diplomacy, so in the cool of the evening I started on a route which I found would bring me on the line of march of the troops. The night was wonderfully beautiful; the moon, about half-full, developed in picturesque contortion the rugged mountain passes. Now and again my critical career came over me, as I was fully sensible that many passes and ravines were directly under the rifles of the brigands, and I seemed to feel their eyes gleaming on me with revenge for having brought the troops on them. All this was not pleasant. I gripped my revolver, it is true, and told my two servants to keep a look-out, but I felt at the same time there was nothing left me but to trust the word of the ambassador, as if foul play were meant we should be rolled over without seeing our enemy. Thus I rode through the night, and at breakfast hour rejoined head-quarters. The commandant was astonished at my return, and still more so at my message. He asked me what to do. "Nay," I replied, "that is for you to determine." Turk-like, however, he would decide nothing, so I told him "As you leave me to act I am for accepting the terms. You cannot," I said, "catch these men, and it is better to disperse them even for a time, supposing they do not keep their word." All the commandant insisted on was that his troops should take up such a position that I might be secure from treachery. I need not dwell on my return; suffice to say at the hour appointed the ambassador returned, and we fixed that two days later I was to be at a given spot with not more than one friend and two servants, disarmed; that I should be then taken to the chief and receive the submission of the band. This was a modest proposal, as I well knew that in the band were some of the greatest ruffians on earth—men who would have thought as little of cutting my throat as of smoking a pipe. At the day and hour appointed I was at the rendezvous, accompanied by my secretary, the commandant of the troops, and two servants. We had not to wait long, the same ambassador appeared; but he at once objected to the presence of the Turkish officer, and said if he persisted in going our lives would not be safe, as the most deadly hatred was felt by the band to the Turkish soldiery, and not without reason. At length the officer agreed to withdraw, but he told the brigand that he should advance two companies to the spot we stood on, and so dispose the remainder that any

foul play would be met by the destruction of every soul of the band.

And now for our march to the place of surrendering. Although I thought I knew every turn of the country we were travelling I was utterly lost in a very short time. There was no kind of track to guide one, but our convoy was never at fault, and seemed to make the best pace when the road was most difficult. At last we reached a point impracticable for horses. I hesitated at this, as one feels so utterly helpless on foot, but there was no alternative, so I left the most reliable of my two men in charge, ordering him to keep an active watch, and should he hear the report of arms, at once to make his way back to where he knew the soldiers were posted. We were thus left a party of three, wholly unarmed; in fact, in the face of the odds we were to meet arms would have been of very little avail. Two hours of sharp walking, or rather climbing, brought us to a little level facing a deep gorge, a narrow shelf, as though it had been scarped in the side, was visible for a short distance and then lost in rock and bush. Along this, however, we proceeded in Indian file, our envoy first, carefully picking his way over the treacherous ground; his solicitude made me not a little careful, as the path was scarcely more than loose earth and stones, and a false step would have sent me down a precipice many hundred feet. At last we got to a spot where the path widened, and we saw the side to the ravine was enclosed with rough boards, the roof was of boughs, rocks, and boards; there was no window, but the chinks admitted sufficient light. Before going in, however, let me speak of our reception. On the little plain spoken of we halted, and our envoy went forward into the chamber or cavern, or whatever it might be termed; for, in fact, it was either or neither. Half-an-hour passed, and we were getting rather more than anxious, when we saw a crowding out of the place and the whole troop stood before us. We counted seventy-three men and behind in the cave were some eight or ten women peering through the cracks. The man who appeared to be the leader came up to me and extended his hand, said I had been good to his countrymen and he believed my promises, but as to the Turks they were accursed. Now came the detail as to terms; first they must have their arms, and as they could, if faithless, easily have bought or stolen new ones this I did not demur to, but they were to pledge their word that they would disband, leave that part of the country, and cease from pillage; they strongly declined the compromising act of signature to any document, so I could only call on each one to swear. The leader did this first, laying his pistols and dirk on a long, low bench, either seat or table. Each man did this in turn and a pretty, armoury was laid out. We were then asked into the hut to rest and eat; a sort of long table occupied the centre, and bunks, more or less enclosed, ran down the back side, pegs of different sorts were stuck here and there, and the variety of garments and articles displayed told pretty clearly of the miscellaneous mode in which they had been collected.

The conversation was dull, not to say embarrassing, and I was only anxious to bring it to a close. Some of the brigands were decent, passable men in appearance, a few strikingly handsome, but the generality villains with murder stamped on their faces. Amongst the worst was a huge black wretch who sat next my secretary, Mr. Lafontaine, and opposite me. Apart from the naturally hideous features of this nigger, a deep sabre scar which ran diagonally across his head, parting the wool obliquely, and terminating at the eye, had given that organ a ghastly leer. I felt a shudder at the very appearance of this villain, and told Mr. Lafontaine that he had better give him a wider berth, speaking in English, as almost every other dialect is more or less known to these waifs and strays of the Archipelago. Mr. Lafontaine said, "I had not noticed the man; my attention being fixed on your neighbour, whom I am convinced I have met before somewhere." The man thus alluded to was a fine young fellow about twenty-six or thirty years of age, lithe, active, and muscular, with eyes piercingly black, and a free, if not defiant, bearing. I could not help asking his name; he at once replied, "Xarides." I was so struck with the man that I asked him if he thought, out of the band, he could get a party of six or eight under his orders, to act as a sort of patrol, and, if nothing more, help me in some way on my works. He said he would try; he knew my quarters, and if he succeeded would present himself in the course of a few days. I was not sorry to terminate the conference and to be escorted back. The same guide accompanied us and told us he certainly would join service with Xarides. I do not delay with any account of our return journey or the departure of the troops. The commandant was well satisfied, and promised he would report favourably of me at head-quarters, which I well knew meant glorifying himself and forgetting my part. In the course of three or four days Xarides appeared, and with him eight of the late band, decent enough looking fellows, but evidently not caring much for hard work. I made them, however, into a sort of police, subject to Xarides, but under my orders. For all this, I had taken care to get power from the commandant of the troops, as I well know the most righteous act is made penal by the Turks unless done by authority, and then the law is much as you like to make it. I mentioned to Xarides the idea that possessed Mr. Lafontaine that he had met him. "Quite true," said Xarides, "I recollect the gentleman perfectly; he was a considerable merchant at Constantinople, and I met him at the balls at the Embassies. I was then aide-de-camp to a Greek general accredited to the Sultan. Unfortunately I got mixed up in the revolutions at home, and when an amnesty was offered, I was away and could not go in. I then thought it would be dangerous, so, driven to despair, I joined the band with whom you found me and from whom I am only too thankful to be freed." A few weeks passed, and I had almost forgotten my adventure, when one morning I was startled by the most unearthly screams and yells of a woman who had

forced her way into the compound. I rushed to the door to ascertain the cause, and was horrified to see a poor creature covered with blood, her neck and breasts a most fearful spectacle. She no sooner saw me than she poured out a flood of curses on my devoted head. She invoked heaven and hell for my destruction. Such a torrent of wrath I could not have believed possible. At last, from sheer exhaustion, she calmed down. I begged her to say what I had done so to provoke her. "Done!" she cried, and her passion returned in all its force. "Done! you set free those wretches in the mountains. But for you they would all have been hanged, and now what is the result? Last night a gang of eight of them (for I know them well) surrounded my cottage, murdered my husband by my side, and then taking up my little toddling boy literally hacked him to pieces, and then, because I would scream, poured boiling oil on me." This was too horrible! I called Xarides, who interrogated the woman, and who soon discovered that the eight wretches were certainly part of the dissolved band. He at once asked for orders to seize the wretches. I said, "Yes! but I will go with you." He endeavoured in vain to dissuade me, but I was resolute. I knew that if I went the men might be taken alive; if left to their late comrades there was no chance. In half-an-hour our troop was on the move, well horsed and armed to the teeth, but we were some six or eight hours at least behind. Trusting, however, to the almost certainty of the brigands losing some time in dividing or consuming the miserable and petty spoil they had taken, we ventured on the bold task of surrounding them. This manœuvre we tried, but as we thought without success, and my little troop were again assembled, when we saw the marks of many footsteps converging to the place we stood on. Feeling satisfied we were close on the ruffians we dismounted and advanced through the jungle. We had hardly gone more than a quarter of an hour before we came up to them on the ascent of a steep mountain, not more than one hundred yards off. I at once shouted to them to lay down their arms, or we would fire. The reply was a volley from the miscreants right into our midst. How it was they did not bring half of us down I cannot think, but there were some near squeaks; the water-bottle at my side was shattered to atoms, Xarides got a bullet through the loose sleeve of his coat and some of the men got slight flesh wounds. I shouted to my men "Forward," and on we dashed, the scoundrels dodging from rock to rock and never giving us a chance to fire. Over the edge of the precipice they went, where a goat would have had no chance, but they paused not a moment. One wretch we gained on, and I at once recognized the great nigger of the cave. He was a little thrown out of the running, and when he reached the edge of the precipice he paused a moment. That pause cost him his life. Xarides and I covered him instantly; our rifles rang out together, and the black fell like a stone. We rushed up and found one of us had missed, but one bullet had gone clean through his head. Xarides turning to

me said, "We must have the rest of them, but it will be a difficult job to get them out of this defile. It may take us days or even weeks, but leave them to me and I will account for every mother's son." I was obliged to be at my head-quarters the next day, so I could only order Xarides to bring the miscreants in alive, if he could. He answered, "I will bring their bodies if I can, but at the worst I pledge my head to bring you theirs." Day after day elapsed and nothing was heard of Xarides. A week had now gone, and there was no word of or from him. I began to feel most uneasy, but on the eighth or ninth morning, after I had reached home, my servant, on bringing my early coffee, said he thought I would like to be up early as he believed there would be tidings of Xarides, and the man went on urging me to an early breakfast in my room. At last, quite angry, I said, "I take my breakfast when and where I please." "Very well, master," replied the man, "I don't think you will have much this morning; Xarides has returned and wants to see you" "By all means show him up," I said, and in a few minutes I heard a heavy step at my door. Xarides appeared, dragging something after him, and in return to my salutation said, "Sir, I can account for them all; but I have lost two men and two more are badly hit, but I have the relics of the seven murderers, and here they are." Taking the sack which he had dragged in by the bottom he emptied on my floor seven ghastly heads! As my servant had said, I did not want much breakfast that morning. The said heads, with a full narrative, were forwarded through our Ambassador at Constantinople to the Sultan, and in about three months time I received a firman, most elaborate and official, appointing me a Pasha, with all the dignities, privileges, and pay appertaining thereto. Great reverence was paid me by the local officials, and I dare say I should soon have realized the dignity and grandeur of my order, but that, disgusted with the Turk, his supineness, and his indolence, I quitted his dominions and of course my pachalie. As to the pay I doubt not this is accumulating and will be duly remitted when the little balance is settled with the Turkish bondholders.

F. G. G.

We Meet no More.

We meet no more, the peaceful hour
Of passionless enjoyment o'er;
I feel again the breeze's power
That bears me from so sweet a shore.

I'm not a thing of joy or rest,
To flourish in the vales of Love;
The raven's soul stirs in my breast,
Thou art a playmate for the Dove.

N.

The Coolness of our Dwellings.

It would perhaps be found, on inquiry, that there are few countries subjected to the same degree of summer heat as this, where less is done with the deliberate purpose of subduing it. If we look northwards, more systematic provision seems to be made with this view in towns along the shores of the Mediterranean, as well as in Madeira and the Canary Islands; whilst in the south the Australian may be seen at the approach of summer limewashing afresh his shingle roof, or stretching on hooks prepared for the purpose a thin canvas parallel to each side of the roof, and about eight inches from it. By either of these appliances he insures for himself a cooler, and therefore a more enjoyable, summer than he would otherwise have had. But the use of such appliances depends on the domestic architecture which prevails in different countries. And this naturally leads to the subject of domestic architecture, and that of this Colony in particular.

As the antiquary, in travelling through the older countries of Europe, can note the different styles of architecture, and the respective ages in which they flourished, so the Cape Colonist can generally assign pretty accurately the age of much of the domestic architecture around him. First in point of time, there is the old Dutch house of one storey, with its substantial walls and thatched roof; then the house of slated or tiled roof, sometimes of two stories, and built more with a view to comfort and convenience than the saving of expense. Surrounding both of these, as indicating times when labour was cheap and plentiful, there may frequently be seen much substantial beauty in the shape of arches, pillars, and ornamental walls. Next we have the dwelling-house, hastily run up, with its walls of the narrowest measurement, the object of its erection being to bring in a quick return in rents, or to serve as the temporary resting place of an owner fully alive to the contingency that fluctuations in trade or labour may at any time call him to other and more flourishing districts. Lastly, amid many well-planned and commodious dwellings for the more prosperous, we have now the cottage of all shapes for the generality, bearing the impress of being thoroughly modern by its iron roof and verandah. During this last period, or iron age in building, if we travel in any direction where railways have been opened, or where business flourishes, there we are sure to find the dwelling-house, or the shop, of brick and iron, of wood and iron, or of iron altogether. The cheapness of corrugated iron; the facility with which any structure can be reared of it, either partially or altogether, has made its use most general.

Now it is chiefly the treatment of corrugated iron which has induced the writer to jot down his suggestions. Builders, and others accustomed to handle this iron, are well acquainted with its burning heat when exposed to the sun. To subdue this heat is evidently an all-important matter. It is not one in which comfort only is con-

cerned, but the health and vigour of the people. We enter, for instance, the road-side shanty, or toll-house, or inn, after travelling under the burning summer sun, and find that when inside we are little cooler than when exposed to the sun's rays. The low flat iron roof of the carpenter's or wagonmaker's shop, often but little removed from the horizontal, must sap prematurely the energy of its hard working inmates. And the lean-to kitchen, with the accumulated heat of fire-place and roof effectually shut in, must have a like effect on domestic servants. The structure, indeed, of the kitchen often reveals the fact that the most ordinary precautions against heat have been totally neglected in its erection, either through ignorance, or because it is intended *only* for *servants*. As a knowledge of scientific principles, however, becomes more wide-spread, and as the white domestic gradually takes the place of the coloured, the style of the kitchen will become a subject of closer consideration; and we may find its occupants more wisely directing their inquiries as to the heat and convenience of that place where they are to exercise their culinary talents, than to small peculiarities of temper in a future master or mistress. The shop, also, is oftentimes a place much hotter than it ought to be, for the sake of health, and even the preservation of stores. A street or road, for instance, becomes a favourite business thoroughfare. Shops, apart from dwelling-houses, are run up of the following structure, viz.: four walls divided into a front room for the shop, and a back room for the stores. The iron roof consists or one gradual incline from the extreme back to the front or street wall. To carry off the accumulated heat from this one large roof, there are perhaps no air chimnies cut through the iron near the front wall, but a few air bricks only in one or both side walls as available: whilst the front is carefully reserved for stucco and paint to declare the name and calling of the dealer. In these days of progress, however, we may yet see this front part, where ventilation would be very effectual, turned to good account, and made to serve a double purpose. Alphabetical air bricks, of an imposing and ornamental style, may some day be cast, and thus by inserting these the occupier will be ventilated simultaneously with the erection of his name and calling.

There are different ways of ventilating the lean-to according to circumstances. It does not always follow that height of roof gives coolness in these structures, if other precautions be neglected. The writer has seen the working man and his family remove from under a moderately high roof to one much lower, for the sake of coolness, on the hottest summer days. The position with regard to the sun and other conditions were the same in both cases; the difference, however, consisted in this; that the iron of the lower roof, instead of being embedded in the wall, was placed a few inches from it, the long narrow aperture being protected from above by a cutting of iron let into the wall. In the higher roof the accumulating heat was all shut in; whilst in the lower it gradually escaped by means of the

aperture. Air bricks, when inserted in the sides of the lean-to, or in the gables, or under the eaves of the dwelling-house, are generally too sparingly used to be of much real service. In conjunction with these last a most effectual ventilator will be found in a false chimney, *i.e.*, one built in the usual place of the chimney, but communicating by means of an aperture with the loft of the dwelling-house, and used *only* as a ventilator. This chimney is more necessary for the slated, than the iron, roof (the heat underneath both being much about the same), whilst the latter has the advantage of parting with some of its heat by means of the corrugations along the ridging. Venetian windows in one or both gables are excellent ventilators, and should always be inserted where practicable. Whenever the old thatched roof has to be replaced by corrugated iron the venetian gable window should at the same time take the place of the closely boarded one.

But what is to be done in the case of those buildings in which some or all of these precautions have been almost completely neglected. The occupiers have a particular dislike to disturb brick and mortar, or landlords may be averse to any tampering with the fabric. Moreover, some may say, "If you propose letting out the heat of summer by apertures in wall or roof, the same will let in the cold of winter, and if not well protected, the rain also." Now for all those who dislike admitting the outer air, an excellent remedy still remains.

It may generally be assumed that the heat in iron and slate-roofed buildings comes chiefly from the roof. If this heat, therefore, can by any means be kept outside to a great extent, a most important step will at once be gained. Better far to hold the source of discomfort at arm's length, and keep it outside as much as possible, than first to allow it an entrance and then to provide some contrivance for conducting it out. This is the principle the early Dutch settlers in this Colony acted upon, when they built their houses with substantial walls and with roofs thickly coated with thatch. If the coolness of their dwellings, unsurpassed by any more recent ones, is to be in any measure attained, some external application, warding off the sun's heat, must be applied to the modern roof of iron, slate, or tile. The most effectual coating for this purpose is lime-wash externally applied. The lime, however, to be used must be bought in an *unslacked* state, or it will not adhere, the slacked lime, or that ordinarily sold, appearing to have slight adhesive powers. The wash also must be thicker than that ordinarily used, as thick, indeed, as can just be worked with the brush, and such as will hide the roof completely. It is surprising with what tenacity this simple coating will adhere to corrugated iron. From experiments made it has been known to stand for four years without either chipping off or showing any perceptible sign of diminution. It adheres like cement to stone, and better than paint to wood, for it neither blisters nor cracks. The amount of heat subdued by this simple and inexpensive process may be tested in this way: take two pieces of corrugated

iron of somewhat similar size, and after giving one a coating as above described, let both be placed at an equal angle to the sun. On placing the hand underneath the uncoated iron it will be found to have a burning heat, and scarcely bearable, whilst the heat of the other may be described as being about milk-warm. The same experiment can be made with two slates, or two tiles: and the difference between the coated and uncoated state, will be found to be almost as striking as between the two pieces of iron. From experiments made the adhesive powers of this wash may be stated as follows. It adheres best to corrugated iron, next to slate, imperfectly to the tile, and to wood also imperfectly, especially if smoothed with the plane.

So effectual is the lime-wash coating, that when used, ventilation proper may in a measure be dispensed with. Take the following instances. A lean-to kitchen without any ventilation provided, was so unbearably hot under the summer sun, that the servants would often resort to an outer and cooler one with tiled roof. After a coat of lime-wash, and nothing more, the lean-to became comparatively cool. The resort then took a contrary turn: it was from the outer tiled room to the iron lean-to for coolness! A low building of wood with iron roof erected for working implements, had to be converted temporarily into an office; the clerks, however, found it perfectly unbearable until lime-wash and nothing more had been applied to both sides and roof. In a small shop with iron sides and roof, the heat was such that butter became liquid, and other goods suffered in proportion; after the above coating on the four sides and roof, all injury to the goods ceased.

It follows from the foregoing, that to lime-wash the iron tank, instead of painting it red, or leaving it rusty, must tend to keep the water cooler and therefore preserve it. As an instance of this, the writer was once shown two tanks, similar in every respect, and equally exposed to the sun. "The water supplying both," said the occupier, "comes from the same side of the roof, and yet, strange to say, the water from this one is always better than from the other." The only solution of the difficulty was, that the former occupier had lime-washed one, and this contained the good water!

To subdue the sun's heat, however, is not the only use of lime-wash: it tends also to keep a house *warmer* in winter, as well as cooler in summer. Through this coating the hoar frost, dew, and rain do not strike down on the inmates the same amount of chilliness, nor are the usual drops of moisture underneath the iron roof seen so plentifully. Besides this, the coating must preserve the wooden framework of the roof whenever it comes in contact with the iron by keeping it in a more uniform temperature. The burning heat of the uncoated iron will dry up in time the substance of the wood, and so ultimately produce dry rot, or decay otherwise.

The only objection as yet heard against the use of lime-wash amounts to nothing. It is sometimes thought that the lime-wash

causes rust, because men have noticed rust on that portion of the iron which has been embedded in a wall with mortar. The cases, however, are totally distinct, and facts point quite the other way. The coating, on being removed by a penknife, will present a freshness and cleanness underneath which the exposed surface could not have retained.

The other objection is, that lime-wash is unsightly. Is bare corrugated iron, then, very sightly, either in its prime or old age? Its elongated and irregularly shaped brands of eagles, pyramids, and gospel oaks, at times upside down; its sheets incrusted with white mixed with others; its dull rusty appearance after long exposure to the weather, have each and all no great beauty. Lime with a mixture of ordinary wash-blue, so as to give the shade of pale blue paper, is pleasing to the eye, and has at least the merit of being uniform in appearance. The employment of other light colourings, free from injurious properties, would no doubt quickly follow, if the advantages of lime should become better known. In all cases where the roof water is to be used for drinking purposes, the safety in using limewash must be apparent to all.

Lime-wash, as a means of cooling the dwelling, is frequently used in England for slate, is extensively used in Australia for shingles, and Madeira, St. Helena, and elsewhere for tiles. Australia has also its Gibson's patent refrigerating paint, which adheres well to roofing, and is much used for public and other buildings on account of its cooling properties. This paint is known and appreciated in England and in the States of America, but its use, it is believed, has not yet reached this country. Here, in a matter of so much consequence, we neither import the scientific appliances of other countries, nor make use of the ordinary ones around us; although in numberless instances such a use would correct the injurious effects of defective and faulty domestic architecture, and would save many from losing that greatest of all earthly blessings—health.

W. Llewellyn, B.A.

Uitenhage.

Note.—Lime-wash has other qualities besides that of subduing heat. It also acts like asbestos in counteracting the action of fire. Wooden boarding or palings with the above coating will resist for a long time the flames of fire; and even a bundle of straw or thatch, if dipped in this wash, and then thoroughly dried, will be found most difficult to ignite.

W. L.

Clouds and Sunshine;

A STORY OF SOUTH AFRICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XIV.

A BRIGHT, moonlight evening, on the borders of Kafirland; a small company of soldiers were riding quietly and cautiously along; they had been sent to spy the surrounding bush, which was strongly suspected of being filled with Kafirs. The captain had received strict orders to return to the camp on the first intimation that the suspicions were correct. They had advanced a good way into the bush, along a narrow pathway, when suddenly a few shots were fired, followed immediately by a general firing all round; and they were not a little astonished to find that the firing proceeded from behind, as well as in front; they having passed so quietly that the Kafirs, lurking on the outside of the bush, had not been aware of their presence until the alarm was given by those further in.

The captain, according to his instructions, ordered his men to put spurs to their horses, and make good their retreat. On they rushed, the bullets whizzing past them in all directions. They passed safely through the bush, and were nearly out of range of the Kafirs' guns, when one of the horses was struck, and immediately fell, throwing his rider. Pieter Breda and Frans Russouw, who happened to be amongst the party, perceiving their comrade fall, reined in their horses, and alighted to succour the young man, whom they found only slightly bruised by his fall; and Pieter's steed being a large, powerful creature, he told the young man to mount up behind. The Kafirs, seeing the halt, now redoubled their firing; and, unfortunately, just as Pieter was mounting he received a shot, the bullet passing through one of his shoulders; and with an exclamation of pain he started back. His companions endeavoured to staunch the blood, and bound up the wound as well as possible with their handkerchiefs and scarfs; and then, having assisted the poor fellow on to his horse, galopped away, and soon rejoined the rest of the party.

The following day, during some hot work in clearing the bush of the Kafirs, poor Frans Russouw was also wounded, a ball having passed through one of his thighs; but neither in his case nor in Pieter's had there been any fracture of the bone.

"There seems to be some fatality amongst us Belfort men," said Pieter, after his friend had been laid on a pallet close beside him; "there are no less than five of us wounded already."

A few days, after Pieter and Frans were delighted to hear that preparations were being made for sending away the wounded as soon as they could safely be removed. At last, the sufferers being pronounced by the doctor to be sufficiently recovered to undertake

the journey, they left the scene of warfare in a large ox-wagon. They travelled slowly through the beautiful Eastern Province, which was just then in the height of its glory; beautiful green fields, studded with various coloured flowers, met the eye on all sides. The travellers were kindly and hospitably received by the way-side farmers, who did all they could to alleviate their sufferings or add to their comforts. Donations of "biltong," eggs, fresh butter, large loaves of white Boer bread, were constantly being added to their stock of provisions.

At length the tedious journey was at an end. Belfort was reached, and as the wagon lumbered slowly up the street, Pieter, who had recovered wonderfully during the journey, putting out his head at the back of the vehicle, gave utterance to his joy in a loud "Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Doors and windows were hastily thrown open at the sound of such commotion! soon the street was lined with lookers on, and by the time the wagon stopped at Mrs. Breda's house, quite a crowd had collected.

By a fortunate coincidence, Susie and Nettie had arrived in the village on the morning of the same day that witnessed the return of the wounded. Being Nachtmaal time, the Van Stades and De Klerks had come in to attend church. Nettie had received the news of Pieter's wound, and was anxiously awaiting further news of him. What was her astonishment and delight at seeing him descend from the wagon; and Mrs. Breda and Susie, of course, were as greatly rejoiced. Mr. Faure, who was now fully located at Belfort, was not long in joining his friends, and soon they were listening with interest to Pieter's account of the war, his wound, the journey home, &c. Mr. Van Stade, having sundry business matters to arrange, did not return, as usual, to the farm on Monday. In the afternoon he and his wife called at Mrs. Breda's to tell Susie they intended leaving early next day.

"By the bye, Pieter," said Mr. Van Stade, as he was taking leave, "I have only been waiting for you to come home, before giving the great merry-making, which I have so long promised myself; so mind, you take good care of yourself and get quite well and strong, as I do not intend waiting much longer. You will hear further particulars afterwards. I suppose you will be coming out our way soon," added he, with a sly nod at Nettie.

The Van Stades had long thought of giving themselves and their friends a treat in the shape of a series of picnics, feasting, and dancing. Some months previous, by the death of a distant relative, he had come into possession of a valuable property. To commemorate this event, as also the engagement of their two young friends, Susie and Nettie, and the settling in their village of an agent, who bade fair to become a worthy member of society, Mr. and Mrs. Van Stade had decided upon giving what they designated as "een opregte boersche vrolykheid." But Pieter Breda's unexpected departure to the seat

of war had put an end, for a time at least, to their plans. The return of the young men being fresh matter for rejoicing, Mrs. Van Stade suggested to her husband that they should forthwith commence preparations for the long-promised fête, which could take place in about three weeks, which she thought would be time enough for Frans and Peter and their companions to recruit their health.

And now, the old farm-house at Olifant's Kop became the scene of such bustling as it had not witnessed for many years. Fowls and ducks were hastily put into "hok," turkeys were twice daily stuffed by the children with large pills made of boiled bran, until the poor things seemed ready to choke. A large fat cow was slaughtered, the greater portion of the meat being pickled; a couple of months before a pig had been killed, and the fine large hams were now hanging in the kitchen, ready to be boiled when required.

As the time for the proposed fête drew near, the bustle increased; the cake-baking now commenced, much to the delight of the young Van Stades, who (lessons being put aside for the time) were constantly volunteering their services in the whisking of eggs, cleaning raisins, and pounding sugar, causing no end of messing and running in each other's way, and no small consumption of stray (?) raisins and lumps of sugar.

Mrs. Breda's cookery book had been borrowed for the occasion, and Susie was kept busy reading the receipts to Mrs. Van Stade and assisting in the measuring and mixing of the ingredients. Susie had coaxed Mrs. De Klerk to give Nettie a couple of weeks holidays, and a reluctant consent had been obtained.

Mrs. De Klerk was not at all partial to such merry-makings; dancing she considered a sinful and stupid recreation; and as to such feasting as the Van Stades contemplated—why, it was the height of extravagance, and she could not refrain from giving utterance to a proverb which she frequently made use of: "Overdaad is groote kwaad." The truth was, Mrs. De Klerk was jealous of the Van Stades' wealth. They had married early, and possessed, at the time of marriage only a wagon, a span of oxen, and a few hundred sheep, but, by steady industry and economy, had gradually ascended Fortune's ladder, and, by the lately-acquired legacy, found themselves in comfortable, if not affluent, circumstances.

The momentous day at length arrived; the guests from the village, among whom were Pieter, Mr. Faure, Frans Russouw, and his bride, an unaffected, amiable girl, and a good many others, had made their appearance at Olifant's Kop, on the previous evening; but the neighbours were only expected to assemble in the morning. Before daybreak every one on the farm was astir; the men and boys were all engaged in looking after the wagons, carts, harness, and horses, while the female portion of the company assisted Mrs. Van Stade in packing the large "kostmantjes;" it was no small matter packing knives and forks, plates, basins, &c., for so many people; and then to stow away the large pieces of boiled beef, the

roast turkeys, ducks, and fowls, hams, large loaves of bread, the "zuikerbrood," "pan'koek," "taartjes," "poffertjes," &c.; nevertheless many hands made light work, and the packing was finished before sunrise. Just as the sun was beginning to show himself, the party started on their excursion, amidst a great deal of laughing and chattering.

After an hour's drive, the picnic place, a little valley at the foot of a hill, was reached; everybody was now ready for breakfast, and it was not long before several kettles of coffee were prepared and a substantial meal laid out on a table cloth, which had been spread on the floor. No one seemed in a hurry to leave the table (?), but at last Mr. Van Stade remarked,

"If you young folks intend walking to the Natural Bridge, you had better be off now, we shall want you by and bye to join in the games."

So the younger portion of the company set off on their walk, while the elders remained quietly conversing. The little party walked leisurely along, following the windings of the little stream which flowed playfully down a narrow gully; what scrambles there were over boulders, and between bushes; and many a rent in their dresses did the young ladies deplore; but they struggled along with the assistance of their swains, and when at last the goal was reached, they felt themselves fully rewarded for their laborious ascent, by the sight of the Natural Bridge. At this point there was a sudden bend in the mountain, and the two portions at a little distance on either side of the bend were joined by what appeared to be one large slab of stone, which constituted the bridge.

Pieter and Nettie were the first to clamber on to the bridge, and were soon followed by the others. After a little rest, Susie suggested they should return, which they accordingly did, and found the old folks already engaged in a game.

"Kom, kinders," said Mr Van Stade, "we are waiting for you to join us in 'Derde Mannetje.'"

The fun now commenced in good earnest. "Derde mannetje" was followed by "Kat en muis," "Zit en de bof," and many others, and were participated in with great glee, especially by Mr. Faure, Susie, and Nettie, to whom these games were quite novel. Mrs. Van Stade now proposed an adjournment to dinner, which was immediately responded to, the savoury smell of the "sesaties" and "kerrie carbonatjes" having already sharpened the appetites of many.

After dinner the young people wandered about in little knots, and some of the old folks stole away into the wagons to have a little nap on the sly; soon after the scraping of a fiddle was heard, then dancing commenced, and the pleasant afternoon soon passed. The horses were now brought up and inspanned, and the pleasure party returned home.

The greater portion of the neighbours remained at Mr. Van Stade's, and after supper dancing recommenced, and was continued

until nearly daybreak, when the men were all turned out of doors with a bundle of blankets (it was summer time), and Mrs. Van Stade made up a large "kermis-bed" for the ladies on the sitting-room floor. Susie shared her room with Nettie and Annie Delport.

Next morning every one, of course, slept later than usual. After all were up and breakfast partaken of, some of the visitors prepared to leave.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Van Stade, "you are not going home yet; do you think we took all this trouble for one day's pleasure? we are going to 'keep it up' to-day, and to-morrow too if you like."

"And what is the programme for to-day?" asked Pieter.

"Well, I suppose we better have another pic-nic; what say you, vrouwtje?"

"Just as you like," answered Mrs. Van Stade; "or what is to prevent our going to the Rooi River to fish. Old Losper told me the other day there was plenty of fish still, and it is only an hour and a half from this."

Mrs. Van Stade's suggestion was hailed with loud applause, and soon after the cavalcade of vehicles, with their occupants, were jolting along to the Rooi River. A good many fish were taken, and some time after dinner, the party returned, and the day was again closed with dancing.

The following day every one thought it time to return to business; so gradually one after another left. The Belfort friends lingered to the last.

"When are you coming in to the village again, Susie?" asked Mr. Faure.

"I don't think we shall be in before Frans and Annie's wedding takes place."

"That is a whole month still, so I shall have to come out here during that time. Don't you wish it was our wedding that is to come off so soon?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Susie, laughing; "I am quite happy here."

"Well, *I* wish it was; it is all nonense your saying I must wait another year; my business is progressing so nicely, that I think in at most six months' time I shall be able to afford getting married. By-the-bye, once when I asked you what house you would like for your new home, you promised to point out one in particular to me, but you never did."

"I meant the little cottage our poor uncle occupied before his death—the one next to Mr. Devonshire's house."

"Is that it? It looks a very neat place; I must have a look at it."

"Come along, Faure," Pieter called out from the stoep; "what a time you always take to say good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Susie and Nettie," said Annie Delport; "mind you be sure to come in in good time for our wedding."

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Faure's success in business had exceeded even his most sanguine expectations, and, before the six months were over, preparations were being made for the approaching double wedding; for Pieter had arrived at the conclusion that his affairs, though not so prosperous as those of his friend, would also allow of his getting married; so it was decided that both weddings should take place on the same day.

"I thought you were going to wait such a long time," said Mrs. Breda, jokingly, to her son and Nettie, "as your bride is still so young."

"Well, you know, Mrs. Breda, I told him at first I would not think of marrying until I was at least nineteen, but, you see, he has talked me over to his side; and you know," she added, slyly, "I think it will be very lonely for him in that little cottage on the farm Mr. Ross has given him."

"And, mother," added Pieter, "you know what tante Leenie always says: 'Een boer moet toch een vrouw heh.'"

Mr. Ross had given Pieter the full charge of one of his well-stocked farms, with a fair share in the profits. On the farm stood a small but comfortable house, which Pieter was furnishing for the reception of his bride.

"Charlie," as Susie had learned to call Mr. Faure, had bought the house which Susie had suggested to him, as their future residence, which, under his supervision, had undergone considerable repairs and improvements; and, being now nicely but plainly furnished for the reception of its new inmates, Mr. Faure, a couple of days prior to the wedding, took Susie and Nettie to see it. "It is rather small," he remarked; "I must have an office, and shall be obliged, at first, to use one of the bed-rooms for that purpose; but when we are quietly settled I mean to build on another room next to this little sitting-room, and that wall cupboard will have to be broken through into a doorway."

The wedding day dawned bright and smiling, and scarcely one of the inhabitants of the little village, white or coloured, who rose that morning, but thought with pleasure of the double event which was to take place that day.

Numberless bouquets of beautiful flowers were sent in the course of the morning by kind friends, and not a few nice presents.

Mr. Devonshire, to the amusement of many, presented each the brides with a large family kettle, and a couple of casseroles or castrolles as they are generally called.

Mr. Van Stade had insisted upon giving Susie her *trousseau*, and Mrs. De Klerk, not wishing to be outdone, did the same by Nettie.

When the wedding procession arrived at the church, the edifice was already crowded, and as the two lovely brides in their pretty resses of white muslin, orange blossoms, and veils, were led up the

aisle by Mr. Devonshire, and followed by four little bridesmaids (the little Van Stades and De Klerks), a low murmur of applause was heard.

After the ceremony, the newly-made couples drove back to the residence of Mr. Breda, whose little sitting room was tastefully decorated with flowers, and furthermore adorned with two large mirrors, under which, according to the then prevailing custom, the happy couples were made to sit.

Friends and acquaintances now flocked in to congratulate the two brides and bridegrooms, until the little sitting-room was crowded, and the first comers were obliged to make room for fresh arrivals by retiring to the dining-room, where two large brides-cakes (a novelty to most of the farmers), and many other sweets, were laid out, and which together with wine were soon after freely handed round amongst the visitors.

A couple of hours after, two large comfortable carts drove up to the door, in one of which Mr. and Mrs. Pieter Breda departed for their new home, and in the other Mr. and Mrs. Faure left on a short tour to one of the neighbouring villages.

As they were leaving, Mr. Devonshire drew out of his capacious coat pockets sundry old slippers, and hurled them after the vehicles, to the great indignation of Old Elsie and several of the bystanders.

CHAPTER XVI.

Five months had passed since the double wedding took place. Susie, or rather Mrs. Faure, was standing in her little kitchen, a large check apron covering her freshly ironed print dress, sleeves pinned back, and her hands covered with flower.

"Jacomyn," she said after a while, addressing her servant, "put some more wood into the oven, and then you had better go on plucking those fowls, and mind you keep the ham-kettle boiling."

The following day would be Charlie's birthday, and Pieter and Nettie were expected in from the farm that evening to spend the next day with the Faures.

"Susie, Susie, where are you?" called her husband, at the same time opening the kitchen door and entering. "My! what a smell of nice things; but I am sorry to say I am coming to interrupt you, my dear."

"What for?" inquired Susie.

"Well the new building is so far finished now, and the mason wants to break through the doorway, so you will have to come and empty the cupboard."

"Very well; just let me wash my hands, and I'll come."

The cupboard was soon cleared of books and nicknacks, and then the careful young house wife bustled away to get a couple of sheets with which to cover them, as well as some of the furniture, to protect them from the dust which was sure to ensue on the breaking down of the recess.

Then Susie hurried away again to the kitchen anxious to finish the cake-baking before the arrival of Nettie and her husband; but she was not long left in peace.

"Susie," shouted Charlie again in an excited voice, at the same time applying a vigorous kick to the door.

"What is the matter now?" asked Susie in astonishment, hastily opening the door with her befloured hands. There stood her husband with a small American box, another smaller box, and a cash box in his arms.

"Oh, Susie we have made a wonderful discovery, and I think have found your long lost treasures."

"What!" exclaimed Susie; you don't mean poor Uncle's money Where did you find it?

"I'll tell you all about it; but first let us make sure of what the boxes contain; where do you think the keys can be?"

"I have a bunch of keys which belonged to Uncle in my desk; wait a minute and I will fetch them."

Susie soon returned with the keys, and after a little trouble, one after another of the boxes was opened, and the contents, on being examined, were found to consist of papers and documents belonging to the late Mr. Hugo, thick rolls of bank notes, and a quantity of gold and silver.

"But you have not told me yet how this treasure was discovered," said Susie after a while to Mr. Faure.

"Well, after you left the room, old Armanes, the mason, commenced pulling down the bricks at once. I stood looking on for a couple of minutes, and then turned away to go to my office; as I reached the door, I heard a startled exclamation from Armanes.

"'What is the matter' I asked?

"'I don't know, sir,' he answered, 'but there is something here I can't understand.' He then pulled out a few more bricks, and we came upon a neatly concealed sliding panel in the ceiling of the cupboard, which upon being removed, revealed to our astonished eyes these three boxes. Now you better run away to your cakes while I look over these papers, and count your money."

"*Ours*, you mean," answered Susie, raising her face to be kissed.

"Well ours if you like," said he, kissing the rosy lips; and then Susie trotted off to the kitchen to finish the oft interrupted cake-baking.

The news of the discovery of Oom Danie's money spread like wild-fire through the village, and it was curious to hear the exaggerated reports of the case; some affirmed that the treasure consisted of £10,000, some £20,000, while different versions as to the discovery and hiding place of the money were afloat.

Towards evening, Pieter and Nettie arrived, and it was not long before they were made acquainted with the ins and outs of the wonderful discovery.

Upon counting the money, it was found to consist of £4,600. By the will of the late Mr. Hugo, which was also discovered in one of the boxes, a legacy of £500 was bequeathed to Pieter Breda, a small annuity to old Elsie, and the rest was to be equally shared between the sisters.

Next day, a small but happy party sat down to dinner in Mrs. Faure's cosy dining-room; old Mrs. Breda, Frans and Annie Russouw, were the only guests besides Pieter and Nettie, with the exception of a wee little Russouw in long clothes, which was being carefully nursed by its little Hottentot ayah.

With regard to the concealment of Mr. Hugo's money and papers, it was surmised that, having so much money in his house, he had thought it expedient to improvise a safe for it, and, fearing the contingencies of another flood, had resolved upon the ceiling of the cupboard as a convenient and safe hiding-place.

CHAPTER XVII.

Many years had come and gone since the events recorded in the last chapter took place. Mr. and Mrs. Faure and Mr. and Mrs. Breda are on the eve of taking a long holiday,—such a treat as to all or most colonial born is looked forward to as the acme of earthly joys; namely, a visit to Europe, and to England in particular. Time and fortune have dealt kindly with the two couples, though occasionally Dame Fortune, thinking, no doubt, that her protégés were having more than a fair share of good luck, had suddenly jerked her wheel the wrong way, and then, as if regretful of the discomfiture she had caused, just as suddenly set the wheel going merrily again. Both couples have had a moderate share of those goodly gifts, concerning which a well known writer has said, "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." Most of their children are now grown up, some are happily settled in married life; a few are still at school, and the youngest in each case, accompanies his parents to England.

Susie and Nettie have proved two good loving wives; still we all have our faults, and they and their respective husbands were not exceptions to the rule, and I don't think that either of the two couples would have been (had they been so disposed to try), successfull competitors for the Flitch of Dunmow; somehow, I do not altogether believe in that old established custom, and I cannot help fancying there must be a great deal of what in common, and not very polite *parlance* is designated as "hard-swearing" amongst the candidates for the prize on the eventful day.

Kind old Mrs. Breda and Mr. Devonshire have long since gone to "that bourne from which no traveller returns," so also has old Elsie.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Stade still occupy the old farm-house at

Olifant's Kop, and many a grandchild have they fondled and nursed. The De Klerks also still live on their farm, and old Mrs. De Klerk cannot but mark with approval the change for the better in the generation of grandchildren growing up around her, and she surely blesses the little governess who so faithfully strove to do her duty towards her (Mrs. De Klerk's) much neglected children. From Mrs. Van der Riet and Annie, now Mrs. Johnson, Susie and Nettie have frequently heard, and they look forward with pleasure to spending a couple of weeks at least with their dear old friends at Mrs. Johnson's pleasant residence in the South of England.

Our four old friends are standing on the deck of the fine ship, the *Good Hope Castle*, a little group amongst the many who are taking a farewell look at the Cape, as the vessel steams slowly out of the dock. Gradually the houses grow more and more indistinct, and then vanish altogether, and as they catch the last glimpse of Table Mountain and the Lion's Hill, Susie thinks of the memorable walk round the kloof, and she murmurs softly to herself:

"Poor dear uncle! little did he know what happiness was in store for his little orphan nieces."

The Dead.

The faces of the dead are fair,
  Though pale and fixed as marble stone:
Their eyes have that resplendent air
  The heavens display when storms are gone.

In dreams, that half immortal state,
  They thus to me in troops appear—
Who had my love, who had my hate,
  Who felt them both, are present here.

Serene, secure, they meet my gaze,
  Their soft or savage thoughts I see:
The same that in our mortal days
  Drew tears or blood from them and me.

Death knows not to dissolve the chain
  With which the prouder passions bind
Predestined souls to peace or pain—
  'Tis part of the immortal mind.

N.

Locusts.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following extract from a letter recently received from Ajmere, in Rajpootana, India:—"The young locusts, which have for several weeks threatened us, are now taking their marches preliminary to their wings having grown sufficiently for flight, and they are doing enormous damage. It is heartrending, after the scarcity of last year, to see fields full of fine tall healthy crops one day, reduced by the next to a waste of bare brown stalk. I was congratulating myself yesterday on the escape of our garden, but this morning early, I drove down to say good-bye to the S——s, who leave to-day, and on my return as I neared our gate, I saw the road black and lively at the approach of the horses, and our servants and several other men out in an excited state shouting and waving branches trying to divert the hopping masses past our boundary, and thus save the garden. Twenty-eight men have been at this work since quite early this morning. It is now 2 p.m. They are still at it, and I hope the destroying army is passing." The same writer continues a few days later:—"I had heard, but had doubted the truth of the story, as to how they get rid of the armies of young locusts in Bikaneer. You know, I suppose, they spring from eggs deposited by previous flights of locusts, and when hatched hop along in dense masses while yet unfit for flight, and in their progress lay waste all vegetation. Well, I had heard that in Bikaneer they dig trenches to leeward of where these young broods appear, and take measures to drive the locusts into them, and the sides being perpendicular, the creatures hop in but cannot hop out, and earth is thrown in upon them. I resolved to make an experiment. I suggested to C———, who was lamenting the devastation going on around, that he should call out a party of men from his regiment and let us dig some trenches and drive the locusts into them, and so prove the truth or otherwise for ourselves. He promptly responded, so we collected spades and organised fatigue parties, and set to work. Some time was lost in getting matters into training, but in about two hours we succeeded in getting several trenches dug, varying from 25ft. to 60ft. long, 1ft. wide, and about 2ft deep. Then we sent "Sepoy" (native soldiers) in a horseshoe direction from the trench about 1,000ft. away, to wave hands and drive the locusts on. They came and thickened as they approached, one dense mass, hopping along till they hopped into the trench. It was a curious sight to stand at the end and look at it all—a seething, hopping mass inside the trench, while a regular short cataract came pouring down on to them until they were about two inches deep, then the hopping ceased in the trench. They had nothing hard to kick against, but the influx continued till they were half up to the ditch, when we quickly threw in earth and buried them, and then off to another trench and repeat the same operation. We continued this for two hours. While at one of the trenches I sent for a finger glass and immersed it in the mass of locusts, as one might dip it into water, then struck it off with a piece of cardboard, so I had it as full as it would hold. When I got home I weighed the glass full, then emptied it and weighed the glass, so I got the weight of the locusts; then I counted them out (566), then measured very accurately the solid contents of the glass, by weighing the amount of water it held and computing from that; thus I had space, number, and weight for date. Knowing we had dug and filled 300 feet of trench one foot wide, filled to one foot deep, I calculated and J—, S—, and C— checked the calculations with me; result—killed and buried $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions of locusts, weighing $10\frac{1}{2}$ tons, in two hours from the time the trenches were ready, about four hours altogether! After such results ought any district to be thus infested?"

THE above cutting from a late number of the *Empire*, shows that locusts have lately been troubling Rajpootana, and I see by the last papers that the same scourge has been devastating in the Philippine Islands.

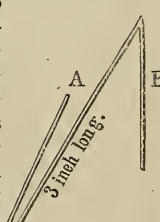
For some few years the locusts have not been troubling these parts of South Africa, but probably they will make their appearance again before long. After my arrival in South Africa in 1843, I do not remember having seen any but flying locusts till 1854, when the marching locusts ("Voetgangers," infantry) those which have not attained to wings, appeared in the Colesberg District of the

Cape Colony, and the country now the "Orange Free State." The locusts then destroyed the country before them, leaving in their rear a desolate wilderness. They marched uninteruptedly through the village of Colesberg over walls and houses, and destroyed every green thing. The plague lasted for weeks and until the insects obtained wings, when the winds soon wafted them away to devastate the lower country until the ocean received them. Any opposition seemed so hopeless that none was attempted. I had seen in previous years the devastation caused by the flying locust. Farmers then made attempts to keep the locusts from alighting on cultivated lands by making fires to windward of the crops, and casting on the fires damp weeds to cause a smoke. This mode of defence was always very feeble and often wholly useless, and the standing crops, it might be of eared wheat, were levelled and devoured in spite of all that could be done. The flying locusts are a favourite food of the natives, and I may say of the remainder of animal nature, as every creature preys upon them, from the elephant to the ant. A flight of locusts settles down pretty closely at night-fall, and they do not, on cold mornings, rise till the sun is well up and has warmed them. If they settle for the night near a native village, the population turns out early, and if branches of trees are to be obtained, the locusts are swept together into heaps, and from thence put into bags for conveyance homewards. Locusts are not bad toasted on hot ashes, but the usual way of cooking is to cram them into a pot containing just enough water to steam them over the fire. They are then thrown out to dry in the sun, and then the wings and legs are removed by brushing the locusts backwards and forwards with a small brush. Locusts are esteemed the most when they are full of eggs. I have often been offered dried locusts, either whole or in coarse powder, at native kraals and have often partaken of them, and made a good meal.

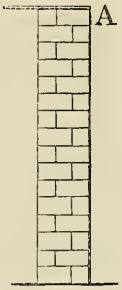
Later on, in about 1863, we, in the Orange Free State, were terribly vexed with the locusts, first with the flying locusts which left eggs behind them, and then, after the rains hatched the eggs, we had continual attacks from the young. It was in about 1863 that I noticed that the marching locust could not climb up to the top of a sheet of corrugated iron laid on side against a wall. Every imaginable device was brought into play against the common enemy, but this town had to give in, and it was swept of all green things more than once. The whole population turned out from time to time. Rows of people with flags, kept waving, were employed, but to no purpose. The locusts first somewhat tactable became wild and burst through our lines. I collected some wagon loads of old thatch and took some hundred Kafirs to attack the enemy in the open outside of the town, laid the thatch in a long row in heaps, got the locusts driven on towards it, ignited the thatch and destroyed millions, but still as many millions escaped and remained behind to destroy. I thought some stench might cause the insect to turn

aside, I tried paraffine, by trailing long pieces of old crape soaked in the oil in front of the invading army, but whether the paraffine was ignited or not, it made no barrier worth speaking of. However, having noticed that the locusts cannot climb up a sheet of corrugated iron, I made a few experiments with tin, and found that a wall could be effectively armed against all attack by locusts with a strip of tin, say two or three inches wide, nailed, say flat against it. I thus continued to think the matter out and to satisfy myself by a few experiments. It is plain that if all marching locusts are killed there will remain none to get wings and fly, and if there be no flying locusts there will be none to lay eggs. Of course, however, while there is back country uninhabited, it will always remain possible that there locusts may breed and come flying to us, but still much damage could be prevented by destroying the young which appear in our midst. I fully satisfied myself that all swarms of marching locusts could be attacked and destroyed, and having so satisfied myself I communicated my convictions through the newspapers to the public. I have continued from time to time to publish my convictions, but all my trouble has been of very little effect, for the country has been swept of all verdure by the scourge repeatedly. At one time the Queen's Town people had suffered much from locusts, and a Draft Bill was framed there to lay before the Cape Colonial Legislature. The Draft Act was to enable fines to be levied upon those proprietors of farms who should fail to destroy the locusts which should appear upon their properties. In the *Cape Argus* I attacked the views expressed in the Draft Bill, and showed how the locusts could be assailed and destroyed effectively, and pointed out that the population, as far as need be, ought to be called out to the assistance of those unfortunates upon whose properties the young locusts should appear. The Draft Bill, I think, was not brought forward in the Parliament. I, having recognized that material for assault would be needed should the farmers desire to test my plans, twice addressed mercantile houses at Port Elizabeth, explaining my views and suggesting that they should import tin plates cut into strips of three inches breadth and six or eight feet long, in boxes say of one hundred sheets, for sale to the farmers. Nothing came of this. In a subsequent year one Dutch farmer, in the district of Fauresmith, when the marching locusts came again, went to his district town and begged from the shopkeepers the tin linings of packing cases which are generally thrown away. He got a quantity, cut it into strips, armed therewith his walls, and while every other farmer in the state almost lost all crops, he saved everything. My suggestions had probably been communicated to him. Later on still, I satisfied the member of the Volksraad for Bethulie about the effectiveness of tin arming, so that he saved his gardens. He brought the matter before the Volksraad, and that body, on his motion, voted £100 to be spent in the purchase of rolled sheet zinc in Belgium, under condition that the metal should be resold to Free State farmers at cost price, to enable them to

provide armour for the walls of their cultivated lands. I would have advised in favour of tin instead of zinc had I been consulted, as tin would maintain its straightness better than zinc. However, the zinc has to this day never been ordered, and the next visitation will find no one prepared. The plans which I had brought forward included measures for hostile attack upon young locusts from the time of first appearance in the size of house flies, or smaller, to final extinction. The last appearance of young locusts found no one prepared. The district of Rouxville was attacked. My brother-in-law, who had repeatedly heard my explanations regarding defence and attack, lived there, and he, from Rouxville and Smithfield, got all the tin linings of packing cases which could be procured. His cultivated lands were open on one side, and thus wholly exposed to attack. On this side he dug a trench of about one foot deep, and heaped up the soil thus obtained on the inner side. He cut up the tin linings into strips of about one foot broad, joined them together with rivets, or otherwise, and inserted the joined strips into the heaped-up earth. Not a locust got into his land. He next adopted offensive measures, as I had advised. He joined a few strips of tin together, making two long strips of say thirty feet each, and with the assistance of a few natives, placed these upright, by leaning them against some wooden pins driven into the ground and thus formed a funnel-shaped alley, or an alley in the shape of a truncated V in front of an advancing swarm, and provided a hole in the ground, with perpendicular sides, at the narrow end of the alley. He then, with his assistants, *gently* drove the swarm into the ever-narrowing alley, the whole swarm pressing on and taking the fatal leap into the excavation. Thus at a distance from his cultivated lands he completely destroyed swarm after swarm, and saved a great part of the district besides his own crops and pasturage. The killing of the locusts was effected, as in Rajpootana, by covering those collected with earth and stamping the earth down. I believe that glazed earthenware tiles would form an effective armour for walls. To some rough walls metal could not be affixed flat, and for that reason and also because it would be well as soon as the plague was over to remove the metal and pack it away for future service, I suggested, that blocks should at certain distances, about seven feet (if the tin strips should be eight feet long), be built into the walls, so that staples could be inserted into them to support a contrivance of iron shaped, thus:— (B to be inserted into the staple, A to support the ends of two strips of the six or eight feet tin). The staple and block would remain in the wall, and the iron contrivance of support for the tin and the sheets of tin could be safely stored away after use. The tin would thus be safe from theft, and damage from cattle rubbing against it. I calculated that the last swarm we had in this district of marching locusts, then pretty large already, would have formed a

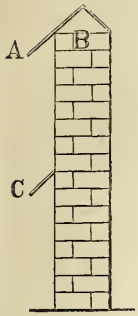


column of one yard square and twenty miles high. I am fully satisfied that a force (not at all numerous) should be called out to attack marching locusts when they appear, and that a very small force with a few strips of tin would destroy any invasion of locusts.



A Glazed Tile.

Section of Wall.



Section of Wall.

A the sloping tin strip. B the block.

The sloping tin strip would act just as well at C.

The tin being placed in a projecting position would add to the difficulty of a locust passing over it, or rather would wholly prevent its ascent.

Locusts after obtaining their full sized wings begin to pair, the male dies early, the female flies till ready to lay or deposit her eggs. She bores her tail into the ground till all that remains of her above ground is her head, shoulders and wings, her body then breaks off, the eggs remaining in the natural sheath. The young locusts do not appear till rain falls, rain seemingly being necessary towards hatching, but then there must be, apparently, a favourable season also, as it is believed that eggs remain in the ground unchanged for years although rains fall. Boers have told me that one rain sometimes only vivifies some of the eggs of one individual, and that the remainder of the eggs only are affected by a later more penetrating rain. Where the country is open and there are hills to ascend to observe from, the congregated swarms of young locusts are easily at early morn perceived at a distance, at first in black and afterwards in

brownish patches, as each swarm congregates together at night. In marching, the locusts advance with one or more points, so that it is easy to lay a trap for them to walk into, and the less they are disturbed by driving the better. Young locusts cast their skins at least twice before they obtain wings.

C. S. O.

Smithfield, 1st January, 1879.

The best mode of protection against flying locusts must greatly depend upon the state of the wind and the nature of the locality. When chased by the different kinds of locust bird they endeavour to evade the birds, so it is useful to imitate birds by attaching strips of white calico, like wings, to lines stretched between poles and to keep them fluttering either by hand or the force of the wind.

Telescopic poles for the lines would probably be of much benefit, as probably therewith the locusts would rise high and pass over the crops. Numerous small kites, if there was wind to support them, or small balloons to support high lines, would also be useful.

Then.

SHORTLY after the Netherlands flag had dipped in subjection to, and had been supplanted by, the British Ensign at the Cape, a spirit of discord manifested itself among several of the burgher officers, and was injudiciously displayed on several marked occasions which called for punishment. Looking calmly back through the vista of seventy years, we cannot but admire the strong fealty these distant colonists had to the House of Orange, and while we condemn the imprudence of impotent resentment at the inevitable, we recognize the difficulty of respecting an alien conqueror, and perceive about as much impossibility in suddenly transferring our patriotism from friend to foe, as the hypothical camel has in going through the eye of a needle. A more absolute reverse of circumstance we can scarcely conceive—here, we have the adoption of new laws, and a new language indirectly forced upon us; we are called upon to forswear our old allegiance, and to bow the knee to a distant deity whose dominions seem for ever extending with a plausible, but sometimes questionable deference to the sanctity of *meum et teum*. If we are not actually asked, we are nevertheless expected to abhor our old and hallowed customs, and to elect the new fangled notions of the islanders. The architecture of our houses, and the cut of our coats, have gradually to undergo an alteration; our children are brought up to prate in a tongue we were taught to look upon as foreign, and eventually the very precincts of domesticity are invaded, for we find the voerchitz give place to more fashionable fabrics, and the *comme il faut* draw in-

spiration from their victors. There are certain circumstances in life when man rebels against his better convictions, and acts fearless of consequences, as if driven by the impulsive dictation of instinct; and certainly under the circumstances just detailed, we need hardly wonder at a few of our bravest burghers nourishing a haughty feeling of animosity towards the English, at the time when the fortunes of war forced them to yield up the sword. The love mankind has in common to the country of their birth, and the fondness which we foster within us for her institutions, are above all emotions in the human breast amongst the most sacred; who then of us are prepared to cast the first stone at the patriot; even if his natal country be that of the barren steeps of Siberia, or the bare Island of St. Helena. One of the most graphic of writers, and keen students of human nature of the last century was Sir Walter Scott, and to his dictum we subscribe most unhesitatingly:—

> "Show me a man who loves not his country,
> And I will show you a coward and a slave."

The dissatisfaction, however, was not against the English rule—for the sway of the Anglo-Saxon was liberal compared with that of their former taskmasters—but a scruple of conscience insidiously grafted, fixed the Calvanistic zeal of many of our burghers, who declined to swear loyality to the British Monarchs, either binding on themselves or posterity *ad infinitum*. The argument was ingenious, yet somewhat absurd in its interpretation of the oath of allegiance, for, as they alleged, if another foreign power asserted its rule either by conquest or by treaty over the Cape settlement, they would commit themselves to perjury by subscribing to such an oath. For this non-compliance Myburgh, Morkel, and others, had troops billeted on them, some to the number of one hundred men. The proud spirit of those brave old Dutchmen endured this infliction rather than sear their consciences, by stifling the semi-religious qualm. Here was a change from the fraternising friendship of good Governor Janssens; the rod of Moses had been turned into a serpent, and the music of their own trained bands was hushed by the military bugles of English troopers. At early morn the silent echoes of the lone farmhouse answered back the—to them—discordant sounds of the *rappel*. Soldiers lounged here and there retailing their coarse jokes, and eliciting loud peals of laughter. All day long there seemed an uncalled-for martial display, as if reminding one of the iron heel of the oppressor; cavalry appeared to swarm, and accoutrements literally to be strewn about the place. Day and night a ceaseless tattoo was kept up, men and horses had not only to be garrisoned but provisioned, and the quiet, peacefnl valley which but a short time ago lay embosomed in elysium slumber, awoke to the *refrain* of pandemonium and military pomp. Several weeks had thus come and gone, and the same monotonous drilling, the same parading of dragoons, took place, right in front of the farmers'

windows, embittering to the lees the cup forced on them to drink. An unassuming spectator of this silently endured misery,—a young lady related to one of the families mentioned,—executed a plan, which if not as bold and fanatical as that of Joan of Arc, at least caused confusion in the ranks of her enemies for a time. 'Twas a bright and beautiful summer day, a subdued breeze played sufficient to render it pleasant, and the dragoons in their glittering armour defiled on their old parade ground in front of the house. The fine physique of officers and men were displayed to advantage, and the spectacle, although loathsome to the family, had a fascinating power over them, and made them daily beholders. Sampson grinding at the mill for the amusement of his captors might have kindled sympathy in any breasts but those of Philistines, and this perpetual parading of power by the conquerer on the private property of the colonists, must have fanned the flame in those of the daily witnesses who, like the better half of Tam O'Shanter, nursed their wrath to keep it warm. Higher mounted the sun, and the gentle breeze lulled imperceptibly away till not a leaf was stirred by the dying zephyr. The bees, ever prone to improve the shining hour, were whisking to and fro from the hives, which were situated behind where the troops exercised. Struck by a sudden idea, Miss Kulck, the young lady already mentioned, quietly stole out, and furnishing herself with a few carrots supplied each of the hives with one unperceived. The effect was magical. The bees not only disturbed by this intrusion, but by their arch enemy, the carrot, rolled out in volumes, and made straight for the troops, who were innocently going through their evolutions with the usual dogmatic monotony. Everything combined to favour the attack; the troops were right in front of the advancing enemy, and were bound by military law and tactics not to swerve from their positions. On came the bees like a host of locusts, preceded by a vanguard which had already caused the horses to prance, nearly upsetting their riders. Still the men kept their ranks, notwithstanding that the bees clustered around them, giving no quarter; men's hands and horses tails were busy keeping off the enemy, and from the perpetual motion of both, resembled a lot of wind-mills at full play. The scene of confusion became most ludicrous, horses were rearing here and bucking there, discipline became lost, and the usual embellishments of the English language were freely used. At length a stampede took place, and down the slope of the hill on which the houses were built went horse and riders. Big troopers lay scattered o'er the valley writhing in agony, and contending with a diminutive enemy more potent to put them to flight than the legions of Napoleon. Riderless horses scampered far in the distance, and like that of Mazeppa halting or faltering not, till

> "Breath and sinew failed apace,
> And reeling from the desp'rate race
> They stood exhausted, still."

M.

Recent Works on South Africa.

South Africa ought in a very short time to be the best known Colony in the world. We have been visited by illustrious writers whose profession it is to make books, and who have made books on South Africa accordingly. We have had Mr. Froude's charming description of the innocent happy life of our South African Patriarchs, a life which seemed to have struck him with such admiration that we can only wonder that he has not returned to take up his residence among us. We have had Mr. Anthony Trollope's agreeable volumes, from which we learn how very much information can be gained while rushing through a country on a post-cart with a portmanteau crammed with Blue-books as your only luggage. Lady Barker has delighted us with delightful pictures of ourselves and everything around us. Major Butler has employed his practised pen in describing the scenery and inhabitants of that part of the country which is now becoming the centre of interest. Sir Henry Tyler has followed Trollope in immortalising the good looks of our hand-maidens. And not content with delighting boys by giving them a stirring narrative of the deeds of Settler and Savage, Mr. Ballantyne has published a pleasant account of his own six months' residence at the Cape, full of exciting adventures with ferocious ostriches, and illustrated by a highly gifted and most imaginative artist. But we have not left the work entirely to strangers. Mr. John Noble's volume on South Africa—Past and Present, has been of very great service to writers, both foreign and domestic. Mr. Aylward gives us a most interesting book on the Transvaal of To-day, in which, after careful endeavouring to prejudice his readers against Mr. Noble's impartiality, he proceeds to quote page after page from that gentleman's work. But there can be no doubt that Mr. Aylward's book is capital reading—full of adventure, full of matters of interest, full of information, and written in that strong partizan spirit which cannot fail to give life and interest to the narrative. Very different from the stirring pages we have just alluded to, are the last publications on South Africa. The first of these is entitled Notes on South Africa for Invalids, and is written by a medical man who has lately been travelling through the Cape Colony and the neighbouring states. His object was to compare different places, and so to arrive at some sort of conclusion as to which was altogether best for invalids on the score of "climate, domestic comforts, &c, &c." Although performing his journey as quickly as possible, the author seems to have made the best use of his time. On account of the drought then existing, and the war in Kaffraria, he acknowledges that he did not see the country in its most favourable aspect. The results he arrives at are that, as was to be expected, the dryness of the air, and speaking generally its salubrity bore a direct proportion to the height attained; but he considers that the air of Wynberg and Green

Point are very good atmospheres for invalids, and far better than can be found at most times of the year at any "so-called Sanitaria" in the United Kingdom or the Continent of Europe. A great advantage in South Africa is the fact that the rainy seasons vary in various districts so that wet weather can always be comfortably avoided. He advises invalids not to travel in South Africa at all, if they wish to travel in a hurry, and strongly recommends to them the ox-wagon as the readiest, most reasonable, and most satisfactory means of locomotion. A great drawback to the choice of the Cape for invalids is the want of good houses of accommodation. The hotels he describes as being for the most part conspicuous for very bad sanitary arrangements, double and three-bedded rooms, or dearth of private rooms, and of plain wholesome dishes, well cooked and nicely served. He makes some exception in favour of the neighbourhood of Cape Town and other large towns, but considers that even at these places there are very few pulmonary invalids who would not grumble at the accommodation. Lodgings and good servants are still more difficult to obtain than in England. The alcoholic drinks bought at stores up-country are for the most part very bad and very dear. Good water is in many parts a scarce article. Beer is the purest drink, but is either very dear or unobtainable. He therefore recommends every traveller to take a small stock of brandy from the sea port, and to use it only for medicinal purposes. He does not consider South Africa by any means a cheap country for temporary residence. If the invalid be a lady, or any person in what would be called a feeble state of health, an income of £1,500 is no exaggerated estimate of the sum required to live on or travel in comfort. In mentioning this high sum he assumes that a house may be repuired, or a wagon kept, or at all events that expenses will have to be incurred equivalent to the outlay above indicated. His advice to persons whose physicians may have advised them to spend the English winter (or longer) at the Cape, is to stay as short a time as possible in Cape Town, and to proceed at once to Wynberg or to Sea Point. Here a stay of at least a month should be made; and the situation of Rathfelder's is recommended as decidedly the best. If the health is improved, and it is determined to proceed up-country, the patient is recommended to travel by wagon rather than by rail. But the chief object of the writer in visiting the Cape was to find out, if possible, the most available place for the establishment of a sanitarium. He recommends that Graham's Town should, for the present, be made the starting point for higher altitudes. He advises all travellers to adopt the wagon system, to make for the Transvaal, and to keep in that country. The traveller will find there much more variety of scenery than in either the Colony, the Free State, or Griqualand West, and of more importance still, an abundant supply everywhere of water, eggs and milk, and generally of forage. But in the writer's opinion it would be useless (looking at the matter in a commercial aspect) to establish

sanitaria anywhere except at Wynberg, or perhaps at Ceres, until the roads are vastly improved. From the summary we have given it will be seen that a very fair statement is laid before the English patient, and if the picture be not sufficiently attractive it is the more valuable as being true.

The next work to which we would draw attention is "The Geography of South Africa," by Dr. John Shaw. This little work is the first of a series of school books for South Africa. It is very neatly printed in good clear type,—a priceless boon to the unfortunate schoolboy. The information it contains is from the best sources and has been corrected up to the latest date. It is of course written for the use of schools, and is intended to supply the want of a proper elementary Geography of South Africa, a want much felt by teachers; but we can safely recommend the work to the general reader, and especially to any one anxious to obtain a knowledge of the geographical features of the Colony and of the South African states. The compiler acknowledges the assistance he has received from Mr. Stone, the Astronomer-Royal, from Mr. Bright and Mr. Orpen, and mentions, especially, the great obligations he is under to Dr. Cameron, Registrar of the University, for drawing attention to many faults of style and method. The works in preparation, in continuation of the series, are an Agricultural Text-book for South Africa, by J. H. Hellier, Esq., and Physiography in its relation to South Africa, by the Editor.

In a little magazine called *The Net*, we find a paper signed by E. T. Churton, on Dr. Arnold's Mission to the Malays at Cape Town. The article is so short that we insert the whole of it. We feel convinced that our readers will be as surprised as we ourselves were on learning the amount of work that has been done in converting the Malays of Cape Town to Christianity. We confess that our own experience is very different from that of the *Net's* correspondent, and we are under the impression that it will be found on closer enquiry that the converts or perverts to Mahomedanism very seriously outnumber those who have left its ranks to embrace Christianity. That the Malays are peculiarly amenable to influence from the Christians who surround and outnumber them; that many of them are thoroughly dissatisfied, on moral grounds especially, with the teaching of the Koran, and that they are asking to be taught the faith, we do not consider to be the case to any extent. We hope that Mr. Churton may be right when he describes the field as white to harvest, and that in Dr. Arnold's hands the reaping is already begun. It would be pleasant to feel certain that many of the Malays "have found their way to the very threshold of the Catholic Church." But without referring for one instant to the character of the work in which Dr. Arnold is engaged, we believe that, as a fact, the picture given is too highly coloured. The following is the extract alluded to:—

"It must always be a grateful task to any one who has witnessed

it, to say what he can on behalf of Dr. Arnold's work among the Mahomedan population of Cape Town. I, at least, shall ever think of it with enthusiastic admiration, and believe that its claims on the sympathy and support of friends at home are very great.

"Dr. Arnold has long been known to the literary world as one of the few men who were able to throw light on the real meaning of Islam and the Koran; but within the last three years he has taught us almost to forget that he is a great scholar, in the yet nobler part he has undertaken of Missionary. The Moslem Mission Society, of which Dr. Arnold was always, I believe, from the beginning, the life and soul, is surely entitled to this amount of praise, that, if its work is still on a small scale, its *sphere* of work has been well and wisely chosen, and its one Missionary a model, in his faith, charity, and untiring zeal, of what all Missionaries should be.

"Let me say a little on each of these two points. The Malays of Cape Town, only about 6,000 in number, are peculiarly amenable to influence from the Christians who surround and outnumber them, and this influence, notwithstanding the too common intemperance, and the occasional apostasy of colonists from England, is beginning to be felt. Many of the Malays are thoroughly dissatisfied, on moral grounds especially, with the teaching of the Koran; and though large salaries are offered to the Imaums, and religious excitement fostered by pilgrimages to Mecca and so forth, it is evident that very little heart goes with the profession of Islam. The field is white to harvest, and in Dr. Arnold's hands the reaping is already begun. A considerable number of these industrious, sober, and affectionate people have already been baptized by him.

"Nor is this to be wondered at, if we think of the Missionary himself—a man of prayer, of simple and self-denying habits, busied (as are also the ladies of his household unceasingly) in all manner of good works, both corporal and spiritual, for his parishioners at Papendorp; ready whenever invited, to preach, to conduct a Mission or a Retreat, as if, like St. Francis of Sales, his favourite text and maxim were, 'Give to him that asketh thee;' but above all, constantly intent on the special work for which he came out, and longing for opportunities to extend his operations from the little suburb in which his Church stands to the principal Mahomedan quarter of Cape Town itself.

"In this he will succeed—whenever he receives the men and money he so urgently needs. There is nothing else to wait for. He is at the present moment Vicar of Papendorp, but only because the income of the living is required, to eke out the utterly insufficient funds accruing from other sources; but he came out from England distinctly to be a Missionary to the Malays of Cape Town, and thither he will go, so soon as the Bishop is provided with the means to send him. To ensure this, a determined effort must now be made by Churchmen at home, *at once*, and on a *generous scale*.

The Bishop of Cape Town has received £1,000, in two gifts, towards starting the Mission: but £4,000 more are needed, before the scheme can be effectually carried out. And while appealing earnestly to readers of the *Net* to give this most necessary help, I would also say this, in Dr. Arnold's name:—Let a *good man* come forward and devote himself to the work in fellowship with him, and then I should have no fear about the money. It will always follow, where the 'living sacrifice' has come first.

"Meanwhile, the Malays are asking to be taught the faith; and many of them would seem to have found their way to the very threshold of the Catholic Church. It is a great and golden opportunity, which may never return again."

Mr. Prichard, of the Public Works Department, in a pamphlet of a few pages, gives us some useful information respecting the Transkei territory. In speaking of the gradual extermination of forests, Mr. Prichard says:—

"A glance at the customs of the natives is sufficient to show by what means the country has been denuded of its timber. Like most uncivilized people, the natives of this country appear to be influenced by certain instinctive considerations in choosing the sites of their kraals. To command an extensive view of the surrounding country, and thus to avoid surprise by an enemy, seems to be their main consideration. Proximity to the nearest kraal, to enable them to give or pass the war-cry or other intelligence, seems to be another important consideration with them. Another motive for fixing upon the higher ground for the sites of their kraals, seems to be for the benefit of the health of their cattle.

"It has been observed that cattle when at large, endowed with a natural instinct, pass the night and early morning upon the higher ground, thus avoiding the unhealthy state of the valley between sunset and sunrise, caused by the air being chilled and falling with its own weight into the valleys, carrying with it a great amount of moisture.

"A good supply of wood for building purposes and fuel is a *sine quâ non*, even more than a good supply of water. Considering that a Kafir hut will not last more than four years, and that the owner at the expiration of that time will seek another place where to build again, it becomes a matter of simple calculation to find out how soon a country under these circumstances will be deprived of its natural timber.

"Considering that it is the custom to keep burning in their huts a fire night and day, it is not unreasonable to suppose that a circle having a radius of one mile radiating from each kraal, will be cleared of its timber in four years: that is to say each kraal will consume in four years the wood growing on 3·4 square miles.

"It is then clear that should the proportion of kraals to square miles be equal to, or exceed 3·14, that part of the country will be entirely stripped of its timber in at least four years. If only

ordinary steps were taken to enforce compulsory planting, the present heavy consumption of wood would not be felt."

Mr. Prichard is greatly in favour of compulsory labour, and on this subject makes the following remarks :—

"It would be as well, before considering further the development of the country, to look into the important question of native labour. "At the present time this is scarcely to be obtained, owing to the fact of the people themselves not being sufficiently advanced to appreciate the advantages to be derived from manual labour.

"It is generally found to be more economical to utilize labour of the country itself than to import it, although in some cases the introduction of foreign competition has stimulated the natives to exertion.

"It has been suggested by an experienced official that a system somewhat similar to the Prussian military service might be advantageously introduced into this country. Labour upon public works to be substituted in place of military service. The rate of remuneration to be small, the greater part of the remuneration to consist of a liberal diet.

"The system here suggested appears to hold out great advantages to the natives themselves and to the country generally.

"Much opposition would undoubtedly be raised by those who cannot distinguish between the abuses of absolute slavery and compulsory temporary labour.

"It should, however, be taken into consideration that the condition of the natives under the abovenamed system would be materially improved.

"It is beyond question in the minds of those who study the workings of God, that every man has been placed in this world for some definite purpose ; that it was not intended that his whole life should be spent in idleness ; that he ought to do something for the advancement and improvement of the community in which he has been placed. This could only be effected by individual exertion ; compulsion to be employed where no steps are voluntarily taken so as to raise God's creatures above the level of animals. It should not be forgotten that God's commandment to our first parents was, in the first instance, to 'till the ground.' No mention was made at the time of any further stage of civilization. The natives of the Transkei are not much more advanced than our first parents.

"A glance at the system above alluded to will suffice to show the good or bad effects of such a system upon the condition of the native. Natives endowed with health and strength, and in every way naturally fitted for a useful life, can always be seen at their kraals allowing their lives to drift away in absolute inaction. They pass through life like their cattle ; to satisfy their bodily wants is their highest ambition. They eventually die without having advanced or improved the condition of their souls in the least.

"Suppose these same people were called upon to devote three

years of their life to a healthy and invigorating exercise, improving their health, developing their bodily and mental powers, learning the use of tools, wearing more decent clothing, eating more nourishing food, and at the same time accumulating a small fund which they could turn to advantage at the expiration of their three years' service. In this manner the first steps of civilization would be taken. The hitherto unambitious mind of the native would be stimulated by ambition, his former degrading traditional customs would become distasteful and repulsive, the blanket and grain diet would no longer be found sufficient for their wants, the inspiring and invigorating effects of exertion once tasted would render inaction irksome for the first time."

He says "that a marked difference has been observed between those of the natives who have been engaged upon the public works in the Colony, and those who have remained inactive. The former are many stages advanced in civilization beyond the latter."

His remarks upon the subject of Irrigation are true as to the whole of South Africa:—

"The natural conditions of the Transkei are such that an extensive system of irrigation would prove a failure, even supposing the necessary funds could be raised. The heavy undulating nature of the country, poorness of the rivers, and the steep and rocky nature of their banks, is altogether unfavourable to a large system of irrigation. The smaller streams, however, have a rapid fall, their banks are less steep, and the natural conditions of the surrounding land are in every way more suitable for irrigation on a small scale. Already a few of the streams have been led out by private enterprise. The cost has been slight, and the result most encouraging. The storage of the rainfall, so that the destruction caused by drought should be mitigated, might easily be done by forming reservoirs in suitable places. Unfortunately the subject of irrigation and the storage of the rainfall is seldom thought of until a drought sets in, when everybody expresses their opinion that irrigation should have been undertaken, and thus the calamity avoided. Just as the subject is receiving due attention, and there is every prospect of its being carried out, rain often sets in. The immediate want of irrigation is not then felt. The subject is allowed to die a natural death until the next drought sets in."

The Battle of Isandula.

On Isandula's green hill-side
A British regiment in its pride
Stood, bayonets fixed and colours flying,
Foemen scorning, death defying;
Not though myriads closed them round,
Would they yield one inch of ground!

Onward the swarming Zulus came,
In sable clouds betipped with flame:
The British fire, though quick and true,
Was vain to turn the hellish crew;
Britons fast were falling round,
Yet would not yield one inch of ground.

Now in close fight the war they wage,
The British bayonets fiercely rage:
Rank upon rank, the Zulus fall,
Yet, dying, on fresh myriads call;
Our wearied troops their flag surround—
They will not yield one inch of ground.

Oh! who can paint the awful scene,
When fiery Durnford, brave Pulleine,
With all their gallant men and leal,
Lay on the sward for Afric's weal;
Yet though chill death their hearts had bound,
They did not yield one inch of ground.

UBIQUE.

Richard Singleton;
OR, HOW I SETTLED IN NATAL.

CHAPTER I.

I GET MY MARCHING ORDERS.

"DICK, my boy, this won't do. You come home from these trips just as unwilling to settle down as you were before you left home," said my father to me one morning.

"Just so, father; in fact far less willing, for the more freedom I get the more I want. Life at home is awfully flat after the first week or so."

"Travelling, Dick, is, let me tell you, a very expensive amusement. The young ones are growing up, you must remember. Julia must have singing lessons; Edwin must have an allowance, and so on. Until now I have been liberal to you, have I not?"

"That you have indeed!"

"Well, now, I'm afraid I must cease to be so. I shall not be able to afford you much to travel on next year."

"It is only half through this one at present," I said.

"True, Dick, very true, and I will give you your usual allowance this year. After which no more, until you have found some occupation, and then I will see about helping you again."

"Thank you. I will do my best to find some work."

"Now," resumed my father, "You see this letter to Captain Beresford?"

"Yes." It lay before me on the table.

"Take it and deliver it to him."

"Where is he staying?" I enquired, for I had glanced at the direction, scarcely believing that I should be so fortunate as to find him at home.

"Staying, lad? Why don't you see my envelope lying before you fully directed? He has a farm somewhere in the up-country district of Natal."

"And he is really there? Hurrah! I'm your man, father," I exclaimed.

"Yes, there is the letter. Take it and give it to him, and he may be able to find you some work, and I sincerely hope he will. Start by the next opportunity, and when you reach the Cape (not Cape Horn, mind) just drop Beresford a line, and I have no doubt that he will run down and meet you," replied my parent. The untravelled Englishman does not leave much space between places in his imagination. It is sufficient, according to his ideas, for a man to learn that his friend, or say his friend's relation even, has arrived in the same country, and of course he will "run down" and

shake hands with him, whereas he may be divided from him by a thousand miles of desolate country, and not less so by an empty purse, which he is struggling day by day to fill. But to return to my father's library, and to the subject in hand.

"You don't mean it!" was my next remark.

"Incredulous lad!" he answered, "of course I mean it. Beresford has more than once offered me a helping hand; and I have told him that the time might come when I should accept it, and now it has come, and I don't think you will be a great burden to him, if he can once start you at any work. You young fellows all seem to find England too cramped for you, your great minds require more space to work in than that which your parents found quite enough for them."

With which remark my father left me.

To cut a long story short, gentle reader, before a month had passed, I had packed up and had left home for good; and though I parted from the dear ones there with a sigh, yet on the whole I was glad to be my own master, and to swim alone upon the waves of life.

I had ever been of a restless turn of mind, and an anxiety to my parents from childhood. My brothers had one by one chosen their professions—the eldest had a fancy for the army; the second had taken Holy Orders, and became my father's curate. He held forth from his pulpit to us, Sunday after Sunday, and, as it appeared to me at one time, hour after hour! I was then a luckless school-boy, home for the holidays, and desirous of spending every available moment in play of some kind, and there was I doomed to sit and listen to my brother's denunciations of drunkenness, murder, and other heinous crimes which I had no temptation to commit; while the bright snow awaited me outside, or else the anticipation of summer sports and manifold joys, filled my mind, so that it was no wonder that the sermons seemed to me outrageously long. The result of my brother's theological instruction was, that my memory became stored with texts from the Bible, which to the present day are ever ready to rise to my lips, in, and also, I regret to say, out of season. Another relation of mine was a lawyer, who offered to look after me and to make me the glory of the profession if he might only have the charge of me.

But, sword, gown, and wig had no charms for me, and I refused to be adopted by any of my kind relatives.

Life in the open air, free life under the blue sky, nay even under a wild and stormy one, was more to my mind than any other. I was by nature a gipsy, and to be happy I must be free of all mental or physical restraint—and this life of freedom became mine, as far as it was possible, in Natal; although there I was bound by a chain more enthralling than any I had dreamt of in the old country, as will be more fully explained to any reader who is patient enough to peruse this short tale to the end.

CHAPTER II.

The thought of having to describe my voyage has almost deterred me from my purpose of letting the world know how I settled in life. As long as I entertained the idea that it was my duty to do so, it produced on my brain the same feeling of oppression and stupefaction that is caused by the repetition of some well-known air upon a barrel organ. So I put the thought away from me, and my readers will, no doubt, rejoice to find that I reached Natal in safety, and arrived at one of the pleasant hotels in the sea port town of Durban without having troubled them to land me.

The bay of Natal looked very pleasant with its sunny ripples smiling a welcome, as it seemed to me. It was new and strange to see the wooded hills lie side by side with the water, without a break between them. It was pleasant to be on shore again to hear the sounds outside and feel that one could stir out of the four walls, and yet actually not be drowned. Pleasant it was to sit smoking under the verandah in the twilight, hearing the booming of the high tide upon the outside beach, and seeing the light flash each moment from the light house on the Bluff, or listening to the loud chorus of frogs that broke upon my ear as the darkness came on.

I found, however, some drawbacks to my peace that night on going to bed. I was persecuted by mosquitos, and could well have dispensed with the welcome they gave me as a new comer. I got little sleep because of them, for as their appetite began to be appeased my sufferings increased, and when I got up next morning I scarcely recognised the bloated countenance in the glass to be a reflection of my own. I spent one day in the town, and found it a much better place than I had expected. There might be some improvements, I thought: a little more paving and less sand for one thing, and some other changes which doubtless will be made in time; but on the whole, it was not nearly so much behind the age as I had imagined.

Early next morning I was on my way to Maritzburg, and driving up the range of Berea Hill that overlooks the town of Durban. From this spot the open sea is visible, and lying near shore the large vessels that cannot enter the peaceful harbour, until some great work of dredging shall make it possible. The view from the hills was very beautiful, and I was sorry to exchange it for the interminable downs that soon lay black and melancholy on each side of us; for South Africa has its own favourite way of managing grass land. It never makes hay, shine the sun ever so bright, but it burns down the winter grass; and, with the early rain, there sprouts up fresh green fodder.

Maritzburg I found to be, indeed, a pretty place. The streets were broad, and bordered with syringa trees, just then in blossom, and I praised the odour of the graceful lilac sprays as I passed beneath them up the street, and thought the place a perfect bower, as I saw the large white roses in the hedges, and the pretty gardens, and the

creepers climbing up the picturesque cottages. Alas for the trees that then bordered the streets! They have long ceased to cast down fragrance upon an ungrateful people. The axe has been laid to the root of many a shade-giving tree; many a fair head has been laid low; and now the sun pours down its heat and deals its strokes unhindered.

When I awoke the morning after my arrival in Maritzburg (or Pietermaritzburg, as it is called when one is not too pressed for time to give the place its full title), I saw from the general appearance of things outside that a high wind was blowing. My windows had "blown to," and for some time I lay still, idly gazing at the branches and tree tops as they swayed and bent before the gusts. At last I got up and hastened to open the window to let in the welcome gale,—the fresher it was the better for me, to whom even a sweeping Highland blast had never come amiss Bu what now? Is Maritzburg on fire? I gasped, as I felt upon my face a heat that seemed to issue from the mouth of a furnace. Is it my fault or the wind's that I am scorched by coming in contact with it? I felt my pulse and forehead. All was right in those quarters, so, shutting the window, I dressed in great perplexity. The hotel-keeper met me as I left my room.

"Good morning, Sir, a hot wind to-day. I have shut up the shutters, for most folks like to keep it out," he said.

"I don't wonder," I answered. "So this is the hot desert wind!"

"Yes, and it lasts generally three days running, and the wind then changes and we get three of rain."

How pleasant, I thought, determining to push on before the rain came.

"Does any one stir out of doors in this weather?"

"My word! Yes, Sir! Why we have them pretty constant at one time of the year, and what with weather and holidays we should get no work done if we minded being out in hot winds."

I went out, and, in spite of the suffocating blast, managed to see and admire the town, of which I had had a glimpse the night before. I gave myself one day on which to go to Table Mountain, which lies to the eastward, and about twelve miles from the town. Having bought a pony, I rode over to the mountain, starting at sunrise, with a loaf of bread and a bottle of beer in my haversack. The hot wind had ceased, to my intense satisfaction, for I had looked forward with horror to there being three days of it. The fine, fresh air was as sweet as honey to me, and for a while I rode on briskly. Then came my bugbear—a cross road. Of the two tracks before me I was certain to take the wrong one; but no harm came of my doing so, for it soon led me to its goal, which was a farm chiefly distinguished by a large field of peas. I believe it was that field of peas which must have put the finishing stroke to my determination to be a Natal farmer—it had been forming surely and slowly since I landed. I thought the life must be so pleasant, so unconventional; and the homesteads I had seen were inviting. And now this field of peas. Where, at home,

would one find more than a few yards of them, while here was sufficient to keep a single man in soup for a year or more. A land where things are done on such a large scale must evidently produce freely. Poor deluded youth! Have I not found that there is an insect to destroy each herb; a sickness for each kind of animal; and some phase of illness ready to attack them each month of the year; and that the plants that grow most freely and luxuriantly here are *weeds*. Well! I was a happy young ignoramus then, and I'm a happy older fool now, for I still linger on in the free wild country with the weeds, making enough for me and mine to live on, and I am therewith content. That morning, after some little consideration of the fascinating farm land, I turned back to the track that I had rejected before, and found that it was the main road leading to the mountain, which then caught my sight, *just* issuing from the morning mists that till then had covered it. I passed Bishopstowe, and knowing that just then it was empty, I paused to look at it, without fear of appearing intrusive. The sun was lighting up its eastern windows at the moment, and I wished that I had been an artist that I might take away with me a remembrance of the picturesque house bathed in the morning sunlight. It is partly of Gothic architecture, but the windows are large and numerous, and it seems to be the house of light in more senses than one. The little chapel stands a few yards off from the house, and is well set off by the dark-leaved trees that grow near it. My hurried view showed me that there were plenty of trees there both of English and southern growth, and from their branches broke upon my ear the enchanting song of innumerable birds. I have never found them in such quantities in any other garden in Natal. They it seems, are wise in their day, and do not shun the great scholar and divine whose home is there.

Well—to return to my ride—the day remained cloudy, and the sun shed through the clouds a silver grey light which I found bewitching. After many detours I reached the foot of the mountain; a river ran in the wooded valley far below me to the left, and beyond lay the broken country of the Inanda; above me reared rough crags and narrow paths, up which I did not care to take my horse. I do not think that many would venture to ride to the summit, though I know one lady who did so on as nervous a horse as I have ever seen. Below me (when I had climbed the mountain on foot) I saw on one side great waves of hills, and deep lying valleys stretching far, and appearing like a petrified sea. Now and again the sun broke out and lit up the crests of the hills, then all was grey again. On all sides were hills, but some ranges were composed of gentle undulating slopes, and some flat (table land as it is called) on the summit, and running sheer down in precipices to the gorge below. In the distance I fancied, on a clear day one might be able to catch a glimpse of the sea line, but that day was one of fleeting sunlight, and flying shadows from the clouds, and not adapted for a clear view of distant lines. All through that day there came upon

my ear at intervals the cry of some wild bird, which seemed to me the loneliest sound that I ever chanced to hear. I have never come across it in the up-country district. There the solitude has seldom thrilled me as it did on that expedition to Table Mountain. The bird had much to do with it, and even if I heard it among the fullest choir of English song birds, *loneliness* would still be the burden of its cry. After a long day passed on, and near, the mountain, I turned back, and oddly enough I did not lose my way! The clouds gave in about sunset, and made way for many a glorious tint in the western sky. I turned to see how the mountain bore the honours of reflection, and it was indeed a sight worth seeing. The brightness caught the red crags along the top; and the glow deepened momentarily upon them until they seemed *alive with light from within*, and not merely dependent upon the sun's setting rays. The wooded sides relieved the reddening crags with shadow and coloured foliage, and the whole scene was a glorious finish to the cool misty day.

(*To be continued*).

The Royal Society.

THE PRESIDENT'S ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS.

(*Continued*).

Mr. Darwin's last work, "On the Different Forms of Flowers," though professedly a reprint of his paper on dimorphic plants, published by the Linnean Society, contains many additions and new matter of great importance in reference to the behaviour of polygamous plants and on cleistogamic flowers. Among other points of great interest is the establishment of very close analogies between the phenomena attending the illegitimate union of trimorphic plants and the results of crosses between distinct species: the sterile offspring of the crosses of the same species exhibiting the closest resemblance to the sterile hybrids obtained by crossing distinct species; while a whole series of generalisations, founded on the results of the one series of experiments, are closely paralleled by those founded on the other. The bearing of this analogy on the origin of species is obviously important.

Besides these investigations, Mr. Darwin has produced within the last five years second editions of his volume on the "Fertilisation of Orchids," and on the "Habits and Movements of Climbing Plants," as also of his early works on "Coral Reefs" and "Geological Observations in South America;" all of them abounding in new matter.

Of special interest to myself, as having been conducted in the Jodrell Laboratory at Kew, are Dr. Burdon Sanderson's investigations on the exceptional property possessed by the leaves and other organs of some

plants which exhibit definite movements in response to mechanical, chemical, or electric stimuli. In 1873 this physiologist showed us in our meeting-room that the closing of the laminæ of the leaf of *Dionœa* is preceded by a preliminary state of excitement, and is attended with a change in the electric conditions of the leaf; and this so closely resembled the change which attends the excitation of the excitable tissues of animals that he did not hesitate to identify the two phenomena.

This remarkable discovery immediately directed the attention of two German observers to the electromotive properties of plants, one, Dr. Kunkel, in the laboratory of Prof. Sachs; the other, Prof. Munk, in that of the University of Berlin.

Prof. Munk, whose researches are of much the greater scope and importance, took as his point of departure Dr. Burdon Sanderson's discovery. The leading conclusion to which he arrived was that in *Dionœa* each of the oblong cells of the parenchyma is endowed with electromotive properties which correspond with those of the "muscle-cylinder" of animals; with this exception, that whereas in the muscle-cylinder the ends are negative to the central zone, in the vegetable cell they are positive; and he endeavours to prove that according to this theory all the complicated electromotive phenomena which had been observed could be shown to be attributable to the peculiar arrangement of the leaf-cells.

During the last two summers Dr. Burdon Sanderson has been engaged in endeavouring to discover the true relations which subsist between the electrical disturbance followed by the shutting of the leaf-valves of *Dionœa* and the latent change of protoplasm which precedes this operation. He has found that though the mechanism of the change of form of the excitable parenchyma which causes the contraction is entirely different from that of muscular contraction, yet that the correspondence between the exciting process in the animal tissues and what represents this in plant tissues appears to be more complete the more carefully the comparison is made; and that whether the stimulus be mechanical, thermal, or electrical, its effects correspond in each case. Again, the excitation is propagated from the point of excitation to distant points in the order of their remoteness, and the degree to which the structure is excited depends upon its temperature. Notwithstanding, however, the striking analogies between the electrical properties of the cells of *Dionœa* and of muscle-cylinders, Dr. Burdon Sanderson is wholly unable to admit with Prof. Munk that these structures are in this respect comparable.

In morphological botany attention has been especially directed of late to the complete life-history of the lower order of cryptogams, since this is seen to be more and more an indispensible preliminary to any attempt at their correct classification.

The remarkable theory of Schwendener, now ten years old, astonished botanists by boldly sweeping away the claims to autonomous recognition of a whole group of highly characteristic organisms—the lichens—and by affirming that these consist of ascomycetal fungi united in a commensal existence with algæ. The controversial literature and renewed investigations which this theory has given rise to is now very considerable. But the advocates of the Schwendenerian view have gradually won their ground, and the success which has attended the experiments of Stahl in taking up the challenge of Schwendener's opponents, and manufacturing

such lichens as *Endocarpon* and *Thelidium*, by the juxtaposition of the appropriate algæ and fungi, may almost be regarded as deciding the question. Sachs, in the last edition of his "Lehrbuch," has carried out completely the principle of classification of algæ, first suggested by Cohn, and has proposed one for the remaining thallophytes, which disregards their division into fungi and algæ. He looks upon the former as standing in the same relation to the latter as the so-called saprophytes *(e.g. Neottia)* do to ordinary green flowering-plants.

This view has especial interest with regard to the minute organisms known as *Bacteria*, a knowledge of the life-history of which is of the greatest importance, having regard to the changes which they effect in all lifeless and, probably, in all living matter prone to decomposition. This affords a morphological argument (as far as it goes) against the doctrine of spontaneous generation, since it seems extremely probable that just as yeast may be a degraded form of some higher fungus, *Bacteria* may be degraded allies of the *Oscillatoriæ*, which have adopted a purely saprophytal mode of existence.

Your *Proceedings* for the present year contain several important contributions to our knowledge of the lowest forms of life. The Rev. W. H. Dallinger, continuing those researches which his skill in using the highest microscopic powers and his ingenuity in devising experimental methods have rendered so fruitful, has adduced evidence which seems to leave no doubt that the spores or germs of the monad which he has described differ in a remarkable manner from the young or adult monads in their power of resisting heated fluids. The young and adult monads, in fact, were always killed by five minutes exposure to a temperature of 142° F. (61° C.), while the spores germinated after being subjected to a temperature of 10° above the boiling-point of water (222° F.).

Two years ago, Cohn and Koch observed the development of spores within the rods of *Bacillus subtilis* and *B. anthracis*. These observations have been confirmed, with important additions in these two species by Mr. Ewart, and have been extended to the *Bacillus* of the infectious pneumo-enteritis of the pig, by Dr. Klein; and to *Spirillum* by Messrs. Geddes and Ewart; and thus a very important step has been made towards the completion of our knowledge of the life-history of these minute but important organisms. Dr. Klein has shown that the infectious pneumo-enteritis, or typhoid fever of the pig, is, like splenic fever, due to a *Bacillus*. Having succeeded in cultivating this *Bacillus* in such a manner as to raise crops free from all other organisms, Dr. Klein inoculated healthy pigs with the fluid containing the *Bacilli*, and found that the disease in due time arose and followed its ordinary course. It is now, therefore, distinctly proved that two diseases of the higher animals, namely, "splenic fever" and "infectious pneumo-enteritis," are generated by a *contagium vivum*.

Finally, Messrs. Downes and Blunt have commenced an inquiry into the influence of light upon *Bacteria* and other *Fungi*, which promises to yield results of great interest, the general tendency of these investigations leaning towards the conclusion that exposure to strong solar light checks and even arrests the development of such organisms.

The practical utility of investigations relating to *Bacillus* organisms as affording to the pathologist a valuable means of associating by community

of origin various diseases of apparently different character, is exemplified in the "Loodiana fever," which has been so fatal to horses in the East. The dried blood of horses that had died of this disease in India has been recently sent to the Brown Institution, and there afforded seed from which a crop of *Bacillus anthracis* has been grown, which justified its distant pathological origin by reproducing the disease in other animals. Other equally interesting experiments have been made at the same Institution, showing that the "grains" which are so largely used as food for cattle, afford a soil which is peculiarly favourable for the development and growth of the spore filaments of *Bacillus*; and that by such "grains" when inspected, the anthrax fever can be produced at will, under conditions so simple that they must often arise accidentally. The bearing of this fact on a recent instance in which anthrax suddenly broke out in a previously uninfected district, destroying a large number of animals, all of which had been fed with grains obtained from a particular brewery, need, scarcely be indicated.

In systematic botany, which, in a nation like ours, that is ever extending its dominions and exploring unknown regions of the globe, must always absorb a large share of the energies of its phytologists, I can but allude to two works of great magnitude and importance.

Of these the first is the "Flora Australiensis" of Bentham, completed only a year ago; a work which has well been called unique in botanical literature, whether for the vast area whose vegetation it embraces (the largest hitherto successfully dealt with), or for the masterly manner in which the details of the structure and affinities of upwards of 8,000 species have been elaborated; its value in reference to all future researches regarding the geographical distribution of plants, the southern hemisphere, and the evolution therein of generic and specific types, cannot be over-estimated.

The other great work is the "Flora Braziliensis," commenced by our late foreign Fellow, Von Martius, and now ably carried on by Eichler, of Berlin, assisted by coadjutors (amongst whom are most of our leading systematists) under the liberal auspices of His Majesty the Emperor of Brazil. When completed, this gigantic undertaking will have embraced, in a systematic form, the vegetation of the richest botanical region of the globe.

Having now endeavoured to recall to you some of the great advances in science made during the last few years, it remains for me, after the distribution of the medals awarded by your Council, to retire from the Presidency in which I have so long experienced the generous support of your officers and yourselves. This support, for which I tender you my hearty thanks, together with my sense of the trust and dignity of the office, and the interest attached to its duties, has rendered my resignation of it a more difficult step than I had anticipated. My reasons are, however, strong. They are the pressure of official duties at Kew, which annually increase in amount and responsibility, together with the engagements I am under to complete scientific works, undertaken jointly with other botanists, before you raised me to the Presidency, and the indefinite postponement of which works delays the publication of the labours of my coadjutors. I am also influenced by the consideration that, though wholly opposed to the view that the term of the Presidency of the

Royal Society should be either short or definitely limited, this term should not be very long ; and that, considering the special nature of my own scientific studies, it should, in my case, on this as well as on other grounds, be briefer than might otherwise be desirable. Cogent as these reasons are they might not have been paramount were it not that we have among us one pre-eminently fitted to be your President by scientific attainments, by personal qualifications, and by intimate knowledge of the Society's affairs ; and by calling upon whom to fill the proud position which I have occupied, you are also recognising the great services he has rendered to the Society as its treasurer for eight years, and its ofttimes munificent benefactor.

Beauty.

Paint me a picture where the golden hair,
Like sunlight, falls around the chiselled face
Of Grecian imaging ;—limn me the grace
Of spiritual beauty, jewel rare,
In features human, yet divinely fair :
Let through the dark-blue splendour of the eye
Ethereal Hope shine starlike, with chaste Love ;
And on the brow a wisdom from above,
And on the lip a happy secret lie,
Fraught with the Spirit's sweetest sorcery ;
Suffuse her face with Music, and the charm—
The animated glow of lofty Thought ;
Let Cynthia's mien, with stately mildness fraught
And queenly graced, adorn th' ideal form ;
And let her stand on some green isle of bliss,
Where seraphs stoop to woo her witching kiss.

KAPPA.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A few Leaves of the Stellenbosch Records.

The village of Stellenbosch, which was the first country seat of magistracy formed in South Africa, possesses in its records a treasure that ought to satisfy the demands of the greediest antiquary. Scores of volumes of manuscripts, proceedings of the Honourable College of Landdrost and Heemraden, resolutions of the Board of Militia, letters in packages, great bundles of documents of various kinds, are all to be found in a back room of the public offices there. This rich mine of historical wealth is at the present day guarded, as well as circumstances permit, by the very worthy gentleman who occupies the seat of the landdrosts of old, but it was not always watched with such tender and loving care. There was a time when any one who chose could walk away with a volume under his arm; and there is a story told, and generally believed, that some of the oldest documents were once used to kindle a fire with. In consequence of this neglect, which arose from absolute ignorance of their great value to the South Africa of the future, the records are not by any means so complete as they should be. They do not form a continuous chain, but are broken up into detached links.

But though the series is not complete, it is of such value that it makes one feel uneasy to see it exposed to loss by fire. A building can be replaced, a village can be rebuilt, but such documents as these if once lost can never be recovered. They are nearly all written in a style which for clearness and beauty does not fall far below copper-plate, for in those olden days good handwriting was considered a necessary qualification for a secretary. The autographs of Governors Simon van der Stel and Hendrik Swellengrebel might serve as texts for schoolboys to copy. A little later monograms came into fashion, and some of these are difficult to make out. The spelling is less perfect. In the first place, some of the secretaries were foreigners, and in the next, the rules for spelling were not fixed by the Dutch themselves, before the commencement of the present century. Many foreign words, no longer used by Dutch writers, are found in these documents. Nearly all of them are English, strange to say, and such phrases as are Latin are so simple that one

need not have studied anything more difficult than Valpy's Delectus to understand them all. Beyond the occasional use of Monsieur and Messieurs during the latter half of last century, French words are not found. The length of the sentences is very great. Sometimes a whole page is written without a single full stop, and the exact idea which the writer intended to convey is not always immediately apparent. Short, pithy expressions are unknown.

The district accounts are very complete. They were kept in rixdollars, guldens, schellings, and stivers. The Cape gulden had not the same value as that of the Netherlands. Here, as in India, three guldens were equal to one rixdollar, or a gulden was of the same value as one shilling and four pence of English money. It bore the same proportion as long as the name even was used in South Africa, for when in 1825 the value of the paper rixdollar was fixed at one shilling and sixpence English silver, a gulden was commonly spoken of as equal to sixpence.

Let us now look at a few documents bearing the dates of 1742, 1743, and 1744. In them we can see the prices current, and some other particulars interesting to farmers, and we can also learn how the villages of Malmesbury and Tulbagh had their origin.

In those days there was no open market for the sale of produce, so that the farmers were compelled to accept whatever the East India Company offered. Prices were always low, sometimes so ruinously low that farm produce brought little more than the cost of transport. Thus in 1743 the price of wheat was reduced to seven guldens (9s. 4d.) the muid of one hundred and ninety Dutch pounds. Thereupon, in January, 1744, some of the most substantial farmers assembled at Stellenbosch to confer with the Landdrost and Heemraad, and endeavour to obtain a more reasonable price. The scale of wages then paid, and the prices quoted, will show the pecuniary condition of the corn-farmers and stock-breeders.

The ordinary work of the corn-farmer was performed by his slaves, but at harvest time he required more labourers. These he obtained by hiring slaves from the townspeople, and paying for them at the rate of from 1s. 8d. to 2s. a day. If he needed the services of a European mason or carpenter, he had to pay from 2s. 6d. to 4s. a day, and provide him with food, though occasionally an inferior workman could be hired at £2 a month. It is evident that after paying wages at this rate, and deducting the Company's dues, farmers could not afford to sell wheat at 9s. 4d. the muid. On the occasion referred to, the Landdrost and Heemraad came to the same conclusion, for they resolved to request the Governor and Council to petition the "High Indian Authorities" to raise the price of wheat delivered at the magazine in Cape Town to 10s. 8d. the muid.

The price of butcher's meat is also mentioned in these old records of the resolutions of Landdrost and Heemraden. Thus in December, 1742, permission was given to the Burgher Peter Wion to open a butcher's shop in the village of Stellenbosch, on the following

conditions. Every Wednesday and Saturday he was to offer for sale good wholesome fresh mutton at the rate of two pence per single pound, or sixpence for four pounds, and to refuse no one at that price. Four times a year he was to offer beef for sale at the same rates. Failing these conditions he was to pay a fine of £5 to the deacons for the benefit of the poor.

One source of trouble to the Landdrost and Heemraad at this time, was that some of the burghers were in the habit of grinding their corn upon handmills or little watermills of their own construction. The Honourable College anticipated nothing less from this custom, than a serious decrease in the price paid for the monopoly of grinding in the public mills at Stellenbosch and Drakenstein. For this monopoly the district was then receiving £126 13s. 4d. a year for each of the mills. Yet they were very willing to assist their fellow burghers, if it could be done without affecting the revenue, and generally an arrangement was made that the owner of the hand-mill should satisfy the holder of the monopoly, and be allowed to grind his own corn. As an instance, it is recorded that the burgher Michael Otto, of Hottentot's Holland, petitioned the Honourable College to be allowed to grind sufficient corn for the use of his household upon a small watermill which he had erected on his farm. His request was acceded to, upon condition that he should pay to the miller of Stellenbosch the same fees as if he had his corn ground at the district mill, and that this permission should not form a precedent.

In February, 1743, the Baron Gustaf Willem van Imhof, Governor-General of Netherlands India, called at the Cape, and instituted an enquiry into the affairs of the settlement. The result of the investigation must have been very unsatisfactory, for in a formal document he has left it on record, that the residents in the country districts could better be compared to an assemblage of blind heathens, than to a Colony of Europeans and Christians. He consulted the clergymen, François le Sueur and Willem van Gendt, who informed him that the carelessness and ignorance which he so much deplored were attributable to the population being scattered about in districts remote from churches and schools. Up to this date there were only three churches in South Africa, viz., one in Cape Town, one in Stellenbosch, and one at Groot Drakenstein, where the Simondium now stands.

Thereupon the Governor-General called the members of the Council of Policy together, and issued certain instructions. Two new churches were to be erected in the outlying districts with as little delay as possible, and at each were to be stationed a clergyman and a lay preacher (*ziekentrooster*) who should also instruct the young in the principles of Christianity. The clergymen were to be detained from the first Indiamen calling at the Cape with chaplains on board. A lay preacher and schoolmaster was also to be sent without delay to labour among the scattered inhabitants eastward of the Breede River. The lay preachers were to be selected from the most com-

petent persons in the settlement, and were to undergo an examination as to their qualifications by the Church Council in Cape Town.

The places selected for the new churches were the sites of the present villages of Malmesbury and Tulbagh.

The first was centrally situated for the farmers who occupied the large and fertile tract of country then known as the Zwartland, from which the church itself was called until recently the Zwartlands Kerk. In a very short time the erection of the necessary buildings was commenced, and thus the nucleus of a village was established. Not far from the church is one of those hot mineral springs which are found in various parts of South Africa, and which are resorted to for bathing purposes by persons afflicted with rheumatism and some other diseases. But even with the triple advantages of a central situation, a church, and a mineral bath, besides having no mountain barrier between it and Cape Town, the site was not an attractive one. The ground on which the present village stands is very uneven, and the colonists of those days were partial to tolerably level surfaces for building upon. There is no permanent stream of water which can be led out for household purposes and to irrigate gardens, the supply in summer being obtained from wells, and this was a formidable bar to growth. Further, the belief was general that the brackish soil, though capable of producing the finest wheat in the world, was unfit for the growth of trees, a matter always of primary importance in a Dutch village. This belief had some slight foundation, but of late years it has been put to the test, and the trees now flourishing in the streets of Malmesbury and on many farms in the district prove that with industry and care the defects of the soil can be overcome.

The church and parsonage at the present village of Tulbagh were also commenced in 1743. The original buildings are standing yet, the parsonage, which is partly built of materials imported from Holland, still serving the purpose for which it was designed. The church was repaired and enlarged in 1795, but was turned into a school-house in 1878, when a more commodious and ornamental building took its stead. The site was selected as the most convenient place of meeting for the farmers occupying the country on that side of Riebeek's Kasteel, the Land of Waveren, or present Tulbagh Basin, the Warm Bokkeveld, and the valleys of the Hex and Upper Breede Rivers. It was beyond the first range of mountains, but it was accessible by a road over the old Roodezand Pass. This pass is not far from the ravine through which the Little Berg River flows, and where the railway now enters the Tulbagh Basin. The course of the old road can still be clearly traced, and a formidable rock that nearly blocked up the passage is yet an object of interest to the inhabitants in the neighbourhood. The rock is called the Preekstoel (Pulpit), and it is said to have obtained its name from the shouting to the oxen mingled with the imprecations which were always heard when a wagon passed it. Every now and

again the Landdrost and Heemraad of Stellenbosch used to spend an hour or two trying to devise some plan of getting rid of the Preekstoel, but they never succeeded in their object. Some few years after this date the old Roodezand Pass was abandoned altogether and a rough wagon road was made through the New Kloof, which is the gateway of the valley at the present day.

The Tulbagh Basin presents to a student of physical geography a somewhat remarkable appearance It is a depression at the head of a valley, with a water system of its own. Lay a common Kafir knobkerrie upon soft ground and the impression made will give a good idea of its form. The hollow caused by the head of the kerrie will represent the Tulbagh Basin, the long narrow groove will mark the valley of the Upper Breede River. That valley has an average width of six or seven miles, and is enclosed on each side by a formidable rocky barrier. The Breede River has its source in the elevated plateau of the Bokkeveld, and comes rushing down through an enormous rent in the furthest inland of the two ranges, at the point in our model where the curve of the kerrie head commences. Down this gorge in the olden times the produce of the Bokkevelden and the Karroo was brought, though how wagons ever passed safely up and down the precipices on that road is a marvel to everyone who has not seen what South African drivers can do. The gorge is now known as Michell's Pass, and an excellent carriage drive has been constructed through it. It is said that when the engineer, the late Mr. Bain, had nearly finished the new road, he one day observed an old Hottentot driver intently admiring one part of it near the top. "Well, Platje," said Mr. Bain, "what do you think the farmers will say when this road is finished?" "I don't know," was Platje's reply, "what the farmers will say, but one thing I know, every ox in the Bokkeveld will take his hat off to Mynheer." (Ik weet nie wat de boere zal zei, maar een ding weet ik, de laatste os in de Bokkeveld zal zijn hoed afhal voor Mijnheer.)

After issuing from the mountains, the Breede flows through the valley in a south-easterly direction, and some twenty-five miles further down meets the Hex, the next stream that finds a way through the same range. Looking northward from the entrance to Michell's Pass, the valley is seen to expand and to continue some fifteen miles further, until at length the two ranges are united by a grand arch, the keystone of which is the Great Winterhoek. The district thus enclosed is the old "Land of Waveren," the present Tulbagh Basin. It is drained by the Little Berg River and its numerous tributary rills, whose waters escape through a gorge in the circular rim. The basin is lower than the valley further down, and the watershed between the Breede and Little Berg Rivers, is merely a gentle swell in the surface of the ground. At the foot of Michell's Pass, at the present day, a mill race is led out of the Breede, and turned into the Little Berg, and thus a few shovels full of earth can divert water from the Indian to the Atlantic Ocean.

In this basin a site was selected along a gentle slope, where water could easily be laid on, and here between the church and the parsonage gradually arose the houses of a little village. Difficult of access and with no trade whatever, the secluded hamlet for many years had no other name than Roodezands Kerk. It was in existence sixty years before it became a seat of magistracy, and it has not even succeeded in retaining that distinction. No great highway of traffic passes through it, and to the present day it is little more than a church centre for the farmers whose homesteads among cornlands, vineyards, gardens, and groves, are scattered about the basin. In this respect, however, it has grown, for it contains now three large churches. The Tulbagh Basin from the date of its occupation has always been regarded, not only as a very beautiful, but as a very fertile district. It excels all other parts of South Africa in the variety and splendour of its wild flowers, which in early spring almost cover the surface of the untilled ground.

In the records for these three years, as indeed throughout the whole series, are found various regulations regarding the preservation of certain wild animals. Among others an order was issued in 1742 prohibiting the destruction of zebras under a penalty of £10 for each offence. The remarks of the Council of Policy with regard to the extirpation of this beautiful animal, show that they could look at the question in a broader light than that of mere profit. Its presence on the hillsides, according to them, was an attractive feature. They thought also that it could be tamed, and with a view of making an experiment in that direction, they offered a premium of £20 each for three young ones to be delivered in Cape Town. The East India Company's game laws, some of which date back to within a few days after Van Riebeek's arrival, might form the text for more than one interesting article. They furnish evidence that good laws are useless unless there is ample power to enforce them.

G. M. T.

Stellenbosch, March, 1879.

Rock-Paintings

EXISTING NEAR !AMEIB, IN DAMARALAND, SOUTH AFRICA.

An account of paintings on rocks, seen by Rhenish Missionaries in the Erongo Mountains in Damaraland in April, 1877, forwarded to the Grey Library by the Rev. C. G. Büttner, and translated into English and published in one of our local papers shortly after its arrival here, has been again translated into German, and laid by

Dr. G. Fritsch* before the Anthropological Society of Berlin, at a meeting held on the 19th January, 1878. The remarks with which Dr. Fritsch accompanied this communication are so full of interest, that a translation of the chief part of them (for which we are mainly indebted to the kindness of Mr. H. C. Schunke) is given below.

BUSHMAN DRAWINGS IN DAMARALAND (SOUTH AFRICA).

[Reported by Dr. G. Fritsch to the Berlin Anthropological Society, in January, 1878.]

"In the beginning of December, 1877, I received through the kindness of an unknown person (probably through the Missionary Mr. Büttner of the Rhenish Mission Society), a number of the newspaper *Standard and Mail* of 30th October, 1877, from Cape Town, which contained a highly interesting account, by the said gentleman, concerning rock-paintings of the Natives from Damaraland. These are described by Mr. Büttner in a very precise and clear manner, and as the subject has of late awakened a special interest through the scientific controversy regarding the drawings of animals found in the Thayinger Cave, besides that several questions of specific interest for African ethnography are thereon closely joined, I think that I ought to communicate a full translation of it here.

[After the translation in question, Dr. Fritsch continues as follows:]

One cannot read this clear and objective description, without being aroused, in various ways, to further extending reflexions;—a few of the passages most worthy of remark I have allowed myself to make especially prominent.

As regards the origin of the paintings, according to my fullest conviction there can be no doubt at all that they were made by Bushmen. The conformity of the figures with those observed by me at other places, notoriously made by Bushmen, goes even much farther than Mr. Büttner could discern from the study of my publication, and has in the highest degree surprised me. This chiefly concerns the human figures.

It appears intelligible, that a man in a state of nature as the Bushman always was, should principally represent those subjects with which his imagination mostly occupies itself, consequently the objects of his everyday surroundings, or, of rarer occurrences, those which according to their nature would especially strongly excite his fancy, *i.e.*, the objects of his secret longing, or more or less founded fear.

Thus indeed the animals of the chase have everywhere been portrayed with predilection by the Bushmen; for, the chase is the

* Author of "Drei Jahre in Süd-Afrika," Breslau, 1868, and of "Die Eingeborenen Süd-Afrika's," Breslau, 1872.

element of this nation; and with a certain pride, such an individual once pointed out to me a grazing herd of antelopes "as the cattle of the Bushman." Unfortunately, on the other hand, they were accustomed to make no sharp distinction between the tame animals of the settlers, which afforded a convenient prey, and the wild animals of their hunting grounds. In localities where the Bushman and the settler, or cattle-possessing Hottentots, lived at the same time, cattle, likewise, appear not unfrequently among the rock figures; if wanting in the localities visited by Mr. Büttner, it may with great probability be concluded, that tame animals, at the time of the execution of the figures, were at least not particularly abundant in the above-mentioned neighbourhood; and, therefore, that this time must probably lie tolerably far back, before the Namaqua, driven hither from the south by the Colonists, or the Herero, advancing hither from the north-east, had occupied the regions. The representation of a horse (?) seems to contradict this, as, in the earliest times of the Colony, such [an animal] would hardly have been taken so far to the northward; still, it should not be forgotten that the description also suits the quagga, an animal frequently represented by the Bushmen. A quagga caught young, which then still shews no distinct stripes, could, when tamed, well stand undisturbed near human beings.

The stripes are generally an attribute of the said animal, and the scrupulous Bushman artist usually shews them. Mr. Büttner very strikingly points out how well characterised such figures are, so that the beholder could never be in doubt as to what he had before him. This capacity of keen comprehension, combined with an unmistakable talent to reproduce that which has been seized, must undoubtedly be allowed to this nation, standing in the lowest stage of culture; and Mr. Lindenschmit's assertion that such things do not occur, I must decidedly send back, as has also already happened from another quarter.

The representations here described, indeed even surpass in certain respects those of many cultivated nations, for example, of the Chinese and old Egyptians, where in spite of the otherwise well known frequently astonishing execution, the perspective is usually wanting. According to that which Mr. Büttner communicates to us, several of the groupings in question shew unmistakable perspective foreshortening; the artist had therefore already attained a higher standpoint of achievement. It is surely no small task to represent with the most primitive materials an archer running down from a mountain and to bring a certain vivacity into the sketch.

It agrees with this simplicity of means and the slightness with which the figures are usually sketched, that the characteristic *typus* of the object to be portrayed is, as it were, concentrated in a few signs, which are made so conspicuous, that the figure thereby obtains a peculiar and odd character. This particularly applies to the human figures, and I wish without hesitation to join the conjecture expresse

by Mr. Büttner with regard to the sketched head, as being intended for a Herero.* * * *

The equipment of the slender black figures is, on account of the geographical distribution, of a preponderating interest; as the strips of leather hanging down from the girdle, *i.e.*, strips of skin of different kinds, particularly the tails of wild cats, are worn by the *Ama-Zulu* and related tribes, therefore also by the *Matabele*. The artists who sketched the drawings of *!Ameib* will have doubtless become acquainted with the cruel persecutors of the Bushman, when they had not yet, as at a later day, extended their warlike excursions as far as the neighbourhood of Lake Ngami; and it is thence very probable that the representers had themselves seen the patterns of their figures in eastern regions. This point is again in favour of the tracing back of the representations to the restless Bushman, who wanders much after the fashion of birds of passage. In the same sense, we can again also make use of another statement, to which I wish to direct attention.

Mr. Büttner saw, several times, in the hands of the naked human figures, instruments which he compares to a short whip (*Peitsche*), from which two likewise short straps hang down. According to this description, the instrument must have appeared quite as I saw it several hundred miles further eastwards, on the Key, in a similar manner, *viz.*, in the hands of a naked black figure, with a girdle of zigzag stripes round the loins, represented by Bushmen on rocks! Perhaps Mr. Büttner may have overlooked the notice given about this in my book, since otherwise a remark would probably have suggested itself to him; or he formed from my description of this representation a different idea. I compared this to me likewise enigmatical instrument with the fallen-to parasol of a lady, because the parts hanging down from the short handle were not completely severed from it; but I remember distinctly that, on the one side, at least, a striking red line extended from the point downwards, and might be taken to be a strap hanging down.

In the same way as Mr. Büttner, I forbore the closer explanation of the utensil; as I neither at that time nor later beheld among the Kafirs an instrument which could be compared with the figure. The agreement in these details between the two localities so disunited in space, appears to me, through this, only the more significant.

The red zigzag stripe, also, which the human figure wears round the waist, does not quite accord with the modern fashion; it is thus to be asked here: Did the artist of his time allow imagination freer

[* A comparison of the outlined head sent down by Mr. Büttner with that of the head of a figure copied in 1875 by Mr. H. C. Schunke from a Bushman Painting in the Division of Oudtshoorn, also deposited in the Grey Library, neither of which can be reproduced as had been hoped with this paper, would incline one to a different opinion; *i.e.*, that the face probably really is where Mr. Büttner suggests that the back of the head may be. In the absence of copies of the Paintings reported from Damaraland, the above view is, however, expressed with diffidence.]

play, or is it a faithful copy of things which earlier were actually thus? With regard to the, as a rule, remarkably true representations, and the thoroughly enigmatical instrument mentioned, I would, in this difficult question, express myself more in favor [of the view] that the variations are to be explained by changes which time brought with it, and that, earlier, persons from the Kafir tribes carried, for example, in the hand, as a flyflap, some object thus formed, as they now still do with the decorated jackal-tail, drawn upon a small stick. This view would thus likewise point to more remote times.

Finally, concerning the coating of the rock which appeared to Mr. Büttner to proceed from milk, without personal inspection it is naturally difficult to say anything regarding it; it seems to me hardly possible that milk, even were it poured out very often over rocks, should produce a kind of varnish. Besides this, as far as is known, no libations are performed by the Bushmen. According to the description, it appears to me not improbable that the coating of the inaccessible * rock had a mineral constitution, that is to say was hyalith, as such, in Africa, frequently covers rocks in the form of a crust. If a thickened liquid actually appeared there, Euphorbia milk, which is technically employed by the Bushmen, would, on account of its containing gumrosin, sooner produce a kind of varnish, than real milk.

For the general ethnography of Africa, supposing that the figures, as may for the foregoing reasons be taken to be undoubtedly established, are indeed Bushman drawings, there results from the facts cited a new point of support for the correctness of the opinion developed by me in the book upon the Natives of South Africa, that the Bushmen represent a primitive population scattered over the continent in varying density, the northern limit of which has not yet been found. Although in many parts, no sure indication of their presence comes to light, the distances to others, more or less neighbouring, where this is the case, are for the roving Bushman so small, that one cannot take objection to this circumstance. Indeed, the traveller Chapman, who occasionally met the said nation further to the north than the Erongo mountains, was followed, without [their] being ordered, by single Bushmen, for hundreds of English miles! The nationality of the so-called "Berg-Damara," who now

[* The omission of two or three words here in the translation made from Mr. Büttner's communication regarding the above paintings, has rendered the position of this rock somewhat unintelligible in the only description accessible to Dr. Fritsch at the time his remarks were made. Mr. Büttner's own words regarding this are as follows:—"Noch ist eins zu erwähnen. Unter jenem dachförmig überhaengenden Felsen ragt aus dem Sande die Spitze eines andern Felsen hervor; letztere nun war durchaus nicht verwittert, wie alles Gestein in der Nähe, viel mehr war sie wie mit einem glänzenden weisslichen durchscheinenden Lack überzogen. So viele wir den Stein gesehen haben schien es uns als wenn auf den Stein irgend welche Libationen ausgegossen waren und wir waren nicht ungeneigt es für Milch zu halten. Obwohl mir nun diese letztere Erklaerung ziemlich hypothetisch vorkommt, wollte ich die sache nicht unerwähnt lassen. Vielleicht dass jemand andere Thatsachen kennt, die mehr Licht auf die Sache werfen."]

inhabit these mountains, no one has yet been able to establish with any certainty; they also speak a jargon (*Kauderwelsch*), the originality of which is very doubtful;* besides this, there is to be added the peculiar geographical position, which represents, so to say, the centre of a whirlpool of nations, in so far as in Eastern South Africa the tribes gradually moved south and southwestward, in Western, northward and northeastward, until they encountered the Ova-Herero advancing downwards from the northeast. This country was thus just particularly fitted for the formation of a conglomerate of fugitives of the most different nationalities, as which one has a right to consider the Berg-Damara, so peculiarly wanting in nationality. I agree, with fullest conviction, with Mr. Büttner, that this degraded population, in no respect favorable to the fine arts, is surely not the originator of the drawings described; and I express to the gentleman whom I consider to be the kind sender of the account, my particular thanks for this trouble."

In connection with the foregoing translation of Dr. Fritsch's remarks, the following extract (kindly translated by the Rev. F. W. Kolbe) from a letter written by the Rev. F. Judt, also giving a description of the visit made by the Rhenish Missionaries to the Paintings near *!Ameib*, will be read with interest. In this letter, which is dated 30 July 1877, Mr. Judt writes as follows:—

"The conference of the seventeen Rhenish Missionaries in Damaraland (Hereroland) was held at the Namaqua Station, *!Ameib*, in the month of April. One afternoon, Messrs. Schröder, Büttner, Dannert and I undertook a ride in the clefts of the Bockberg. These mountains offer to the visitor a grand and sublime view. Huge blocks of rock torn from the very highest tops of the mountains, lie in the clefts. The path is often so narrow that it is only with difficulty one can wind one's way through. First of all, we observed in these clefts a quite different kind of vegetation. Shrubs and even flowers we saw here, which had not as yet been perceived in the plains. That the air in these clefts was also different from that on the flats is comprehensible. Our admiration and surprise were to become still greater. At an enormous block of rock, which still showed marks of having rolled down, we dismounted, and our little guides (some Nama boys) pointed out to us on the side of this block, a number of drawn figures; for example, men with bow and arrow, behind one another, pursuing wild animals, elephants, zebras,

[* It is generally stated that the Berg-Damara speak a Nama dialect of the Hottentot language. A thorough study of any peculiarities of speech which may be possessed by them, as well as of their Native traditionary lore, has long been ardently desired. The latter work is now about to be undertaken by a gentleman of the Rhenish Missionary Society, resident in the country, and already acquainted with their language. We may therefore hope before long to see a little more light thrown upon their past history, which at present appears to be an enigma to every one in South Africa. A short mention of this people will be found in Mr. Palgrave's Report of his "Mission to Damaraland and Great Namaqualand in 1876," particularly on pp. 15, 50, &c. For a few further words regarding them, see also p. 310 of Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, Vol. 24, viii., 24 July 1878.]

springbok, steinbok, giraffes, &c. Then the first thing to be done was to examine whether these figures were painted or natural. I decided for the latter, as I could not believe that the ancient inhabitants of the country should have had a mixture of colours able to withstand storm and rain for such a series of years. Very old it must indeed be, as there was nothing to be seen in the picture of introduced animals. At the first glance, every one is reminded of ancient Egyptian painting. In opposition to this view [*i.e.*, regarding the age of the paintings], it was remarked, that it rains very little here, and that the position of the rock was such a favorable one for the figures, that sunshine and rain could cause no material damage. A closer examination with the penknife showed that the figures were painted. Mr. Schröder wished to photograph the rock, which, however, the position of the rock did not allow. Why are there on this block of rock, and in this romantic spot, such figures? So we asked each other. It seems that here religious ceremonies of the ancient inhabitants of the land have taken place. Before and near to the large block of rock lies a smaller one, which projects hardly three to four feet out of the sand. Upon this one the painter of the highest figures must have stood. That, however, the lowest figures should have been painted in a lying posture, is perhaps not to be assumed;* it is much more probable that the smaller stone, in course of time, has been choked up by sand, carried down by rain-water from the clefts situated higher up. The question is whether this stone might not formerly have been used as a table of sacrifice? A religious significance the spot must have had. It is possible that, later, more may be said of this rock and its figures. It is striking that the figures in your little paper on Bushmen [the writer here refers to a paper by Mr. J. M. Orpen, with some remarks by Dr. Bleek, published with a reproduction of some Bushman Paintings copied by Mr. Orpen, in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for July, 1874] should have so much affinity with those at *!Ameib*."

Mountains and Mountain Ranges.

It has somewhere been said that scientific men use facts merely as pegs on which to hang theories; but I have not yet met with the parallel statement that builders use bricks merely as pegs on which to hang houses. And yet these statements are equally true, equally forcible. For just as the builder combines bricks which are his materials into a definite structure—a house, so does the scientific man combine facts, which are his materials, into a definite structure—a

[* It is by no means improbable that the lower figures were painted by an artist in a recumbent posture. I have found, in several caves, drawings so low, that the artists could not possibly have executed them in any other but a recumbent position; the ground below being solid rock, not covered with sand or soil.—*Note by Mr. H. C. Schunke.*]

theory. To construct a good house, however, the builder must have good bricks, and must put them together with the utmost precision and accuracy. For the bricks nature supplies the material in abundance and purity; but the material may be badly selected, the brick ill-moulded or imperfectly burnt,—perhaps both. A house built of such materials will be, with the utmost care in construction, but a sorry structure. On the other hand, the builder may be careless or ignorant: in which case, with the best of bricks, his house will be a failure. Greater still will be the failure if a careless and ignorant builder attempt to construct a house with bricks badly moulded, imperfectly burnt, and made from ill-chosen material. Except for the sake of symmetry of statement, the parallel case need scarcely be set down. To frame a true theory the man of science must have accurate facts. Such are supplied by nature without stint. But *they* also may be ill-selected and carelessly observed, while the inferred facts, deduced from them, may be faulty from carelessness of observation or inaccuracy of inference,—perhaps both. A theory built of such facts will be, with the utmost care in construction, but a sorry structure. On the other hand, the theorist may be careless or ignorant. In which case with the best of facts his theory will be widely divergent from the truth. Wider still will be the divergence if a careless and ignorant theorist attempt to frame a theory from ill selected, carelessly observed, or erroneously inferred facts.

That the parallel above drawn would be much closer did a *condensation* of the bricks take place during house-building, will no doubt strike the reader. The truth that a theory is an *essence of facts* is altogether lost sight of in this illustration, which necessarily shares the imperfections inherent in all such arguments from analogy.

There are, perhaps, few subjects on which there is more misapprehension than on that of scientific theory. We sometimes hear it said that this or that branch of science is not yet sufficiently advanced for theorizing to begin. Then, it may be answered, it is not sufficiently advanced to be a branch of science at all. Science implies generalization: without generalization there can be no science: ungeneralized science is a contradiction in terms. Again it is sometimes said that theory usurps the place of fact; which statement implies a necessary distinction between theory and fact; implies also a forgetfulness of the truth that theory is the essence of fact. While, however, it is necessary to bear this in mind, that generalization is that which distinguishes science from ordinary knowledge; while it is essential to remember that without theory there can be no such thing as science at all,—it is none the less essential to bear in mind in what points theory is liable to error. Compounded as it is of facts of two orders—facts of observation and, derived from these, facts of inference, it is necessarily liable to errors of two orders, errors of observation and errors of inference. In the well verified

experimental observations of chemistry and physics, and in the accurate inferences obtained by the aid of mathematics, both these errors are reduced to a minimum. But in the more complex sciences of Geology and Biology, this reduction of error cannot be carried so far. Nor is this to be wondered at. For it is the characteristic of the concrete sciences, such as Geology, that they are not, like the abstract sciences, Logic and Mathematics, occupied with relation in general apart from related things, nor like the abstract-concrete sciences, Physics and Chemistry, with the relations between one antecedent and one consequent (or at most between some few antecedents cut off in imagination from all others, and some few consequents similarly cut off), but with infinitely more involved relations, each of which has for its terms a complete complex of antecedents and a complete complex of consequents.

In the following attempt, therefore, to set forth the relations between the sedimentary, metamorphic, plutonic, and volcanic rocks, it is freely admitted that in certain points the conclusions may partake of that error to which all the generalizations of concrete science are subject.

That the so-called crust of the earth is built up of layers, technically called strata, laid down horizontally, for the most part beneath the waters of the ocean or of large lakes, and composed of materials derived from the waste of pre-existing land, is a conclusion at any rate as old as the writing of Hutton, of Edinburgh. But that both waste and the products of waste are, directly or indirectly, the result of *sun-heat*, is a generalization of more modern times. In the complementary studies of strata building and denudation, the geologist devotes his attention to the constructive and destructive effects wrought by this sun-heat; while in studying the elevations and depressions of the earth's surface he devotes his attention to the effects of that *earth-heat*, which is complementary to the action of sun-heat. It is begininng to be generally admitted that all geological action* is the result of the antagonistic effects of the forces of sun-heat and earth-heat.

Descending now from this highest generalization concerning the sedimentary rocks, which attributes their formation to the action of sun-heat, to generalizations of a lower order, we find that these rocks fall naturally into two great groups according as they are the results of *inorganic* or *organic* forces; and that each of these groups is subdivisable into two classes. Strata of inorganic origin may be due to *Mechanical* or to *Chemical* action. Of rocks mechanically formed the series of Delta beds now being deposited at the mouths of the Ganges and Brahmapootra, may serve as an example. The turbid waters of these rivers carry seawards during the space of a single year sufficient material to build three hundred and ninety such pyramids as the Great Pyramid of Egypt, which is computed to

* Omitting that due to the *tides*.

weigh six million tons. All this material is mechanically suspended in the water, not dissolved as sugar may be dissolved, but floating in the condition of minute solid particles, like the mud-grains in the waters of a South African rainy-season streamlet. When we consider that the yearly rainfall on the southern slopes of the Khasia Hills amounts to some five hundred inches; when we consider, too, that the Ganges-Brahmapootra Delta is the collecting ground of the products of waste along the southern slopes of the highest mountains in the world, we shall scarcely wonder at the vast amount of that waste as evidenced by the quantity of matter suspended in the waters of these rivers. Nor when we consider further the length of time during which these rivers must have flowed in approximately their present course, shall we regard it as a matter for surprise that, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, a boring was carried for a distance of four hundred and eighty-one feet through clay, sand, and gravel, the products of mechanical agency, and that, even at that depth the basement beds of the Delta were not reached. To the rocks thus resulting from the mechanical action of rivers, which may be regarded as the carriers from higher to lower levels of the matter washed off the land surface by rain, and of the matter scooped out of the mass of a Continent by the rivers themselves, as they deepen the valleys or gorges through which they flow, must be added those which result from the mechanical action of glaciers, which may be regarded as the carriers from higher to lower levels of the matter riven from high mountains by frost, and the matter eroded from the surface of the rocks by the ice of the glacier itself in its flow. And to both of these must be added those strata, deposited at moderate distances from the shore line, which the sea builds up of the rearranged matter abraded from the cliffs by the action of the waves, aided by rain and wind, frost and sunshine.

Of rocks formed by chemical agency, the lodes and other deposits of metallic minerals, the discovery of which has raised man from the stone-chipping savage into the metal-working civilized being, form one class of examples; another class of illustrations being afforded by the beds of rock salt, selenite, and other like materials, which result from the evaporation of lagoons shut off from the sea, such as that in the Gulf of Cutch in Eastern India, or of lakes without outlets, such as the Dead Sea and the Salt Lake of Utah in North America. That the action here is partly, perhaps mainly, molecular, consisting of the drawing together by crystallization of the particles held in solution by the water may be unhesitatingly admitted. But that chemical affinity also plays its part is I think certain, and justifies the classification here adopted. If the view that dolomite results from the reaction occurring between carbonate of lime and sulphate of magnesium in solution be correct, this magnesian limestone affords us a further illustration of the effects of chemical action.

Of rock masses formed by vital action, no inconsiderable portion

of the earth's crust is composed ; for peat, coal, limestone, and some siliceous beds are the products of living organisms. Such organisms being divisible into two great groups, *vegetal* and *animal*, it follows that their products should be similarly divisible ; and it is possible to subdivide these products still further according to the characters of the producing organisms. Here, however, this need not be done. It is sufficient merely to indicate the nature of the formations. That peat is chiefly formed of those vegetal organisms, known as *sphagna*, is the result of direct observation, since this material is being formed in our own times. And that coal is in some cases composed of the much altered stems, leaves, and twigs, of now extinct plants, and in others, as for instance the Tasmanite of Tasmania, and the well-known better bed coal of Bradford, mainly if not entirely, of the macrospores and microspores of plants allied to modern club mosses, is an inference of the highest order of certainty. Turning now to the second class of organic rocks, we may take as instance of the calcareous products of animal life, the grey ooze or modern chalk now being formed over so large an area of the ocean bed by a continuous rain of the minute foraminiferal shells of globigerinæ, and the coral masses encircling many Pacific Islands, and stretching for a thousand miles along the East Coast of Australia. How great a proportion of the vertical thickness of the earth's crust is built up of limestones, due to organic life, will be remembered even by those who are acquainted with merely the rudiments of Geology ; while the horizontal extent of these formations is not less striking ; instance the nummulitic limestone, which is found in the Swiss Alps, which occurs in Algeria and Morocco, and has been traced from Egypt, where it was largely quarried of old for the building of the Pyramids, into Asia Minor, and across Persia by Bagdad to the mouths of the Indus ; which has been observed not only in Cutch, but in the mountain ranges which separate Scinde from Persia ; and has been followed still further eastward into India, as far as Eastern Bengal and the frontiers of China. Less important than the calcareous products, but still by no means unimportant, are the siliceous products of animal life. In certain areas of the Pacific Ocean, where the depth is too great for the accumulation of globigerinæ (the shells of which dissolve in passing through so great a thickness of water, leaving only a slight residue of red clay), there is being formed a siliceous deposit, known as radiolarian ooze, composed of microscopic shells of exquisite shape and glassy transparency. A geological formation of like character is found both in Barbadoes and the Nicobar Islands ; and so close is the resemblance between the radiolarian shells obtained during soundings in the Pacific by H M.S. *Challenger* in 1873, and those from the so-called Barbadoes earth, that I am unable to distinguish between the two microscopic slides on which my specimens of each are mounted, without reference to the label. A somewhat similar material, known as diatomaceous ooze, is found over an area as much as four hundred miles in length and two hundred in breadth,

along the flanks of the Victoria Barrier. These diatom shells, or siliceous envelopes of microscopic plants, which compensate for their extreme minuteness by their extraordinary abundance, are world-wide in their distribution, and have accumulated to form geological deposits of considerable thickness and extent in Bohemia and in Richmond, United States. When we bear in mind the fact, proved by Ehrenberg, that by the percolation of water such formations may be so altered by solution and redeposition as to become opal-like rock, in which all organic structure is well nigh obliterated, and that many structureless flinty rocks may therefore be of vital origin, we shall admit that the siliceous products of organic life are not inconsiderable.

How all orders of the phenomena of strata-building are referable to the play of sun-heat, may here be briefly pointed out. Both the river flowing seawards, and bearing to the Delta the products of mechanical waste, and the glacier, creeping downwards from the mountain flank with its freight of frost-riven fragments, are the results of the action of gravitation* on water particles, liquid or solid, raised to a height above the sea-level. But how raised? The rain shower and snowstorm alike show that they are borne to the area of precipitation by the wind. That the existence of wind is due to differences of temperature, the results of sun-heat, and that the vapour of water present in that wind is due to oceanic evaporation, also the result of sun-heat, are facts of too general observation to require any detailed exposition. To the friction of the wind on the surface of the sea, on the other hand, are due those waves which effect the destruction of cliffs, and the redeposition of their component particles along the shore line. We need only bear in mind the facts that the saline particles borne into salt lakes are carried thither by rivers, and that the lode materials are probably deposited from water which has filtered downwards from the surface, to recognise the phenomena of chemical action as also due to sun-heat. While in the fact that all living organisms require a raised temperature for their existence, in the fact that plants decompose the carbonic acid and water, whence they obtain their carbon and hydrogen, only under the influence of sunlight, and in the further fact that the calcareous and siliceous matter of which marine organisms form their shells and tests are conveyed to the sea by rivers, we have cumulative evidence that organic action too is dependent upon sun-heat.

Thus far we have considered only the elements of which the framework of mountains and mountain chains, in common with the framework of the earth's crust in general, is composed. The proportions in which these elements exist varies of course in varying districts. But it may be taken as true that, in any district, by far the greater part of these strata have been deposited beneath the sea, or

* To the criticism that gravitation has at least as much to do with the action of rivers and glaciers as has sun-heat, it may be answered that without sun-heat the snow or water could never have been raised into such a position as to be acted on by gravitation.

in Delta areas, but slightly raised above the sea-level. And our next step will be to see how the rocks thus formed have been raised above the waters of the ocean.

That the mass of the earth is gradually cooling during secular refrigeration, is a conclusion forced upon us by the consideration of many facts. Well-shafts and borings, after passing through a surface layer, which is affected by solar radiation, meet with temperatures continually increasing at a rate of 1° Fah. for about every sixty feet of descent. Hot springs and geysers, and above all the melted rock ejected by volcanoes, point to an elevated internal temperature within our planet; while the results of astronomical and physical determinations of the mean density of the earth are regarded as further proof of the same fact, if further proof be needed. And it results from the well-known laws of conductivity, that a body thus possessed of high temperature will continue to undergo refrigeration by radiation, until it acquires, in process of secular time, the temperature of surrounding space. Apart, therefore, from any hypothetical view of the origin of the earth, from which this continually decreasing temperature of our planet would follow *a priori*, we may regard it as established *a posteriori* that such a diminution of temperature *is* in progress. From which diminution a gradual shrinkage of the earth must result; and the shrinkage being irregular, owing to the irregular disposition of the strata, continental and oceanic areas must also result.

Leaving for the time the exposition in this undeveloped condition, let us now turn aside from our main line of thought to consider the conditions under which the strata occur in continental areas generally, and in mountain ranges in especial, and also to notice the occurrence of certain rocks which exhibit none of the phenomena of stratification.

The strata as examined by the Geologist, in natural exposures and in artificial quarries, differ from the strata as formed by the agencies above indicated mainly in their increased hardness and compactness of structure. Take, as example, the sandstone of Table Mountain, which is harder and more compact than the sand layers anywhere deposited in modern times. By what forces, then, has this change in the rocks been brought about? Mainly by pressure and heat; but in some cases also by the percolation of water, bearing mineral matter in solution. The gardener drawing a heavy roller over the softened gravel path, and the school-boy baking the marble which he has made out of soft clay, afford trivial but instructive examples of the hardening effects of pressure and heat. When, therefore, we remember that many of the more ancient rocks, now exposed at the surface, have been buried beneath superincumbent strata some miles in thickness, and when we further remember that the rocks thus buried possessed a temperature increased by about 90° for every mile of such superincumbent strata, we shall readily admit that in these cases there can have been no lack of the agents of change Of the hardening effect of percolating water the conversion of diatomaceous ooze into opal-

like rock, already mentioned, affords a typical example. That the final dessication, or almost complete withdrawal of water from the rocks, assists in the hardening process, is a fact which must not remain unnoticed—a fact of which we are reminded whenever, in crossing the bed of a nearly dry streamlet, we pass from the part which is dry and hard to the part which is wet and soft.

On passing from a general continental area to that specialized portion which we call a mountain chain, we pass also from a general to a special type of structure. Whereas in the continental area in general the rocks are moderately hard, and do not diverge widely from a horizontal position, in mountain ranges the rocks are not only exceedingly hard, but are also much altered in appearance, and at the same time are bent and folded upon themselves into violent contortions and ridges. Along the axis, too, of a mountain chain, though not here alone, are generally found those masses of granite rock concerning which there has been so much controversy. That granite is in some cases, as in Devon and Cornwall, marked off by a hard line from the adjoining rock sending veins into them ; and that, in such cases, it has burst through or eaten its way into them *intrusively*, there can be no shadow of doubt. But that in some cases, as in Donegal, it is interstratified with undoubtedly bedded deposits, and that in yet other cases, as in the Pyrennees, it shades off gradually and imperceptibly into ordinary derivative strata, seems to be not less certain. To which conclusions, add that arrived at by Prof. Judd in Mull and in the Schemnitz district, and by others elsewhere, that granite shades off also imperceptibly into the acidic lava flows of volcanoes of the past.

Under one of its aspects, then, granite appears as an extreme result of that alteration of the rocks which is known as metamorphism, and it is more than possible, it is even highly probable, that under all circumstances this was the mode of origin of the rock.

Concerning those contortions of the rocks which are characteristic of mountain chains, and which have been carried in some instances so far as to cause a local inversion of the strata, only this need here be pointed out: that they are obviously due to lateral pressure, to a squeezing together of the rocks into a shorter space than they originally occupied. Of this lateral pressure bold contortions are not the sole results. For not only has slate acquired that vertical or nearly vertical cleavage, which has been proved, both by microscopic examination and by imitative experiments on wax and other substances, to be the effect of powerful and long applied pressure at right angles to the cleavage planes ; but the ultimate layers of which the strata are built up, and even the finest laminations exhibit the most complex foldings.

We are now in a position to resume the main thread of our argument, which this necessary digression has unavoidably broken into.

Given a planet, such as that upon which we live, heated within, but relatively cool on its exterior surface, slowly radiating its stores

of heat into surrounding space, and the result must be a gradual contraction of its mass. If now, granting a homogeneous interior, the external layers, through which the internal heat must pass during radiation, have over the whole surface of the globe the same conducting powers, the cooling and consequent contraction along each radius must be equal, and the earth must therefore obtain its symmetry of form, and be covered by an universal ocean. This is, however, obviously not the present condition of our earth.

If, on the other hand, radiation takes place more readily in some directions than in others, then it must follow that areas of greater conductivity will cool more rapidly, and therefore contract more rapidly, than areas of less conductivity, and the earth must therefore lose its symmetry of form, and present diversities of continents and oceans, the water collecting over the more conductive areas of shorter radii. This clearly much more closely represents the present condition of our earth. That the process thus begun would not be checked by the accumulation of water over the areas of greater conductivity, is rendered highly probable when we remember the well-known power that water possesses of transmitting heat by convection, a process by which the heated particles below, rendered lighter by their increased temperature, give place to colder particles above, which rise in turn and convey with them the heat which they have acquired.

In this way the production and maintenance of continental and oceanic areas may be readily accounted for, by the application to the problem of sound principles of science. But so far we have no explanation of the phenomena of mountain chains.

No sooner, however, does the land area appear above the ocean surface than it is acted on by rain, rivers, and all the agents of geological denudation, the products of continental waste accumulating, as has been already described, in strata beneath the sea. How vast is the mass of stratified material thus built up every geologist knows well. But the point upon which stress must be laid is "that *the preliminary stage in the formation of every mountain system has consisted in a long-continued depression of the area which is afterwards to become its site; and in consequence of this prolonged subsidence, the accumulation of an enormous thickness of stratified rocks.*" This, it must be carefully noted, is not an *a priori* deduction, but the result of careful observation on the Appalachian chain, the Green Mountains, and other American ranges, and on the Alps in Europe.

"In proof of this prolonged and continuous depression in the Alpine region," writes Mr. Judd, "we may appeal to a number of well-known geological facts. In the first place, it must be remarked that almost every member of the Mesozoic and older Eocene formations has attained in the Alpine regions its maximum of thickness and development. Secondly, we must bear in mind that of the periods which in surrounding districts are totally unrepresented by sedimentary deposits (indicating that these areas were not, during the periods

in question, subjected to depression, but rather, as shown by numerous and marked unconformities, were the scenes of elevation and denudation), we find in the same Alpine regions most important and interesting representatives. Thus the Trias, which over so large a part of Northern Europe exhibits evidences only of the prevalence of terrestrial and lacustrine conditions, is represented in the Alps by an enormous thickness of strata, crowded with the forms of marine life of the period. The Rhœtic, which finds so inadequate a development in other parts of Europe, is in the Alps a grand formation several thousands of feet in thickness, which completely bridges over the interval between the Triassic and Jurassic. Similarly, the great break which in other areas exists between the Jurassic and Neocomian, and is so often marked by strong unconformity, or the prevalence of land surfaces and lacustrine deposits, does not exist in Alpine regions; but on the contrary a formation, not unfrequently thousands of feet in thickness, and yielding an interesting fauna of intermediate character, links the two together; so that the transitions from Jurassic to Tithonian, and from Tithonian to Neocomian, are alike imperceptible. Even the very general unconformity at the base of the Cretaceous finds no place in some parts of the Alpine area, for highly fossiliferous deposits unite the highest members of the Neocomian with the oldest beds of the Cretaceous. Lastly, even the greatest gap of all, that between the Mesozoic and Tertiary deposits, is found to be bridged over in the Alps; and in the midst of the thick masses of the Vienna and Carpathian sandstones it is impossible to draw lines that may serve to divide these elsewhere distinctly separated periods. In short, in the Alpine districts we seem to have clear proof that from the commencement of the Triassic to the close of the Nummulitic period continual subsidence, attended by constant deposition, was going on, and that the interruptions or reversals of this movement were only local and partial, and unattended with any wide-spread effects."

To these direct proofs that the pre-Alpine area was an area of long-continued subsidence may be added certain indirect confirmations; instance the presence of coral-reefs and the absence of volcanoes, both, as was long ago shown by Mr. Darwin, evidences of depression, and the marked diversities between the fauna of the north and south of Europe during Mesozoic times, diversities which the existence of an intervening deep-water area readily explains.

And how, it will doubtless be asked, could this prolonged subsidence determine an axis of future elevation? In what way was the deposition of a thickness of some forty thousand feet of stratified deposits, a preparation for the upheaval of a mountain chain, whose culminating peak even now rises more than fifteen thousand feet above the sea level? What cause or causes eventually brought about a reversal of this long-continued depression due to the irregular escape of earth-heat?

That the accumulation of great masses of sedimentary matter

necessarily involves the invasion of the lower layers by the internal heat of the earth, is a fact to which attention was drawn independently by Mr. Scrope and by Mr. Babbage. A little consideration will make it clear that if the depression of the sinking area be due to the somewhat excessive escape of earth-heat over that area, there must take place this gradual rise of the geoisotherms, as the invasion of the sedimentary layers by internal heat is technically called. For if it do not take place, then the gradual thickening of the badly-conducting sedimentary matter must check the escape of earth-heat, and cause a sensation of subsidence. Note now the implications of this important truth. Remembering that the mean increase of underground temperature at one degree for every fifty-eight feet we descend into the earth—and in the area of somewhat excessive radiation the increase will be somewhat more rapid—bearing in mind also the well-established fact of the presence of included water in all sedimentary deposits, we shall be in a position to admit that, at a depth of considerably less than forty thousand feet, the rocks would undergo an incipient change, a change which would ere long result in a process of segregation; that at a somewhat increased depth the change would be more marked, producing more or less complete metamorphism; and that at a still greater depth, but one probably less than forty thousand feet, the rocks would be in that state of agneo igneous fusion which results in the production of granite and allied rocks.

Thus by the combined action of fire and water are produced those specialized elements of which, as we have seen, mountain ranges, as opposed to continental areas in general, are composed. They have still, however, to undergo that process of elevation which shall give them their true place in the physical system of the world.

A new fact must here be introduced, a fact not difficult of realization. That cooling and contraction in our globe go hand in hand has already been pointed out. It still remains to draw attention to a necessary result of the process of contraction, which result is the production of *lateral pressure*. Given, a globe of any dimensions over which a stratified crust has been deposited, and it must follow that any diminution of its size must be accompanied by a diminution of the superficial area of any given portion of its surface, which diminution can only be effected by the squeezing together of all the particles which form and underlie the given area, and this squeezing together is the lateral pressure in question. Take a ripe apple freshly plucked from the tree: upon its glossy surface mark with a pair of compasses four points which shall mark the four corners of an area of a square inch, and place the apple in a slow oven. The heat will cause much of the juice in the interior to evaporate, and the apple, when taken from the oven, will be found to have decreased in size. The points marked out with the compasses will no longer enclose a square inch; and the lateral pressure, produced by contraction, will have caused the skin to pucker up in wrinkles. This well-worn and homely illustration enables us to realise the

lateral pressure which is the result of the secular contraction of our globe.

The *a priori* conclusion, thus deduced as a necessary result of the contraction of our globe, is fully borne out, as has already been more than hinted, by the practical observations of geologists, in the field and in the study ; and it is in mountain ranges that the effects of lateral pressure attain their maximum development. *There* it is that bold contortions, minute foldings, and slaty cleavage force themselves on the attention of the close student of nature. " Taking an ideal cube of the original unsqueezed mass, the average rates (according to the observations of Sorby and Haughton) of the greatest diameter to the least diameter becomes, after squeezing, as *six to one.* Suppose then a mass of sediments ten thousand feet thick, subjected to horizontal pressure and crushing sufficient to develop well-marked cleavage structure, a breadth of two-and-a-half miles would be crushed into one mile, and ten thousand feet thickness would be swelled to twenty-five thousand feet, making an actual elevation of the surface of fifteen thousand feet "

That the area of long-continued subsidence and of long-continued strata-building should be that which affords a line of weakness along which should occur the crushing, crumpling, and ridging up of the rocks, which result in the production of a mountain chain, will not be a matter of surprise, when we bear in mind that on the one hand the upper layers are still soft and yielding from the fact of their recent deposition beneath water, and that the lower layers are invaded and thrown into a state of agneo-igneous fusion by the invasion of the internal earth-heat. The process of upheaval thus commenced would continue until the accumulated force of lateral pressure had found sufficient relief. And in addition to the primary effect,—that of lifting up the vast mass of strata into a ridge with a central granitic axis surrounded by contorted metamorphosed strata,—there would follow certain secondary effects, many of which are beyond our powers of analysis. This much, however, seems probable : that by the transformations of force which must take place, the chemical and thermal effects produced by the direct action of internal earth-heat would be increased and intensified.

It must not be imagined that the elevation of a mountain chain is effected instantaneously by a sudden world-shaking convulsion. On the contrary, the process is in all probability steplike and gradual, each increase of height being possibly accompanied by an earthquake, such as that which shook Conception, when the coast of Chili was raised several feet. Observations of Mr. Darwin on the Cordillera Mountains of South America led him to believe that those mountains had been raised some twelve thousand feet by a *gradual and prolonged* upheaving process. Nor must it be imagined that the period of elevation is broken by no minor periods of depression. On the contrary, many mountain ranges present evidences of repeated oscillations of elevation and depression—oscillations which are best

accounted for by the irregular transmission of heat by conduction from one part of the subterranean matter to another, a process which must be accompanied by expansions and contractions. Nor, again, must it be imagined that the results of agneo-igneous fusion were ever poured forth at the surface. That the molten rock forming the granitic axis, whether retaining the position of its metamorphic origin, or intruded into the surrounding rock-masses, never reached the light of day in a molten condition, but solidified deep down beneath the surface, is now regarded as abundantly proved.

Connected with the upheaval, and one of the most marked of the phenomena attending mountain formation, is the manifestation of volcanic action. Taking the Alps as our example, we find abundant evidence that during the elevation of that chain a belt of volcanoes, which reached the climax of their activity during the final periods of Alpine upheaval, stretched all around the central masses of these mountains and of their ramifying chains. Of the northern belt of Alpine volcanoes no single vent now remains in activity, but to the south, Etna and Santorin, Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Vulcano, "still retain something of the fires of their youth." That the development of volcanic activity should take place along the flanks and not along the axis of the mountain chain, will not cause surprise if we bear in mind the great thickening of the sedimentary layers which marks the axial line, and the strengthening afforded by the crumpling together of the sediments and the conversion into metamorphic rock or into crystalline granite. Under such conditions the lines of weakness through which portions of the melted rock beneath were urged by the expansive force of steam would rather be "at the lines of juncture of this thickened and strengthened mass with the surrounding normally developed series of stratified rocks."

To the mountain ranges formed in the manner which has in the foregoing pages been gradually unfolded, the mountain range which we see bear only such resemblance as the finished Venus de Medici bears to the rough hewn block of Carrara marble from which it has been carved. The mountaineer who stands on the summit of a Swiss snow-peak, and gazes down on the grandest sight which this world of ours can present to his view, sees before him a surface as truly carved and sculptured as any product of the human sculptor's chisel. Rain and streams, frost and glaciers, are still carrying on their work beneath his eyes The granite on which he stands has been laid bare only after the removal of the vast accumulations beneath which it had crystallized into resisting hardness. The long valley, with its glacier-polished sides, has been carved out by streams, such as that which even now silvers in the sunshine. How vast is the amount of matter removed during the process of mountain sculpture may be gathered from the calculations of Professor Ramsay, who believes *that the mass of rocks removed from the Alps since their first formation exceeds that which now remains.*

It has been said that Science robs Nature of her poetry. Let the

reader judge, however, which of two mountaineers standing side by side on the mountain summit, the one conversant with, or the one ignorant of, the facts of mountain building, will be filled with the deeper emotion. The latter may perhaps recall snatches of verse in ancient or in modern tongue. The former sees lying before him Nature-poem written by the finger of God.

C. Lloyd Morgan.

Rondebosch.

Richard Singleton;

OR, HOW I SETTLED IN NATAL.

CHAPTER III.

I GO UP COUNTRY.

I stormed the town hill next day, and took some time to reach the summit, but my pony fell lame half way up. He reported himself dead beat at last, and I had to put him into the next inn stable to rest, and, after resting for a while myself, I walked to the waterfall, in whose white torrent the Umgeni River falls some 350 feet between its verdant banks. On my return to the inn, I found the pony still so tired, that I determined to walk on to the next inn, some sixteen miles off. I trudged along the road for a long time, but then finding it monotonous, I tried the downs (or veldt, as it is called in Natal) and there I pushed forward through the cool evening air. On and on I went, and for upwards of an hour I kept the main road in sight. Then I began thinking of one thing and another, and forgot my road eye—forgot that there was a road, or that I was on a journey. I suppose that my limbs moved by reflex action—and a fatiguing thing that is—for I was aroused from my reverie by an aching in my legs, the like of which I had only experienced after a long Alpine climb. I stood still, and remembered where I was. I saw the moon shining upon a silver line ahead of me, and then, an instant after, her light was clouded over, and I was left to wonder what that silver line might be. I did not wonder long, for rushing water told me that it was a river.

"Here's a pretty go," thought I. "There's not a human sound to be heard; night is coming on; I have lost my way; and am uncommon hungry and tired!"—so tired, that I determined to sleep where I was; and, having taken a pull at my brandy-flask, I covered myself with grass and a few things from my haversack, and, with a hurried good-night to the Southern Cross above me, I made for the true land of dreams.

Very cold, and covered with a grass insect known to all travellers in South Africa, I woke at dawn, and re-packed my valise. Then, on looking round, to my intense disgust I saw smoke ascending from a hillside not a hundred yards off; and, on going forward a little, I discovered a shanty by the river side. There I, a poor fool, just fresh from all the comforts of an English home, had gone shivering to sleep in the grass, within hail of human beings, who, ten to one, were not cannibals.

I went towards the cottage, and saw some cows and pigs outside. I went on, and knocked at the door. On this a voice from within exclaimed,

"Blest if that cow ain't loose again!"

"Darn the smoke!" returned a stiffled voice.

"You b'aint ablowin' hard enough, Jack."

"Not ablowin'! me! what next! You just take a turn at it; there's scarce a breath left in my body for blowin' at this cussed fire."

"There's the cow again!"

"Ain't you dressed, then? Go and see what's wrong with her; she keeps knocking like a human bein'."

The door was then opened by a dirty-looking man of middle age, in his shirt and trowsers.

"Blest if it's a cow at all. Why, it's a man!" he exclaimed.

"I lost my way last night," said I; "and sleeping in the grass is cold work. May I come in and warm myself?"

"Sure—ly. Come you in, and, when this cussed fire is lit, you shall have a warm, and welcome. Here, Jack,"—and the speaker held the door wide open for me to enter.

"What be you making such a fuss about?" enquired a voice that I now discovered to proceed from the fireplace. The owner of it was nearly invisible, from the volumes of smoke that were issuing from thence.

"Take the trouble to look round, Jack, and you'll see for yourself what I'm after," said my host.

"If it ain't a man!" returned Jack, looking round and coming up to me, rubbing his eyes with an excessively grimy hand, which he then offered for my acceptance. There was no shake in it, no firmness or grasp, but the fellow looked his welcome, and I my gratitude, from tearful eyes.

For, reader, let me give you a hint: if you have to go to a house of mourning, and don't care one rap for mourned or bereaved, then first light a wood fire in your grate; stop up every aperture in the room, including the chimney, and, at the end of ten minutes, you will be able to weep with those who weep, to any extent whatever.

"Frozen, eh?" asked one of my acquaintances.

"I was, but I am coming to now, thanks."

"Coffee 'll be ready before long," said the other.

"Yes, and I must go on blowin'. Drat the smoke; that's what I

say," remarked the man whose name was Jack; for the man who had opened the door, now said to me,

"Our name is King—*he's* Jack, I'm Dick."

"So am I," I said. I am Richard Singleton, just come from England, and on my way to a Captain Beresford's farm."

"Out of the way to it, you mean. Ha, ha," answered the King who was not blowing the fire.

"How so?" said I.

"Well, if you can get back to the main road, to which our house lies just at about right angles and a long way off, you may find Captain Beresford, but the Lord only knows how I am to direct you to it from here,—begging your pardon for blasphemy; but I meantersay it's more than mortal knows, it is, how to direct you from here. I might say, go to the right till you come to an ant-heap, then go to the left till ye come to another, then shift about and make for an oleader tree; but, Lor! what good will that be to you? Howsoever, I'll try my best to help you."

"Water's bilin', Dick," said a sepulchral voice from the fireplace.

There was a solemn silence in the room while the coffee was being made, and soon I was given a cup of a beverage the most delicious in taste and fragrance. Men and women who live in the wilds come to think much of a cup of good tea or coffee, and learn how to make it well. I should astonish my mother and sisters now were I to make their tea or coffee for them. No weak "slops" for me; no beverage made with lukewarm water and left to draw (or rather sketch, if weak) for hours.

"That's good," I said, putting down my empty cup.

"I should rayther think it was," said Mr. Jack, filling my cup again.

"Come, now, and fall to; here's some cold beef, if you can eat it."

"Eat it! You shall judge of my powers of eating cold beef, sir, if you will."

"Surely. Sit down on that chair, please; I do believe it has four legs," observed Mr. King the elder.

"I do believe it hasn't," said Mr. Jack; "but it's a good un', and a match for most chairs, though it has but three legs."

Another silence ensued while we satisfied the pangs of hunger, and then pipes were brought out, and conversation began.

"You're walking, d'ye say?" asked one of the brothers.

"Yes, just now I am."

"We never walk in this country; new comers do, but they soon give over."

"D'ye mean to say that you *have* been ridin'?" asked Mr. Jack.

"Yes, I have."

"Then, where is your horse?"

"Well, I don't know," I answered; for this was indeed a question that I had been asking myself for some little time past.

"Rum, that," said my catechist, turning to his brother.

"Not at all," said his brother, fearing to seem distrustful and discourteous; but his eyes reflected his brother's thought, and "rum that" was the expression they wore.

We puffed away in silence for some time, during which the brothers looked me over, and came apparently to the decision that I was a gentleman, and not a "tramp," for the next remark was to the effect that they would lend me a horse—"blest if they wouldn't!"

"I never refuse a good offer, but how is he to get back?"

"On his legs!"

"Alone?" I asked, finding laconic speech was the order of the day.

They laughed.

"Not that he wouldn't, the old chap, but I think Captain Beresford had better lend you a nigger to bring him."

"A what?" I asked, not catching the unaccustomed word.

"A nigger: that is a Kafir, or a native; every one has a different name and treatment for the fellows."

"Poor creatures! How puzzling it must be."

"Uncommon. Walloped in one family, kicked in another, treated over-familiarly in others, and only treated as men and servants in a precious few. It's the young men that go into such extremes—a-kickin' and swearin' one day, and telling them their private secrets and ideas the next. Jack and I, *we* manages well: we keep 'em at work from mornin' till night, and feeds 'em well, and never wallops. I couldn't lay a finger on a fellow that ain't as strong as I myself; and how can these chaps be so, when I live on beef and beer, and they live on porridge simple?"

"About that horse, Dick," put in Jack.

"Have him saddled up sharp!" was the response.

The horse was soon brought round to the door, and I said good-bye, and prepared to mount; but the animal no sooner felt my foot in the stirrup than he began to quiver and shake violently.

"Has he the ague?" I asked.

"Not he; only fresh, he is, and likes to shake a bit at starting. He once shook some one off, and has tried on the same trick ever since. You had better start before he begins again."

I did so, accompanied for a short time by the brothers, who did their best to instruct me in the way wherein I should go, and then, having seen me off, parted from me.

There is nothing pleasanter than the fresh, cool, buoyant morning air, especially when one is fortified by a good breakfast. At my age, I ought to have been above all such considerations; but I was not; and even my most sentimental reader would wish me to adhere to truth.

For a long time I kept to a path, and the old horse and I enjoyed ourselves to such an extent, that one of us began to sing aloud, and his joyous, if not harmonious, song rose high upon the

beeeze. After I while, I swear the path left me; it stopped abruptly, and I, from no fault of my own, was once more surrounded by grass, and saw no track nor any sign of human life. For one moment I fervently wished that my father had sent me to some friend in a more thickly-populated part of the world; then I went on in a direct line from where the path had broken off. I soon had cause to admire and bless those industrious ant-bears, which perforate the country, and insist upon our visiting their hospitable houses. The horse seemed to be used to this kind of ground, and I thought it best to let him alone; he skipped over a good many of those sweet places in a manner that did him credit. But at last I saw a yawning chasm a yard ahead. I said to myself, "I will not check my horse, for it is my only chance; I must let him canter on and clear the hole, or evade it, just as he likes." But who could refrain from giving the rein a tug under such circumstances? *I* could not. I pulled in, and horse and rider fell heavily into the chasm!

I scrambled up as soon as possible, and the horse, either from weakness or experience of life, lay perfectly still until I was ready to help him. Perhaps he was so accustomed to falling into holes, that he took the opportunity of snatching forty winks while there.

I felt very dirty and bruised, but seemed to have broken no bones nor dislocated any joints, for which I was glad. What more melancholy object can be imagined than a man with a dislocated arm or broken leg in the middle of an uninhabited country! I turned to my horse: "Come, old chap," I said; "one struggle more." I heaved at the rein until he rose to the surface of the earth; then, finding that he, too, was all right in the bones, I mounted and went on again, as I hoped, in the right direction.

"This must be the house," I thought, when, after about two hours' riding, I came upon a long, low-built cottage. "And here are the gum trees Mr. King told me of!" I had yet to learn that a row of solemn gum trees is no guide at all to a traveller—no mark of the farm belonging to any one in particular—for there are few farms that have no trees of the kind, and a colonist generally plants them or raises them from seed as soon as he takes up a piece of land in Natal.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WRONG HOUSE.

I dismounted at the gate, opened it, and, as it banged to after me, a flock of children rushed into the house, and announced an arrival.

"There's a man, ma!" said one voice.

"There's somebody come on a horse!" shrieked a second. And a baby voice echoed, "A man, ma!" after the others had ceased speaking.

Presently a tall weather-beaten woman came to the door, and I asked for Captain Beresford.

"Law!" she said; "he lives some twenty miles away, and you seem to have been travelling in all the heat of the day. Come in and rest."

"Thank you," I said, entering. I felt very much sold and down in the mouth on finding that I still had a good way to go before reaching my journey's end.

"Which way have you come?" asked my hostess, sitting down and pointing to a chair which she had placed for me.

"From a Mr. King's, where I breakfasted."

"Oh, dear! you have come out of your way; you should have turned off half-way between that and this, and you would have found Captain Beresford's wagon-road."

"I assure you, there was nothing to turn off from after I once got into the open country."

"I think you must be a stranger, for you have not yet learnt to call the grass-land the 'veldt'—a Dutch word that we all use out here."

"Yes, I'm a new comer; I came from England by last mail, and am on my way to Tiverton, as I believe Captain Beresford's farm is called."

"Yes; but you must retrace your steps before you can truly say that you are on your way to it; and I hope you will not leave us to-day; my husband is away till night, and he will like to see any friend of the Captain's."

I accepted the proffered hospitality. My hostess left me to order some refreshment. During her absence, I looked round the room, which was gloomy in the extreme; its whitewashed walls were yellow, and everything looked harsh and uncomfortable. No pretty work-tables were there—no piano—no sign of woman's occupancy. Books were huddled together far up on a ledge, which was formed by the unfinished state of the walls; pipes lay on a dirty chimney-piece; and the whole appearance of things seemed to me to proclaim that the lady of the house was over-worked, and found no time to spend upon the adornment of her sitting-room, or upon any of the refinements of life. I grew disconsolate, thinking that it might be my lot to live for years in such a cheerless house, and for some moments I remained absorbed in melancholy reflections of the kind. Suddenly, the door was burst open, and there dashed up to me a hissing, swishing mass. My mind took a bird's-eye view of all the tales I had ever heard—as I rose to my feet to do this flying dragon some mischief—when, behold! I discovered that it was a woman! On this I retreated, and, supposing that she must be blind, I drew aside to let her pass; but pass she would not; she drew up near me, seized my hand, and let all her silks, flowers, and ribbons bob into my face. Whether she kissed me or not, I could never be certain, so stunned was I by being thus taken possession of by her; so painful, too, was her grasp, bad enough alone, but rendered more vicious by the mass of rings that she wore.

"Pardon me, madam; you must mistake me for some one else," I exclaimed at last.

"Are you not Adolphus Jones, the promising son and heir of the dear friends whose hospitality I am enjoying?"

"Excuse me—no! My name is Singleton."

"Who would have thought it! Dear me! I thought you were the little Adolphus, whose sweet infantine ways used so to charm me," answered my dragon, twisting her mouth round into a smile.

I pitied young Jones, and thought of writing to warn him what was in store for him, but, unfortunately, I did not know where on earth he lived.

"Since we have broken the ice," resumed my new acquaintance, "let us remain friends."

"Oh, certainly!" I answered, striving to hide my feelings under an air of warm acquiescence, and then I was glad to see my enemy sink down heavily upon a horsehair sofa, and to know that her nervous system must have sustained a great shock on coming in contact with that rocky couch. "Perhaps she will be quiet now," I thought, and I sat quite still myself, for fear of disturbing her; and I daresay I looked very foolish and helpless, for what is so paralyzing to the masculine mind as the vicinity of a flighty woman of middle age who may choose any moment to make herself over-affable, or the reverse.

In my case "the revese" was chosen. I suppose that I didn't look enchanted, but, on the contrary, as if her languishing attitude was rather lost upon me, for my companion said at last,

"Well, you are not communicative, but I daresay you think the more. *I* do *my* thinking in private."

"I—beg your pardon," I stammered.

She bowed her head in a would-be stately manner, which made all the odds and ends of lace and flowers that were on it rise up like the crest of an irritated cock. This did not tend to calm my feelings, for I feared that the edifice would fall off, and leave her bald.

I rushed frantically into conversation, beginning with a remark on the beauty of the country.

"Oh, charming! delightful!" she answered; "and the houses are so spacious, there is almost room to 'swing a cat' in them."

That subject was a failure. I thought I would try the admiration dodge, so cast my eyes upon her hands, which were covered with rings, and looked whitish, if hard. Immediately a slippered foot was thrust out for my edification, and, grown bolder, I let my eyes fall on it in spite of a large "darn," as it is called, upon the instep, which was an eyesore to me. I gazed upon the toe of her slipper, and trusted to my young moustache to hide the smile that quivered on my lip.

"Such beautiful flowers grow in Natal!" I said, raising my eyes nd looking steadfastly at the flaring artificial marigolds or dandelosin in her hair.

"Ah, yes!" she murmured, casting up her bead-like black eyes; and then, to my intense relief, came a cheery voice from the passage. "Here," it said; "here, Enriquetta, my dear, come and help me, do; you know all the Kafirs have run away."

"What! again?" lisped "Enriquetta" (the only name I knew of for her there).

"Stuff and nonsense, 'again!' Why, you know that they have never come back since last great beef-eating. Come, do; the tray is heavy."

As my new acquaintance made no sign of moving, I sprang to the door and opened it to admit my hostess, carrying a tray laden with refreshments.

"I don't see that I can help you much, Susan," lisped the occupant of the sofa.

"No, thank you; I don't think you can *now*," answered Mrs. Jones. "And, now, Enriquetta, may I introduce this gentleman to you?"

"Bless you, we are old acquaintances, Mr. Simpleton and I!"

"Indeed! Do you know each other well?" enquired Mrs. Jones, turning to me.

"*Not exactly*," I answered. "In fact, I know this lady's name as little as she knows mine."

"Do you mean to say that you never heard of me—of Enriquetta Perkins?"

"*Never!*" I answered, bowing to the speaker.

"Well, well! then you don't know much of Natal. Everyone knows me; everyone is glad to see me," said Mrs. Perkins, putting on an innocent, gratified, and child-ilke manner.

"I know nothing of the Colony at present," I said; and then we gathered round the table and discussed pleasanter and more satisfactory things than Mrs. Perkins, in the shape of luncheon, for which I was by that time quite ready.

CHAPTER V.

ON AGAIN.

At night Mr. Jones appeared, looking very dusty and tired, and in his place I should have wished a strange visitor at Jericho; but human beings are so scarce in the country parts that they never come amiss to an old settler on a farm, whose nearest neighbour is eighteen or twenty miles distant. I found that Mr. Jones had a great admiration for Captain Beresford. "Not that I think he will ever make his fortune by farming," he said. "He is far too much of the easy-going English gentleman for that; not sharp enough by half in looking after his money; far too trusting, and gets cheated like a child now and then. I wish I lived nearer him, I would give him a wrinkle now and then."

Next day, after luncheon, I left the house, laden with messages to the Beresfords, and with instructions how to get to their farm. I rode slowly along, for the air was cool and pleasant, and I was in no hurry to get to my journey's end. Since meeting Mrs. Perkins I had begun to be rather shy of making new acquaintances. How terrible it would be if any of the Tiverton people were like her, or as disagreeable in their own line as she in hers. For I was in a manner bound to them for a while, I could not ride off and leave them—as I fondly imagined I had left Mrs. Perkins—for ever. I worked myself up into such a state of alarm that I with difficulty restrained myself from turning round and going in the opposite direction. Happily I did restrain myself, and coming at last to a river I tied my horse to a tree, and took a bath. I came out of the water in safety without having been chased by crocodiles, snakes, or any noxious creatures; but by that time my host's instructions had faded from my memory, and there I was surrounded as usual by a maze of paths that led I knew not where. I felt certain that I was not to cross the river, since Mr. Jones had only spoken of a narrow stream that would cross my path on its way, I supposed, to this very river. I retraced my steps for a mile or two, making for a group of huts that I saw to the left.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and it being dull, the grass fires gleamed brightly as they ran along in strange and varied shapes, and watching them as I rode slowly on I fell into a waking dream of some impossible future time, when the crescents, lines, and circles might be composed of houses instead of streams of fire; and the hum of voices, the roll of carts and carriages, and the chime of innumerable bells, might replace the quiet of the hills. Thus idly dreaming, I let my horse go his own way for a time, and he took me round the foot of the hill on which I had seen the huts, and took me up to a house situated in a pretty garden, and at the gate he stood and neighed. Some chord of memory had been struck apparently, but the poor beast was doomed to disappointment, for no one heard his greeting. The house was evidently deserted, but I marked it for a pleasant place; the inevitable gum trees were relieved by others of a more cheerful character; the house itself was of stone, and covered with a fine deep thatch roof, well bronzed by the sun. I stayed some minutes by the garden gate, admiring the orchard, the roses, and other flowers then coming into bud, and wondering why all was deserted. Then on I went again, choosing a well-beaten path which led me up a very steep hill, and I was beginning to doubt whether I should find the farm that evening, when I reached the top of the ascent, and saw another house below me. This one was inhabited, for I saw smoke ascending from its chimney, and a group of children playing on the grass near at hand. They are almost as much a part of the first view of a country house in Natal as are the gum trees, so much are they in the open air. They seemed in a moment to have caught sight of me and my horse looming out majestically from the

sky, for I saw a Kafir start up the hill to meet me, evidently sent by those below. He showed me the way down, and I reached the foot of the stony place without injury to man or beast. I rode up to the house, and was then hailed by a man who was standing under a tree at some little distance off.

"Will you be so good as to come here, for I'm afraid to leave this meat?" he shouted out.

I dismounted, and walked up to him, convinced that this *must* be Tiverton, and its master must be the fierce-looking mortal who stood before me. A more ferocious-looking man I had never seen, nor ever met a milder one than he turned out to be. When I first saw him he had a long knife in his hand, and was cutting up a poor innocent sheep to be food for him and his.

"Good day," he said; "I fancied that you were in difficulties up there, so I sent my boy to show you the path."

"Thank you, I should have been some time in finding the path without him. It is a steep hill indeed."

"Yes, I keep a fine hill here I allow, but that is not my front door entrance by any means; that road winding through the valley is my avenue; and how did you get up that hill, may I inquire?"

"I am from Maritzburg," I answered.

"Good Lord, Sir! Maritzburg lies in the opposite direction." He looked at me fixedly for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Yes, it *must* be, there is such a likeness,—surely you must be one of my friend Singleton's sons?"

"Yes, I'm Dick," I said, "and you, I think, are Captain Beresford?"

Had we been Frenchmen the next moment would have seen us clasped in a close embrace, from which I should not have shrank, although my new found friend's hands were dyed with the blood of the slain; but we were English, and therefore we both retained our equilibrium, and my host remarked calmly, but with evident pleasure,

"I'm very glad to see you Dick. I've been expecting you to turn up for a year past, for your father always promised that he would send me out one of his boys, and he thought it would be Richard. But, my dear boy, what on earth made you mount that hill, and how did you get there if you've come from Maritzburg?"

"Well, I certainly came last from a Mr. Jones' farm."

"Did you want to see him before me, Dick?"

"Not I, Captain Beresford; I didn't want to see him at all."

"Jones! Well, I am puzzled."

"Well, I have a nack of losing my way, sir."

"That's it, is it! This time you have done it thoroughly."

"No, for I've found Tiverton at last."

"Yes, yes, and I am very glad to see you, and will shake hands with you at some future time. Shall we go in now, or do you mind staying out here ten minutes longer while I finish up this business?"

I saw that his heart was set upon carving up his sheep, so I remained till he had done, and then we went in together.

My captain's ferocity had already proved to be skin deep, for as he spoke his first words of recognition and welcome, a kind smile beamed on me beneath his heavy moustache, and had also lighted up his blue eyes, and had made me feel at home with him. As we walked up to the house the children joined us, and a bright cheerful-looking woman came into the verandah.

"Amelia," said my companion to her, "This is Dick Singleton, whom we have been expecting so long."

"I am charmed to see you at last, and I hope you have come to make a long stay here," said Mrs. Beresford.

I thanked her, and said that I should like to get some advice and help from Captain Beresford before setting up on my own account; and then, while he went to change his outdoor clothes, we went into the drawing-room, and there had a pleasant chat. I had begun to speak of my future life, my hopes, my prospects, and my opinions of this, that, and the other, when a voice was heard speaking outside the door. It was not a voice which one could avoid hearing, or that could be talked through. No! clear, imperious, and rapid, it swept along, and my attempt to prolong the conversation went with it, until my last sentence having become an unintelligible mass of broken syllables, I paused, and looked towards the door in silence. My hostess also turned her head in that direction, and then she asked me to excuse her, as something had evidently gone wrong in the outer regions of the house.

She left me sitting in the room, from which daylight had almost disappeared, and as she went she pulled the door to after her, but its lock did not catch, and it swung wide open; and, framed in the aperture, I saw a picture that I shall never forget. A tall, fine looking, slight young girl stood in one of the outer rooms, apparently the kitchen, for a fire was blazing in it, though the evening was close. The blaze lighted up the girl's face. Her dark eyes seemed to be full of indignation; the noble curves of her lips wore an expression of contempt and anger, which was borne out by the tone in which she spoke, but the language she used was at that time unintelligible to me. Her hands were held out before her, her sleeves were turned up, and at her feet lay the dead body of a yellow cat that had apparently died by drowning, for it was soaked in water.

"My dear Marion! what is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Beresford.

"You may well ask, Amelia," said the younger woman pointing down. "You see that dead cat. It is poor Spitfire. You know I gave her away to Jonathan because you had an objection to her habit of eating your fowls."

"I had, singular to relate."

"Well, I found her lying half dead near my favourite seat by the waterfall. That man had half killed her and then left her. I had to

finish the business by holding my poor beast down in the water until she died."

"I see that you are dripping and scratched."

"Dripping and scratched! what does that matter? Do you call yourself a man to do this?" she inquired of the mute native who stood near; and then she went off into a flow of Zulu eloquence which was astonishing to listen to.

After letting her run on for a while, Mrs. Beresford said, "Now, dear, I think that you have quite convinced Jonathan of his fault. Come in, dear," and she whispered something which I supposed to refer to my near neighbourhood, for the young lady said aloud,

"I do not care who hears me, it is a wicked shame. Go, Jonathan, and do not let me see you again to-day."

"No, miss," said that person with great expression, as he turned away, carrying the dead cat with him.

The ladies vanished by some other door, and I saw them no more until dinner time, when I was introduced to my host's sister, Miss Marion Beresford. As we set down to dinner she came in, clothed, as it seemed to me, in a rosy cloud, and with a flush upon her face which at the moment I considered to have come from her excitement about the cat. Her dark hair was knotted up in rather careless fashion, and her whole bearing gave me the impression that so long as she was pleased she did not care what anyone else thought of her appearance. Her patience with the young children astonished me, for I felt that she was as impatient and restive as myself. Yet she tended those little ones as though she had been their mother, and they seemed to be quite aware that they could do anything they liked with Aunt Marion.

This, in the days when I could do nothing at all with that young lady, was, I must admit, most aggravating to me.

(*To be continued*)·

"A Neglected Poem."

It has often happened from accidental changes of public feeling, or national sentiment, or literary taste, that a man born with talents to achieve the highest distinction as a writer, artist, poet, or dramatist, missing the flood time, has put forth his strength in vain, and failing his mark—the public ear—has come to nought. On the other hand many an ephemeral reputation has been made by "trifles light as air" whirled aloft by the fitful gust of public opinion, blown like soap-bubbles in a sunny hour, of dazzling yet delusive radiance, and floating too like them until they burst and leave no trace. It were useless and beside the mark to give instances of this freak of fortune;

enough that the cause, the mutability of human opinion still exists, and that the same effects may therefore confidently be again expected and predicted. But posterity as a rule avenges. The work of genius overlooked by one generation because it suited not the taste of the time, is rescued with eagerness by the next from its temporary oblivion, and like treasure-trove, its real value for a time possibly over-rated, till it works into its allotted place in settled judgment. To such a work of genius I wish now to call attention. I have no doubt whatever as to the verdict that posterity will give in this case; but posterity begins every day. We are ourselves the posterity of our fathers, and are entitled to give our votes to justify or condemn. I ask for the reader's vote, therefore, on a poem which I conceive has met with singular injustice; the "Festus" of Philip James Bailey. It is not unknown, but is ignored. It has a wide circle of admirers, but no popularity. It is most frequently quoted, yet has no sale. It is a curious and instructive anomaly; but I will sketch its story and aim in such a way as to exhibit its chief beauties and merits.

Published forty years ago, its advent was hailed by a storm of praise and censure. On the one hand it was pronounced a work of extraordinary genius, a feast of magnificent thoughts and a mine of golden poetry; on the other, while its occasional power and beauty were admitted, it was condemned on account of its daring treatment of Christian and other theologies, and in the most intolerant, bigoted spirit was accused of profanity, indecency, and even blasphemy. Whether from this or other reasons, certain it is, while the poem is still viewed by many with enthusiastic admiration, to the reading public at large it is comparatively unknown; a fate equally unmerited and unaccountable, for in "Festus" may be found the music and deep thought of Shelley, combined with the passion and fire of Byron, and in addition Bailey has a power of seizing upon and swaying the mind that renders him superior to either. The blank verse of this poem is easy, flowing, and melodious, its imagery most apt and marvellously luxuriant, its descriptions both faithful and minute, while in grandeur of scope, in sheer originality, in awful solemnity, in tenderness, delicacy, and true piety, in winged flights of almost superhuman eloquence and wisdom, in highest philosophy, and wealth of poetry, I know no single modern work that can rival it. Faint tribute to its true worth, which I hope to bear out more fully, yet I am almost afraid to say so much, feeling with Hazlitt, how difficult it is, in extolling the merits of a somewhat obscure work of genius, to escape the suspicion of undue or exaggerated praise. The best plan is, if possible, to let it speak for itself. The dedicatory sonnet is a true index to the beautiful thoughts within: —

> "My Father! unto thee to whom I owe
> All that I am, all that I have and can,
> Who madest me in thyself the sum of man
> In all its generous aims and powers to know,

These first-fruits bring I; nor do thou forego
Marking when I the boyish feat began,
Which numbers now near three years from its plan,
Not twenty summers had embrowned my brow.
Life is at blood-heat every page doth prove.
Bear with it. Nature means necessity.
If here be aught which thou canst love, it springs
Out of the hope that I may earn that love,
More unto me than immortality;
Or to have strung my harp with golden strings."

"Festus" is cast in the form of a drama, but it is obvious that it is so framed chiefly for the purposes of dialogue and for convenience as regards the frequent change of scene. It is really in all essentials an epic poem. The subject-matter of the poem is amazingly simple though it covers about six hundred pages and occupies nearly twenty-three thousand lines of blank verse. Briefly, it is the temptation of a modern Job; but its range is the whole universe; it ransacks Heaven, earth, hell, and the starry world, for illustration and description. It reaches the thoughts of men and spirits, angels and demons. It approaches the seat of the Most High, and ventures to give to the living God words not unbecoming His supreme behests. The mystery of the Trinity is explained with exceeding purity of faith and perspicuity Every mythology, creed, and sect is defined with clearness. This is much, but even this is not all. It contains the most exquisite love-making, and the most appalling denunciations, scenes love-lit with joyous delight, and scenes the most awful and solemn. The end of the world is drawn with a giant's power; the most tremendous imagery, the noblest language is used; but perhaps its most remarkable feature is the essentially philosophical creation of the Prince of Evil. The Lucifer of "Festus" differs materially from, and is far superior to, all former impersonations; while the Satan of Milton is little more than the Prometheus of Æschylus, a Titanic hero unsubdued in defeat, and the devils of Byron and Gœthe are but argumentative and scheming, or lying and sneering men, the Lucifer of "Festus" is the appointed minister of evil,

"The spiritual discord of all life."
. . . "the cause, means, consequence of ill,"

fulfilling a dark and dismal duty, from which he derives neither pleasure nor profit. Like Zeus he dimly sees his own subservience to a forceful fate, and while urged on by a necessity which he cannot control, feels that he is chosen, like an inferior wrestler with a champion, to be a foil to show better the more perfect power and glory of God. He is bidden to strive, yet knows the futility of resistance beyond a certain point.

He thus describes his own nature with philosophic insight in sublime and daring words:—

"I am the imperfection of the whole;
The great negation of the Universe;

The pitch profoundest of the fallible.
Myself the all of evil which exists;
The ocean heaped into a single surge.
. . . . . .
I am the shadow which Creation casts
From God's own light."

He has his part assigned to him in the tremendous drama of the Universe, and accepts it unquestioning and uncomplaining with a stoic grandeur that befits the fallen but mighty Archangel:—

"I am the wrath of God unto myself,
And by Him made to do my part."
"I must work out all evil to the end."

He never descends to petty trickery, to small deceits. As there can be no more fearful proof of God's power than himself he never blasphemes, and knowing his own powers, unable to deceive himself, invariably speaks of the Almighty with a certain independent awe. His hate and scorn is reserved for the faithful angels and seraphs of heaven, and his fall is to be imputed to jealousy and envy of his compeers, not to senseless rebellion against one with whom it were madness to strive. Though master of evil he knows not the object with which it is permitted to exist; he owns

"It is not fit for me to know, nor thee, the end
Of evil. I inflict, and thou must bear.
The arrow knoweth not its end nor aim;
And I keep rushing, running along,
Like a great river rich with dead men's souls.
For if I knew, I might rejoice; and that
To me by nature is forbidden. I know
Nor joy nor sorrow."

Of sin, and its termination together with his own, he speaks seer-like, yet with hesitation. He reasons that with the world sin itself will cease, there being no further cause for it, but is unable to trace his own fate beyond.

"Sin with deep draughts of fiery venom fed,
Drains to the latest dreg of murderous flame
Its own-consuming fate, self punitive
By pure destruction, self annihilate,
Constructing its own death; its own defeat
Scheming with fatal skill; as I myself,
The lord of evil, fear I am." . . . .
. . . . "Evil left to itself,
Corrupts itself away. When ends the world,
I end; a glorious hope."

There is nothing in all literature to compare with this masterly idea of the evil principle. There is a consistency and a strength of character in it which render it far superior to all former types, which after all but ring the changes on the attendant vices, and are on more than vassal fiends, and shrink into insignificance when placed by the side of this vast conception. Bailey's Lucifer I unhesitatingly

assert is indeed the lord and master of every Satan, Lucifer and Mephistopheles born of the brain of man.

To return to the subject of the poem, Lucifer seeks "by proof of one" before the coming end of the earth.

> . . . . . "once more
> To tempt the living world, and then depart."

Warned that his defeat is certain, that

> . . "failure shews fore-ordered and complete,"

He exclaims:—

> "God I oppose; must. Can opposal, if
> Fore-ordered, fail? Then He appoints His own
> Failure in mine. Such failure seems success.
> Nought see I more. Can any further see?
> Let me accept the test."

His request is granted, but he is told

> "Upon his soul
> Thou hast no power. All souls are mine for aye.
> And I do give thee leave to this that he
> May know my love is more than all his sin."

Festus, a youth predestined from his birth to noble ends, is introduced to us, dissatisfied with life and its aims, half satiated with pleasure, and vainly longing for a higher and purer spiritual condition. His opening soliloquy is a glorious burst of poetry, and yet only faintly indicates the profusion of wealth scattered at large throughout the work.

> "This is to be a mortal and immortal!
> To live within a circle, and to be
> That dark point where the shades of all things around
> Meet, mix, and deepen. All things unto me
> Show their dark sides. Somewhere there must be light.
> Oh! I feel like a seed in the cold earth;
> Quickening at heart, and pining for the air.
> . . . . . .
> The heart gets dizzy with its drunken dance,
> And the voluptuous vanities of life
> Enchain, enchant, and cheat my soul no more.
> . . . Rouse thee, heart;
> Bow of my life, thou yet art full of spring!
> My quiver still hath many purposes.
> . . . . . .
> It matters not how long we live, but how,
> For as the parts of one manhood while here
> We live in every age; we think and feel,
> And feed upon the coming and the gone
> As much as on the now time. Man is one:
> And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel.
> With a gigantic throb athwart the sea,
> Each other's rights and wrongs; thus are we men.
> Let us think less of men and more of God."

To him, while in this frame of mind, enters Lucifer, and calmly proclaiming himself, states that in answer to "thy secret longings, unsaid thoughts,"

> "I come to proffer thee the earth ; to set
> Thee on a throne—the throne of will unbound—
> To crown thy life with liberty and joy ;
> And make thee free and mighty even as I am."

Festus is promised wealth, power, and universal dominion,

> "All, all that be delicious, brilliant, great,
> Of wordly things are mine, and mine to give."

He is tempted with unlimited love and pleasure,

> "Thou shalt love ten as others love but one"

and, lastly, with knowledge and wisdom—

> "All secrets thou shalt ken—all mysteries construe ;
> At nothing marvel. All the views which stretch,
> Unsearchable by human eyes, of lore
> Most precious, most profound, to thine shall bare
> And vulgar lie like dust."

Festus accepts the conditions, believing that the Fiend will not be permitted to triumph over him,—

> "God will not let thee harm me. Him I love,
> And thee I fear not. I obey Him"

Lucifer then becomes the mentor and guide of Festus, instructs him on all subjects, travels with him, takes him on a flying tour round the world, and with him visits the moon, the earth's centre, the starry world, heaven and hell.

Lucifer's mode of temptation is to obtain, in an apparently friendly spirit, complete ascendency over the mind and soul of Festus. On the failure of his first schemes, he exclaims

> "Gold hath the hue of hell flames ; but for him
> I will lay some brilliant and delicious lure,
> Which shall be worth perdition to a seraph.
> . . . . . .
> It is passion plunges men into mine arms."

And so Festus is tempted of love and beauty, delight and pleasure ; love "is sublimed for him all to bliss." Inconstant by the very nature of the feelings which possess him, from flower to flower he flits and sips of every sweet, yet preserves, though sometimes with difficulty, his soul from deadly soil.

How he exults in the boundless possession of joyous youth and health !

> I'll woo thee, world, again ;
> And revel in thy loveliness and love.
> I have a heart with room for every joy :
> And since we must part some time, while I may,
> I'll quaff the nectar in thy flowers, and press
> The richest clusters of thy luscious fruit
> Into the cup of my desires.

Of the female characters in this poem it is difficult to speak with justice. They are many, yet the same. They all exhibit deep devotion and piety, speak the most beautiful thoughts and exalted sentiments, and are one and all devoted to their lovers; but the contrast is most painful and damaging between their unselfish tender truth and his careless unfaithfulness. Many of the love passages between Festus and his successive mistresses are of surpassing beauty and force, and may justly take rank with the amatory masterpieces of our literature. The author here speaks from the heart. His imagination glows like a furnace, and if at times his passion is a hectic and inconstant flush hastily rising and quickly subsiding like a mountain torrent, yet more often it is the sustained and even flow of a broad navigable river. What can be finer than the following?

> "She did but look upon him, and his blood
> Blushed deeper even from his inmost heart;
> . . . . . .
> She laid her finger on him; and he felt
> As might a formless mass of marble feel,
> While feature after feature of a god
> Were being wrought from out of it. She spake;
> And his love-wildered and idolatrous soul
> Clung to the aëry music of her words,
> Like a bird on a bough, high swaying in the wind
> He looked upon her beauty and forgot
> As in a sense of drowning all things else."

> "Blind me with kisses! Let me look no longer;
> Or change the action of thy loveliness,
> Lest long same-seemingness should send me mad!
> Blind me with kisses; I would ruin sight
> To give its virtue to thy lips, whereon
> I would die now, or ever live."

Surely never were passion and poetry more deliciously blended together; yet there are a dozen passages almost as fine.

At times he is possessed by a very frenzy for pleasure, and seeks vainly to justify to himself his own pursuit of it—

> "And if I love not now, while woman is
> All bosom to the young, when shall I love?
> Who ever paused on passion's fiery wheel?
> Or trembling by the side of her he loved,
> Whose lighted touch brings all but madness, ever
> Stopped coldly short to reckon up his pulse?
>
> Let me look on aught which casts
> The shadow of a pleasure, and here I bare
> A breast which would embrace a bride of fire.
>
> But while the blood is bright, breath sweet, skin smooth,
> And limbs all made to minister delight—
> Ere yet we have shed our locks like trees their leaves,
> And we stand staring bare into the air—
> He is a fool who is not for love and beauty.
>
> One might as well see beauty never more
> As look upon it with an empty eye."

He laments his frequent infidelity impelled by a power that he suspects not;

> "Oh! why was woman made so fair? or man
> So weak as to see that more than one had beauty?
> It is impossible to love but one."

Yet claims for himself a special immunity and privilege.

> "My virtue is indulgence. I was born
> To gratify myself unboundedly,
> So that I wronged none else. These arms were given me
> To clasp the beautiful, and cleave the wave;
> These limbs to leap and wander where I will."

In the full flow of passion's tide, he gives the reins to love,—

> "Feel! my heart is as full as a *town* of joy;
> Look! I've *crowded* mine eyes with light."
>
> "Believe me,
> Could I but crowd life, love too, in one throb,
> I would beat it out, this moment, in thy hand,
> And would die blessing."

This is the very insanity of passion, yet expresses but too truly a momentary feeling of delirious ecstasy. Yet he is too conscious of the vanity of these feelings, of his strength of intellect, of his higher destinies, to yield long dominion to the passions; and there is satiety to meet more deathful than all else to that love which is of the senses wholly,—

> "And when we have said, and seen, and done, and had,
> Enjoyed, and suffered, all we have wished and feared —
> From fame to ruin, and from love to loathing—
> There can come but one more change—try it—death."

Turning abruptly from beauty and pleasure, with one spring the author vaults into the air and soars aloft, and circling higher and higher with wide extended pinions, sweeps the immensity of space and time, while the mysteries of earth, life, and humanity are exposed to his peering ken.

In a party of pleasure, of youths and maidens met for music, poetry, and love, 'midst mirth and jollity carried on,—

> "Through hours that laugh themselves to death."

Festus, who has long been silent, suddenly breaks into the following soliloquy on the dreams of earth,—

> "The dead of night: earth seems but seeming —
> The soul seems but a something dreaming.
> The bird is dreaming in its nest,
> Of song, and sky, and loved one's breast;
> The lap-dog dreams, as round he lies,
> In moonshine, of his mistress' eyes:
> The steed is dreaming in his stall,
> Of one long breathless leap and fall;
> The hawk hath dreamt him thrice of wings
> Wide as the skies he may not cleave;
> But waking, feels them clipt, and clings
> Mad to the perch 'twere mad to leave:

The child is dreaming of its toys—
The murderer of calm home joys;
The weak are dreaming endless fears—
The proud of how their pride appears:
The poor enthusiast who dies,
Of his life-dreams the sacrifice,
Sees as enthusiast only can,
The truth that made him more than man;
And hears once more, in visioned trance,
That voice commanding to advance,
Where wealth is gained—love, wisdom won,
Or deeds of danger dared and done.
The mother dreameth of her child—
The maid of him who hath beguiled—
The youth of her he loves too well;
The good of God—the ill of hell,—
Who live of death—of life who die—
The dead of immortality.
The earth is dreaming back her youth;
Hell never dreams, for woe is truth;
And Heaven is dreaming o'er her prime,
Long ere the morning stars of time."

What an astonishing array of images and word-pictures are here presented? What generous prodigality and exhaustless profusion? But he draws from a mind as bottomless in its resources as the purse of Fortunatus. The end of this fine soliloquy, however, is bathos; as if ashamed of his outburst or its incongruity, turning to his partner, he laughingly adds

"And dream of Heaven alone can I,
My lovely one, when thou art nigh?"

Thoughts the most noble, the most learned, or the most incongruous, constantly cross the current of his love.

"Who doth not believe," he exclaims, "that that he loveth cannot die?" Then addressing Helen, the most loveable of his mistresses,

"Yet shalt thou lie in death's angelic garb,
As in a dream of dress, my beautiful:
The worm shall trail across thine unsunned sweets,
And feast him on the heart men pined to death for;
Yea, have a happier knowledge of thy beauties
Than best-loved lover's dream e'er duped him with."

The image here is of the Charnel-house ghastly, yet strikes the reader dumb with amazement and respect. It is a home thrust of terrible strength, and defies criticism. Passages like this are sufficient to stamp the reputation of a poet for ever, yet Bailey has many finer. In fact there are so many so-called "beauties" in "Festus," that to attempt to cull them is like calling for a forlorn hope from a regiment of established gallantry; whole ranks step forth together, and the difficulty lies in rejection, not in acceptance. I take some of the first that offer.

"The value of a thought cannot be told;

. . . . . .

One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed

Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,—
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

The musing Hamlet or the melancholy Jacques might have uttered the words italicised. They are worthy of the highest, and what praise can do justice to such poetry? There is nothing fitter than find him words out of his own mouth—

"Who can mistake great thoughts?
They seize upon the mind—arrest and search,
And shake it—bow the tall soul as by wind—
Rush over it like rivers over reeds,
Which quiver in the current—turn us cold,
And pale, and voiceless; leaving in the brain
A racking and a ringing,—glorious
But momentary madness might it last,
And close the soul with Heaven as with a seal."

We have his opinion also expressed at some length on the value of style and art, or rather matter and manner, in poetry, to guide us; and he speaks as one would expect with conscious authority.

"The voice of great
Or graceful thoughts is sweeter far than all
Word-music; and great thoughts like great deeds, need
No trumpet." . . . . .
"A thought is like a ray of light—complex
In nature, simple only in effect.
Words are the motes of thought, and nothing more.
Words are like sea shells on the shore; they shew
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been.
Let every thought, too, soldier-like, be stripped,
And roughly looked over. The dress of words,
Like to a Roman girl's enticing garb,
Should let the play of limb be seen through it.
And the round rising form. . . . .
. . . . . simplicity
Is nature's first step, and the last of art."

It is worth while noting the veiled strength of this passage, reduced to the terseness of an epigram, and stated with the certainty of an incontrovertible axiom. We are given the product only; we see "where the mind ends," and must guess for ourselves "how far it has been." And here on the other hand is an amplified and enthusiastic rendering of the old *Poeta nascitur, non fit* True poets, he says, are

"Men whose great thoughts possess us like a passion."

"Men who walk up to fame as to a friend,
Or their own home, which from the wrongful heir
They have wrested."

> "Whose thoughts, like bars of sunshine in shut rooms,
> Mid gloom, all glory, win the world to light;
> Who make their very follies like their souls;
> And like the young moon with a ragged edge,
> Still in their imperfection, beautiful."

Of the breadth of view everywhere displayed, and his catholic love for all manner of men, space would fail me to give proof of, but of his lofty scorn of every aim except the highest, here is a fine example:—

> "Man, alas! alone,
> The recreant spirit of the universe,
> Loves surface knowledge; calls the crimes of crowds
> Virtue; adores the useful vices; licks
> The gory dust from off the feet of war,
> And swears it food for gods."

Lucifer's prophecy of the end of the world is in a strain so sublime, that I must give it entire. To abbreviate a line would be to unset a sparkling gem. It is the stately march of a mighty host whose ordered ranks may not be broken.

> "'Tis earth shall lead destruction; she shall end.
> The stars shall wonder why she comes no more
> On her accustomed orbit; and the sun
> Miss one of his apostle lights; the moon,
> An orphan orb, shall seek for earth for aye,
> Through time's untrodden depths, and find her not;
> No more shall morn, out of the holy east,
> Stream o'er the amber air her level light;
> Nor evening with the spectral fingers, draw
> Her star sprent curtain round the head of earth;
> Her footsteps never thence again shall grace
> The blue sublime of Heaven. Her grave is dug.
> I see the stars, night clad, all gathering
> In long and sad procession. Death's at work.
> And one by one, shall all yon wandering worlds,
> Whether in orbéd path they roll, or trail,
> In an inestimable length of light,
> Their golden train of tresses after them,
> Cease; and the sun centre and sire of light,
> The keystone of the world-built arch of Heaven,
> Be left in burning solitude. The stars,
> Which stand as thick as dewdrops on the fields
> Of Heaven, and all they comprehend, shall pass.
> The spirits of all worlds shall all depart
> To their great destinies; and thou and I
> Greater in grief than worlds, shall live as now.
> In hell's dark annals there is something writ,
> Which shall amaze man yet."

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this noble passage is the uniformity of its strength. There is no one line that can be said to exhibit either greater or less power than the rest. It is a well sustained and powerful effort nicely balanced. Almost as fine is the

description of the day of judgment—by many, perhaps it may be preferred.

> "The judge, while dooming unto death some wretch,
> Shall meet at once his own death, doom, and judge.
> The doctor, watch in hand and patient's pulse,
> Shall feel his own heart cease its beats—and fall.
> Professors shall spin out and students strain
> Their brains no more; art, science, toil shall cease.
> *The world shall stand still with a rending jar,*
> *As though it struck at sea* The halls where sit
> The heads of nations shall be dumb, with death.
> The ship shall after her own plummet sink,
> And sound the sea herself and depths of death.
> At the first turn death shall cut off the thief,
> And dash the gold bag in his yellow brain.
> *The gambler, reckoning gains, shall drop a piece:*
> *Stoop down and there see death;—look up, there God.*
> The wanton, temporizing with decay,
> And qualifying every line which vice
> Writes bluntly on the brow, inviting scorn,
> Shall pale through plastered red: and the loose low sot
> See clear for once, through misty o'erbrimmed eye.
> The just, if there be any, die in prayer.
> Death shall be everywhere among your marts;
> And giving bills which no man may decline—
> Drafts upon hell one moment after date.
> Then shall your outcries tremble amid the stars:
> *Terrors shall be about ye like a wind;*
> *And fears come down upon ye like a house.*"

Here, indeed, is true beauty and true sublimity; yet let not the reader think the strength of Bailey lies only in strains amatory or prophetic. Some of his descriptions are softly, sweetly, idyllic, and his innumerable similes are invariably well chosen, felicitous, and exact. The following passage is a gem:—

> "The angel waved her hand ere she began,
> As bidding earth be still. The birds ceased singing,
> And the trees breathing, and the lake smoothed down
> Each shining wrinklet, and the wind drew off.
> *Time leant him o'er his scythe and listening, wept.*
> The circling world reined in her lightning pace
> A moment; ocean hushed his snow-maned steeds,
> *And a cloud hid the sun, as does the face*
> *A meditative hand.*"

At one time he speaks of a lonely sea shore

> "Where the great waves come in frothed, like a horse
> Put to his heart-burst speed, sobbing uphill."

At another

> . . . "Hast ever seen
> A drowning dragon-fly floating down a brook,
> Topping the sunny ripples as they rise,
> Till in some ambushed eddy down it's sucked
> By something underneath? Thus with the rich;
> *Their gilding makes their death conspicuous.*"

Here is a picture of fair and tranquil garden beauty, in which the whole passage is toned down to serene placitude.

> "There is not a leaf within this quiet spot,
> But which I seem to know; should miss, if gone.
> I could run over its features, hour by hour,
> The quaintly figured beds—the various flowers,—
> The many paths all cunningly converged,—
> The black yew hedge, like a beleaguering host,
> Round some fair garden province - here and there,
> The cloud-like laurel clumps sleep, soft and fast,
> Pillowed by their own shadows—and beyond,
> The ripe and ruddy fruitage—the sharp firs'
> Fringe, like an eyelash, on the faint blue west—
> The white owl, wheeling from the grey old church,
> Its age-peeled pinnacles, and tufted tops—
> The oaks which spread their broad arms in the blast,
> And bid storms come and welcome; there they stand,
> To whom a summer passes as a smile."

Here is a last simile, and a superb one indeed—

> "*All truth is one. All error is alike.*
> *The shadow of a mountain hath no more*
> *Substance than hath a dead and moss-mailed pines;*
> *But only more gigantic impotence.*"

I have said and quoted enough to show what beauties lie enshrined in this work. They will speak for themselves to every mind capable of appreciating elegance and force of language, noble thoughts, and true poetic fire. The conclusion of the poem is nothing less than a doctrine, and a sublime one. It is based not only on the orthodox gospel truth that God is love, and our belief that He is the regenerator and perfector of all his creatures; but furthermore the author works out his conception of the relative position of the Almighty and of Lucifer to its extreme logical conclusion. Bearing in mind his idea of the evil principle, which briefly summed up is this:—

First.—Every nature made by God is imperfect, as His own only is all perfect.

For he says:—

> "The idea of good
> Is owned in imperfection's lowest form,
> God would not, could not, make aught wholly ill,
> Nor aught not like to err."

Second.—Evil results from imperfection.

Third.—Evil is finite.

It follows that with the ruin of creation ceases the

> "Cause, means, consequence of ill."

With the absence of the means and end of temptation ceases the ôle of the tempter. The Son of Man dies ever for all created beings,

and the mercy of God extends to angels as to men. In these sublime,—I had almost said, inspired,—words, the fallen and submissive Archangel is addressed,—

> "Stay Spirit! All created things unmade,
> It suits not the eternal laws of good
> That evil be immortal.
> . . . . . .
> . . . . . Sin is burned
> In hell to ashes with the dust of death.
> The worlds themselves are but as dreams within
> Their souls who lived in them, and thou art null.
> And thy vocation useless, gone with them,
> Therefore shall Heaven rejoice in thee again.
> . . . . The issuant universe
> Returns but to its source as dewdrops seek,
> Exhaled by sun, cloud-massed, their parent sea.
> God's gifts are aye for increase. For this cause
> Receive ye tenfold of all gifts and powers.
> . . . . These have but fulfilled
> The faults of imperfection; nor without
> Evil can things create of themselves act,
> Or interact. . . . . .
> Thus through Creation, all depart from God,
> Through death, return; thro' ill all good consummed—
> *Be all forgiven.*"

Thus all created beings are destined to ultimate forgiveness. Demon and man, tempter and tempted, work out through woe their path to bliss; and however much it may be demurred that this is only the doctrine of purgatory carried to extreme limits, it must be conceded that it is framed in a turly Christian spirit, and with noble generosity of sentiment. Such a belief can never harm, but refines while it elevates the sensibilities.

It will be seen from the short foregoing account of this fine work, that Lucifer is the central and commanding figure throughout, the pivot of the tremendous drama of the universe, the eternal struggle of good and evil; and it will perhaps be admitted that as a poetic impersonation or dramatic character, it is a fit subject for study and reflection, and well meriting my lavish praises. The moral grandeur indeed of this most philosophic development of the principle of evil can only be properly estimated by an attentive perusal of the poem itself, which I trust it may now be certain to find at the reader's heads.

E. S.

Betty McHuffy.

I am a young man, and live wi' my minny,
A good honest lucky I troo,
But whenever I speak of takin a wife
She aye flees up in a low.
And what do you think I sud do, guid folks,
And what do you think I sud try,
For if my minny dees there's naebody livin
To mind the hens and the kye.

There's Mrs. McHuffy, a good widow-woman,
At wine makin she has the guee,
And at kirmin her daughter is surely uncommon,
Now either would do for me.
And what did ye think I sud do, guid folks,
And what do think I sud try,
For if my minny dees there's naebody livin
To mind the hens and the kye.

Yestreen my auld mither she pouthered my head,
Till it was as white as the snaw,
And she took her auld mutch, and stuff'd my cravat,
And pit in her breast-pin and a'.
And what do ye think I sud try, guid folks,
And what do yeu think I sud do,
For I'm gaun to the East, to a braw wedding feast,
To meet the McHuffys I troo.

Noo gang awa Jamie, noo gang to the bridal,
Ye ken yer'e to be the best man,
And Betty McHuffy she is the best maid,
Speak up till her noo like a man.
And what do you think I sud do, guid folks,
And what do you think I sud try,
For if my minny dees there's naebody livin
To mind the hens and the kye.

Sae I gaed to the bridal and Betty was there,
And now but she was buskil braw,
Wi' ribbons and lace a' bund round her face,
And necklaces two or three raw.
And what do you think I sud do, guid folks,
And what do you think I sud try,
For if my minny dees there's naebody livin
To mind the hens and the kye.

Well, to please my auld mither and speak up till her,
Lang I thought afore I wud try,
At last I spierd if ever she heard,
That we had twa dizen o' kye.
And what do you think o' me noo, guid folks,
Oh keep me frae Betty, say I,
For wi' a toss o' her head, she answered "indeed!"
"Wha cares for you or your kye."

Betje Burgers.

Ik blijf nog maar jonkman en woon bij mijn maatje,
Zij het mijn regt lief inderdaad !
Maar perbeer ik maar effe van trouwen een praatje,
Dan word die ou vrouw zoomar kwaad.
Wat moet ik nou doen lieve mense,
Ach help mijn dan tog uit die nood,
Want als mijn maatje sterf wie lap en wie stop
En wie bak en wie knee ver mijn brood.

Daar's die weduwe Burgers, een bestige mens,
Voor die huishou is niemand zoo's zij,
En haar dogter met naaigoed, is wat jij maar wens,
Een van beije zou goed wees voor mij.
Wat moet ik nou doen lieve mense,
Ach help mijn dan tog uit die nood,
Want als mijn maatje sterf, wie lap en wie stop
En wie bak en wie knee ver mijn brood.

Gistravend haal maatje mijn hemp uit die kas,
Met die boortjes gestijf en gestik ;
Zij stop haar ou mus mooi in mijn wit das
En maak toe heel netjes een strik.
Wat moet ik nou doen lieve mense,
Ach geef mijn tog eenkeer een les,
Daar's mos een vrolijkheid hier in die buurt,
En Betje die nooi hul aspres.

Kom gaat nou maar Stoffel, kom gaat na die pret,
Jij weet, jij moet strooi-jonker wees,
En klein Betje Burgers zij is daar ook net,
Gaat, spreek haar nou aan zonder vrees.
Wat moet ik nou doen lieve mense,
Ach help mijn dan tog uit die nood,
Want als mijn maatje sterf wie lap en wie stop
En wie bak en wie knee ver mijn brood.

Ja ik gaat na die bruilof en Betje was daar ;
Maar reg, zij was mooi aangetrek,
Met lindtjes en strikies gevleg in haar haar,
En kraale zoo'n snoer om haar nek.
Wat moet ik nou doen lieve mense,
Ach help mijn dan tog uit die nood,
Want als mijn maatje sterf wie lap en wie stop
En wie bak en wie knee ver mijn brood.

Om maatje van zin te doen, maak ik mijn klaar,
Maar ik het dit moet lang overwee,
K,skuif zaggies al nader en zeg toe aan haar,
Jij weet, 'k het een mooi klompie vee.
Wat moet ik nou doen lieve mense,
Hoe 'n raad kan julle nou gee,
Want zij zeg mos, die snip, met haar neus opgewip,
" Wat traak mijn met jou en jou vee ! "

Chemistry in Government Schools.

By P. MacOwan, B.A. (Lond.)

In a recent issue of a well-informed journal, it was stated that University candidates from other places than Cape Town know, as a rule, little or nothing about their Chemistry, and possess merely the ability of giving parrot-answers to such likely questions as the acuteness of their teacher has forecast. Putting aside the inevitable exaggeration of newspaper statement, there is undoubtedly some truth in the allegation, and the twice repeated effort of a section of the Examining Board to force Chemistry into the list of subsidiary subjects not required for honours, shows that those who best know the deficiencies of the candidates recognise the Science paper as the particular rail of the gate which constitutes its straightness. It has, however, twice been distinctly affirmed by the Council, that the syllabus of honours study cannot be narrowed to suit a vicious mode of preparation. Evidently, if Chemistry is to be made non-essential for honours because few candidates take it up in earnest, there will only need to be general and persistent incompetency in the next subject on the list to make that also non-essential, and so on of the rest.

The matter is worth investigation, for the evil cannot lie in the nature of the subjects themselves; it must belong to ourselves or to our methods. If we can trace out the *fons et origo mali*, a cure may be suggested, and we may cherish a rational hope that the average candidate may in future years rise to the very moderate height demanded from him in this great argument.

First, then, how have these deficient examinees gained their quantum of chemical knowledge? Except in Cape Town and perhaps in one or two other places, they are taught by men who have no practical knowledge of the subject; who have in many cases never performed a single experiment themselves; and who are therefore compelled to make the work a dry deglutition of the facts contained in a handbook. Are these teachers to blame? I think not. Experimental Science forms no integral part of their school curriculum, and the demand for it, occasioned by a University standard raised over their heads, and not in accordance with their traditions, is treated much as would be a demand for tuition in such unusual subjects as mechanical drawing or the Kafir language. Here and there will be found a man who has developed a taste for experiment, and amuses his leisure with test tubes and chemicals as other men do with chess or gardening. Lucky indeed are his pupils. For the rest, it is generally the case that, Chemistry being wanted by some exceptional pupil, the tutor, an industrious and conscientious gentleman, confesses to a mere loose and popular acquaintance with the subject, and doggedly grinds it up, *pro re nata*, from handbooks as

best he may. Were mataphysics, telegraphy, or short-hand required, he would with similar praiseworthy industry endeavour to do his level best. But such teaching cannot fail to be utterly lifeless and wooden,—fit cause for the singularly wooden examinees of whom the Board of Examiners complain.

Is there any remedy? Decidedly. Our Science is a starveling only because she has been starved. Let the honoured magician at the head of the Education Department touch this despised Cinderella with his wand, and the thing is done Make Experimental Science an integral part of the curriculum in every school receiving Government aid. Supply to each according to its grade sufficient provision for experimental illustration at the same percentage reduction allowed on books and similar materials. The subject will then stand on the same footing as Latin, Algebra, or Geometry, and ere long will be just as well taught. Really this is no rhetorical flourish. The average teacher in Cape Government Schools of the second class as far as I see, is out and away superior to the average Board schoolmaster under the new compulsory system at home; while the first class men are almost always capable of higher work than is set them, and need not fear comparison with good teachers of English middle-class institutions. If the men we now have distinctly understand that their three-wheeled curriculum must accept experimental science as a fourth complement, and are fairly supplied with materials, they will hardly need the stimulus of a capitation fee to ensure good results.

But the introduction of chemistry as a regular subject of tuition will require considerable forethought and planning. The average intellectual status of the pupils on entrance, and the length of their stay at school, are important elements in the arrangement. Seeing that, in the country, pupils generally come with a very slender stock of acquired knowledge, direct and formal science teaching cannot at first be attempted. But a result of the highest importance may be aimed at as a preliminary, namely, the rousing of an intelligent curiosity and the habit of drawing legitimate conclusions from observed phenomena. Proceeding always from the known and familiar to the unknown, there should even with the youngest pupils be no day without its Object Lesson, and as quicker apprehension and a larger stock of ideas and words are acquired, it may be possible to pass on to a weekly lesson on the branches of physics ancillary to chemistry. For example, very young lads, after the habit of attention has been formed, can be made to observe intelligently the general properties of matter, the effect of heat on solids, liquids, and gases, and the simplest phenomena of light. Probably this stage would demand a year and a half; the less acute and enquiring pupils getting even more of such discipline by remaining behind after the promotion of their class-mates. In the next stage one of the lessons in each week should take up the chemistry of air, water, and the common products of everyday life,—the tutor bearing always in

mind the cardinal importance of not teaching too much or in too minute detail. By the end of a second year, the majority of the class will have gained an enormous relative increase to their stock of general knowledge of the physical world around them, and—more valuable still, will have acquired the habit of looking at every phenomenon as a question courting investigation, not as an insoluble riddle to be dismissed with incurious stolidity. The remaining daily object lessons have meanwhile to be modified. Possibly their frequency may, from the increasing demands of other duties, require to be reduced by one-half; but, still retaining their simple name and character, they should deal with matters subservient to the chemistry course. Also, seeing that school science is intended, not only like classics and mathematics to develope *faculty*, as athletics develope strength, but also to store up practical knowledge for use hereafter, it should be foreseen that our chemistry will ultimately take a decidedly agricultural bias, and hence the second stage of object lessons should lay a foundation of simple but accurate notions of plant life and animal life.

Thus, then, we have provision for such an amount of general elementary scientific knowledge as will keep pace with the pupils' progress in the time-honoured Trivium of classics, mathematics, and English. Like the *bourgeois gentilhomme* who found he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it, the boys will have been unconsciously learning the first principles of half a dozen sciences, and will be able to enter upon the next venture with some little intellectual capital of their own. If it be questioned whether children of twelve or thirteen years of age can thus be taught, a perusal of Faraday's charming "*Lectures adapted to a Juvenile Audience*" will probably set such doubts at rest. The writer of these rough notes has seen the great theatre at the Royal Institution, on a "juvenile" night, crammed with little boys and girls, as eagerly attentive as if the Christmas glories of a pantomime were being enacted before them. And by the way, most significant and suggestive to a teacher was the intense whole-hearted interest the great physicist took in each experiment, enjoying the enjoyment of his little friends. If he had not been Faraday, what a schoolmaster he would have made!

During a third year the science-teaching might undisguisedly assume the form of a "Chemical Class." A handbook would now be advantageously given to each pupil to be used *after the vivâ voce lesson*, as a refresher to the memory and for the slow digestion of facts and reasoning. But, mark you, the tutor must have a fuller knowledge than lies between the covers of the book. At the best it can only be the mute attendant subservient to his living voice. Roscoe, Valentin, Madan,—it matters little which excellent manual is chosen, but for successful teaching the aforesaid proviso is indispensable. At this stage the University Chemical Syllabus may be supposed to be in view, but only in exceptional cases can the study

of another year be deemed sufficient, even when the previous tuition has led up to it. Besides, matriculation is not the end of scholastic training, but merely an incident therein. Hence far more chemistry should be studied than will serve to satisfy the examiners. And because at the Cape the agricultural phase of the science is assuredly the most useful, such residuum of the time formerly given to object-lessons and now mainly absorbed in modern languages and subdivisions of other studies, should still be allotted to the two collateral branches of biology indicated in a former paragraph. Stating the matter with closer definiteness, the ground covered by Hooker's Primer of Botany and Foster's companion Primer of Physiology should be carefully traversed. Although the stages of tuition have been spoken of as "years," it will be quite understood that according to circumstances they may spread over three half-yearly terms. It is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule; the teacher must be the master of his system not its slave. The great thing to be desired is that he should with the utmost clearness define to himself the several stages of his work, and know beforehand exactly what to do and what to leave undone in each.

The last portion of the course, which will not often be reached except in schools of the first class, and by the select few pupils whose guardians know the value of a prolonged school career, presupposes the mastery of such handbooks as have been named, or at least the portion of them devoted to inorganic chemistry. One of the larger manuals, that of Fownes, for example, might be followed, paying special attention to the parts which fill out the thinner detail of the books previously in use. In place of repeating the old well-known illustrations on the lecture-table scale, it would be well to have recourse to the elegant methods of tube-chemistry and micro-testing, proof only and not display being required. All such matters as specific gravities, boiling points, variation of volume through temperature or pressure, degree of solubility, and so forth, should no longer be taken on trust but verified as far as possible. With this revision and enlargement of scope a simple course of analysis should alternate. In my own practice in England, with large classes, the majority of whom went much further with the study, it was found advantageous to begin with the plain method of volumetric testing of acids and alkalies. For this unusual course there were several reasons. Careless pupils would run through a whole tabular series of alternative tests as given in Northcote and Church's "*Qualitative Analysis*," wash out the precipitates and forget all about them. Without the manual dexterity requisite for using the balance, their work could not be checked by making them weigh up their results quantitatively, and through that very slowness and precision compelling attention. But in managing the burette and titrated test-solutions no particular cleverness of finger is required: patience and watchful care are at once sufficient and indispensable. Hence it was found that volumetric estimation of percentages, capable of instant check if done in a

slovenly manner, encouraged precisely that mental attitude and deliberate study needed for more formal qualitative analytical procedure. Besides it is obvious that as the whole significance of the *Titrirmethode* depends upon the laws of combination in atomic ratios, nothing better could be devised for commending those great chemical principles to the understanding. In the instance cited, as the pupils were drawn from a busy manufacturing district, it was no unimportant advantage that most of them became practically familiar with the mode in which three-fourths of the approximative chemistry of industrial pursuits is regulated and verified.

In second class schools, especially those of rural districts, I should recommend as a substitute for this work in the track of a large manual, six months' study, following pretty closely the guidance of Prof. Johnston's excellent *Catechism of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology*. The tutor will require the larger work by the same author as his *vade mecum* and oracle. Thus the science of the schools of lower grade would have in all cases a special significance towards the wants of a farming population In the higher schools that speciality might be left to be supplied according to circumstances. It is not likely that any advance beyond this amount of chemical knowledge will be acquired in the best of our schools. True, it is only elementary, but may be good and accurate as far as it goes All that is here proposed is that as a youth leaves our first-class schools with such knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics as sets him fairly on the threshold of scholarship, so he shall also have entered the vestibule of the science which more than all has proved itself an efficient factor in human progress.

Well then, suppose the Government, which has already done bountiful things for education, should signify its readiness to do for Science-teaching exactly what it has done for other branches, namely, supply the requisite apparatus and materials at a reduced price. And suppose, though less likely perhaps, that the Customs should act on the spirit of the legislation which admits printed books free of duty, and forego its ten per cent. tax on these instruments of knowledge, how is an up-country schoolmaster to know what to ask for, when his committee have guaranteed him some five-and-twenty pounds to start with? Perhaps one of the best guides in this matter is the list of apparatus allotted for class teaching in National Schools in England, given in the "*Special Report on Apparatus for Elementary Instruction in Science, by the Rev. Frederick Temple, M.A., H.M., Inspector of Schools*," *Education Office, Whitehall*, 1856. The date of the pamphlet is somewhat remote, and it may have been revised and reprinted. However it contains as quoted, all a reasonable man needs to produce work good in its degree, and will serve to fulfil a vast amount of illustration to such books as Roscoe's Elementary Lessons, or Valentin's Introduction. Making the few changes which time and colonial exigencies demand, the list may be remodelled as follows:—

Selection of Chemical Apparatus suitable for class teaching in first and second class aided Schools in the Cape Colony.

Priced nett, from Messrs. J. J. Griffin & Sons, Catalogues (22, Garrick-street, Covent Garden, London), and representing a value of Eighteen Pounds irrespective of Packing and Charges.

* *The numbers prefixed refer to the articles in the priced Catalogue.*

2015, Copper oxygen retort.
2137. I. R. gas-bag, jet, and stop-cock.
2142. Gas bladder and cap.
2249. Hydrogen baloon.
2133. Gas jar grad. 100 cc.
2105. Do. with cap and tube.
2103. Deflagr, jars (2), 9 × 5, 11 × 6
2058. Chlor. calc. drying Jar, sin.
2048-9. Chlor. calc. tubes (2).
2279. Tate's oxy-hyd. blowpipe.
1534. Gas jar on foot, 10 × 3.
2122. Eprouvette, 12 × 2.
1677. Gr. glass covers 3, 3½ in.
1579. 2 W. M. 6 pt. bottles for gases.
162. Gas trays, 2 sets, 3, 4, 6, 7 in.
2224. Phosphorus globe.
2226. Cup and stand for do.
2227. Shallow 12 in. pan for do.
2070. 1 in. B. H. shelf.
2066. Stoneware trough and shelf, 11 × 5.
2077. Tate's pneumatic trough.
2229. Deflagrating spoon (2).
697. Brass m. m. stopcock.
698. Do. m. f. stopcock.
716. Bladder piece.
718. Flexible tube connector, m.
2253. Hydrogen tube, 20 × 1.
1953. V. I. R. tubing, 3 ft. ½: $\frac{5}{16}$ ea.
1957. I. R. sheet for connectors.
1950. 2 I. R. caps, 2 necks, 1½ diam.
857. 865. 3 oz. spt. lamp and chimney.
2277. Square of wire gauze.
2234. Steel combustion wire, 1 hank.
1219. Lamp furnace.
1879. Liebig's condenser and stand.
1534. Hessian crucibles, 2 nests.
1323. B. P. crucibles and cover, 1½, 2¼.
1396. 2 iron ladles, 2 and 4 in.
1807. 5 retorts, 40, 20, 10 (2), 5 oz.
1809. 2 stoppd. do., 10 oz.
1865. 2 adapters, 1½ and 2 in.
1815. 6 Clarke's retort and receiver.
2128. No. 5 Cooper's mercurial tube.
1405. 2 French ballon receivers, 1 pt.
1942. Bent acid funnels (3).
1942. Straight do. jar gas bottles(3).
1400. Boiling flasks, 6 of 3 oz., 3 of 6 oz., 4 of 8 oz.
1766. B. P. evap. basins (2), 6½ in.
1769A. Wedgw. do., 2, 3, 4 in.
1770. Stonew. basins, 3, 4, 5, 6 in.
1600. Tube funnels (3).
2800. Precipitate slab.
1626. Glass funnels (2), 4 in., 100 filters and box.
1626. Glass funnels (2), 3 in., 100 filters and box.
1626. Glass funnels (2), 2 in., 100 filters and box.
4522. Set of blowp. apparatus in box.
4894. Mineral fragments for exp.
1484. Beaked Tumblers, 2 sets of 4.
1448. Beakers, nest of 10.
2410. Test-glasses (12).
2404. Assd. test tubes (60).
2432. Test papers.
168A. 1 gross assd. corks.
1594. Delarue's labels.
1555. Named acid bottles, 10 oz.(3)
1550. 3 oz. N. M. stopd. bottles (24).
1550. 6 oz. N. M. stopd. bottles (12).
62 3. B. porcel. mortars, 4 in, flat, 5 in.
177. Horn spatulas (2).
116. Glass rod for stirrers, 1 lb.
118. Rests for stirrers, 3 in. (2).
——. Small soldering bit.

125. Bent crucible tongs, 14 in.
121. Small do., 8 in.
142. Sheet metal shears.
140A and 141. Plyers (3), flat, round, cutting.
158. Test-tube cleaners (4).
170. Set of 6 cork borers.
179 and 192A. Flat file and flat rasp.
229. Triang. tube-cutting file.
234. Assd. glass tube, 3 lbs.
321. Universal support.
359 and 372. Test tube stands (2), do. pegged.
342. Funnel holder.
268. Retort stand, 3 rings.
293. Tube holder, on foot.
315. Hinged clamp.
393. Block supports (4).
386-7. Clips for test tubes (2).
437. Scales and weights to ½ oz.
437. French wts. 5 grm. to 1 cent.
519. Specific grav. bottle, 100 grs.
480. 10 oz. Grad. measure.
2783. Graduated flask, 1 litre.
2736. Bink's burette on foot, 100 c.c.
2769. Scale pipette, 10 c.c. in ⅕.
169. Cylinder pipettes No. 2 (3).

Chemicals to accompany the above set of apparatus, sufficient for one course, without renewal, all in glass bottles, stoppered where necessary. Nett price £3 3s. (Art. 4865).

Acids :
Acetic, 2 oz.
Hydrochloric, com., 1 pt. :
,, pure, ½ lb.
Nitric, com., ½ lb.
,, pure, ½ lb.
Sulphuric, com., 1 pt.
,, pure, ½ lb.
Oxalic, 1 oz.
Tartaric, 1 oz.
Alcohol, 6 oz.
Alum, 4 oz.
Ammon., chloride, 2 oz.
,, carbonate, 2 oz.
,, liquor, 1 pt.
,, nitrate, 6 oz.
Antimony, metallic, 1 oz.
,, sulphide, 4 oz.
Barium, chloride, 1 oz.
,, nitrate, 1 oz.
Bleaching powder, 4 oz.
Calcium chloride, 2 oz.
,, carbonate, 4 oz.
,, hydrate, 2 oz.
,, Fluoride, 2 oz.
Camphor, 1 oz.
Charcoal powder, 2 oz.
,, sticks, 2 oz.
Cobalt, chloride, ½ oz. sol.
,, nitrate, ½ oz. sol.
Cochineal, 1 oz.
Copper leaf :
,, turnings, 2 oz.
Copper nitrate, 1 oz.
,, sulphate, 4 oz.
,, chloride, ½ oz.
Gall nuts, powd., 1 oz.
Gold-leaf, 1 bk.
Indigo, 1 oz.
Iodine, ½ oz.
Iron, perchloride, 1 oz.
,, persulphate, 1 oz.
,, protosulphate, 4 oz.
,, ,, pure, 2 oz.
,, sulphide, ½ lb.
Lead, metallic, 1 oz.
Lycopodium, ½ oz.
Magnesium, oxide, 1 oz.
,, carbonate, 1 oz.
,, sulphate, 2 oz.
Mangancse, peroxide, 1 lb.
Naphtha, 1 pint.
Mercury, ¼ lb.
,, perchloride, ½ oz.
Phosphorus, 1 oz.
,, amorphous, ½ oz.
Potassium, 6 grs.
,, carbonate, 2 oz.
,, ,, pur., 1 oz.
,, chlorate, ½ lb.
,, chromate, 1 oz.
,, ferricyanide, ½ oz.
,, ferro-cyanide, 1 oz.
,, hydroxide, ½ oz.
,, ,, pur., ½ oz.
,, Iodide, 1 oz.

Potassium, nitrate, 4 oz.
„ sulpho-cyanide, ¼ oz.
Silver leaf.
„ nitrate, 2 drs.
Sodium, 10 grs.
„ borate, 2 oz.
„ bi-carb., 1 oz.
„ carbonate, 2 oz.
„ nitrate, 2 oz.
Sodium, sulphate, 4 oz.
Fire-clay, ½ lb.
Strontium nitrate, ½ oz.
Sulphur, roll, 2 oz.
„ sublimed, 2 oz.
Tin-foil, 1 oz.
„ chloride, ½ oz,
Zinc, grain, ½ lb.

Hence it appears that, allowing a margin of about £4 for freight and charges, the total expense of starting an elementary chemical class may be estimated at £25. Reviewing the list it will be seen that special prominence is given to pneumatic chemistry, and that the tutor is supposed to possess or speedily to acquire dexterity sufficient for filling up such simple adjuncts as gas-bottles for hydrogen, out of the glass jars accumulating in domestic use. It is also presumed that some provision, say £5 per annum, is made for renewal of materials and replacement of breakage. Generally, the tutor's working lamp-fuel will be spirit of wine, bought as cheaply in the Colony as in England. In the few Cape localities where gas is procurable, Art. 982, Rose Gas-burner and Evaporating Furnace, costing ten shillings, will be most useful. To this may be added Art. 983, at eight shillings, forming, with the burner, a little ignition furnace for small crucibles. But up country, one must be satisfied with spirit as the readiest and most reliable fuel. For a long-continued operation like distillation of water, recourse may be had to one of the handy paraffine stoves now in general use. An open domestic fire-place pressed for a short time into the service invariably results in sheer vexation of spirit and loss of time, and is to be avoided if possible.

Should a rigid economy at the outset not be necessary, the tutor is strongly recommended to add to his apparatus a really useful galvanic battery for the Electrolysis of Water. Have nothing to say to the cheaper Smee's, Daniell's, Maynooth, or the Carbon and Bichromate arrangements. *Crede experto, nam errando didici!* For physico-chemical effects, demanding compactness, power, and reliability in performing some of the most striking and instructive experiments of the course, Grove's battery with platinum elements is indispensable. Six cells, pint size, form the smallest workable group, and cost £3. True, the concentrated nitric acid for the inner cell is dear, but the apparatus is not set in action more than once or twice in a year's course, and then the extra expense is abundantly justified by the vigour and certainties of the effects. For a series of lectures on Electro-magnetism or on Telegraphy, where intensity is not needed, the constant battery of Daniell or even its "Meidinger" modification may be used. As the sets of Grove's cells are complete in themselves, a second six may be added subsequently, when the combination will be found to answer fairly for public lectures, and even give on a

small scale some notion of the brilliance of the Electric Light. Of the subsidiary electrolytic apparatus for decomposition of water there is a great variety. Perhaps art. 2295, costing six shillings, is the best for school use. The gases come off separately into tubes, standing side by side, and thus show their volume ratio very distinctly. Removing the cap both electrodes can be covered by a funnel, and the mixed gases led into one tube for explosion and reconversion into water. For much detail of a practical kind upon this and all physical phenomena likely to be illustrated in school courses, reference should be made to *Weinhold's Experimental Physics, Theoretical and Practical, with directions for constructing Physical Apparatus.* 8*vo.* *London*, 1877. The book is a large one, but the practical student will regret that it is not larger still.

It has been suggested that an orderly and planned series of Object Lessons will form the best science method for a third-class school. Haphazard taking the first subject that comes uppermost will not do. The task of working out a detailed arrangement for them is by no means easy, and certainly cannot be accomplished within the limits of a short essay. But in regard to improving the knowledge of science in Cape undergraduates, we may certainly hear briefly the conclusion of the whole matter: place chemistry on the same footing as other studies, give a little encouragement, a little direction, and—*a little money.*

My Command in South Africa.*

Sir Arthur Cunynghame's rank, and the official position held by him in this Colony as Lieutenant-Governor and Commander of the Forces, would naturally induce the majority of those whose attention is directed to the South African Colonies and States to look forward with interest to the publication of any work giving the results of his personal experiences during his residence at the Cape. The volume before us contains descriptions of the country and anecdotes of its inhabitants, and has been divided by the author into five parts. After giving a general view of the different countries he is about to describe, the first part contains an account of the General's journey from Cape Town to the Eastern Frontier, the Free States, and Basutoland. In the second part we have a narrative of a visit to Pondoland and Natal. This is followed by an account of the threatened rebellion in the Diamond Fields, and of the expedition sent to check it. The Annexation of the Transvaal is next dealt with; and the last chapters are devoted to a description of the late war on the Eastern Frontier of the Cape Colony. The subjects treated of are of great importance, and if we do not find much valuable information contained in these pages, we have, at all events, much interesting and amusing matter. The book, however, is disfigured by many gross and

* "My Command in South Africa," 1874-78. Comprising Experiences of Travel in the Colonies of South Africa and the Independent States. By General Sir Arthur Thurlow Cunynghame, G.C.B., then Lieutenant-Governor and Commander of the Forces in South Africa.

careless mistakes in spelling, and sometimes in matters of greater importance. The following examples, selected at random, will give the Cape reader some idea of these faults. On page 6, speaking of the increased rate of living at Cape Town caused by the discovery of diamonds, the General says :—"Meat—which a few years since had been about 2d. per lb.—had now risen to 9d. A sheep could be purchased, not many years ago, for 3s. 6d., and now 5s. or 6s. is charged for the tail alone." Every resident in Cape Town knows by sad experience that these low prices were things of the past long before the Diamond Fields were discovered. The quality of Cape wine is stated to have fallen off of late years in consequence of the great expense of sending the wine to market at the Diamond-fields. We are informed that "the Government was in such difficulties prior to the discovery of the Diamond Fields, that public buildings had to be sold in all directions." "Bain's Kloof" we are told "is a pass which was made by military labour," and we are further informed that in returning from Ceres the travellers "came across a herd of Raeterick" whatever they may be. According to the author, Lord Charles Somerset "can lay claim to having bestowed greater benefits upon the Colony" than almost all other Governors. "Household servants, of the most ignorant class, are not to be obtained (the General is speaking of Cape Town)—much under £4 per month, in addition to their food, and women for not less than £3. There are the vilest of coolies, the most slovenly and dirty of servants, and their immorality is a blot to civilization," In accounting for the objection of the inhabitants to the introduction of coolies from China, he writes. "It was said that some Chinamen who arrived at San Francisco started a shop with a sausage-making machine, but lacking capital to carry on the concern, two of them agreed to murder the third, and turn him into sausages. This was the beginning of their success in business." This story was one "that caused a great sensation" in Cape Town, and with many others "was greedily devoured by the Dutch community." The story was implicitly "believed by many persons who denounced the idea of allowing emigrant Chinese to enter the Colony." Further on we find that "the proprietor of one of the guano islands is said to realise profit from £8,000 to £10,000 a year. He received this important right in exchange for some land at Cape Town, at a time when the Cape Government was poor and unable to pay cash." In the description of Port Elizabeth, Sir John Coode's recommendation to construct a breakwater "in front of the town" is mentioned, and then it is stated "that the requisite expense which would not exceed £900,000, has been voted to meet it, at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce." We are told that the "*Commetje* is a curious small worm something of the white ant species. Many millions of these creatures are at work continuously and succeed in forming large circular holes on either side of the road, extending for several square miles." We learn that the law against the sale of guns to Kafirs was evaded by the traders by selling them "under fictitious names, like that by which they were known to the Kafirs, baboons' thighs." Sandilli asked for sixpence from each of the General's staff. Sir Arthur says on this, "I cannot believe that the request for so trifling a sum was made solely with the object of obtaining means for the temporary enjoyment of a bottle of 'Cape smoke.' I imagine it was as a sort of recognition of his superiority before the bar of native opinion, so that

those about should see that he received a sort of tribute even from the officers of the white men of the Colony." In another part we are told that in the Free State "one pound bank notes are there called 'blue-books.'" Near Blinkwater the General saw "the only milestone, which I remember, in the Colony." "Close to Cape Town," he says, "we saw on the river bank a fine vein of crystals; not a few miles from this, the famous 'Star of South Africa' had been found." Sir Arthur met with very many curious names. He mentions a singular custom prevailing amongst the Boers "of calling their children after remarkable events which happened at the time of their birth, such as Coronation when the King or Queen was crowned." These examples are sufficient to show the gross carelessness apparent in almost every page of the book, and the absurd blunders of which the author is constantly guilty. It is unnecessary to give specimens of the wonderful changes made in the spelling of our best known colonial names, whether of men or places. The inhabitants of Cradock will be delighted to learn that Sir Arthur Cunynghame is of opinion that there is every chance of that rising town becoming "the political capital of the future Confederated Colonies." In pointing out some of the glaring faults in this volume, we do not wish to be understood as considering that it will not repay an attentive perusal. The author tells the story of his adventures pleasantly, and publishes some information as to recent occurrences on the Frontier. He has collected many accounts of former events, some of which are new and of interest. The following account of the battle of the Berea, a story often told, may interest some of our readers at the present moment :—

"I subsequently received from a friend a very interesting account of this action, in the following terms :—

"The day after we entered the country of Moshesh by garrison orders our game-shooting (it was stated "with great regret") must be stopped. On the second day we reached Platberg, the old Bastard location. Mr. Giddy, the missionary, was at his post, though the Bastards had fled before the wrath of the great Basuto.

"On the 13th we made a camp, a meeting was convened, but none of the chiefs thought the day convenient. On the 14th the sons of the chiefs, besides many black princes and kings, called at our lines; but the Governor put forth an advertisement that he wanted the great chief, and declared that until it was answered he would not see any of the smaller black ones.

"Owen, therefore, rode to Moshesh. He delivered this message, and on the 15th Moshesh turned up. He was very neatly attired in a new dark suit of clothing, and met everybody with a dignified and affable politeness, which extended to the lancer orderlies, whose hands he shook with fervour, and also to Morocco, his neighbour (a pigeon he had often plucked). Having been admitted to the hospital marquee in front of His Excellency's tent, he was introduced to the General (Inkose Inkulu). The General, to cut a dash, was dressed in a glittering costume. He thought he had it all his own way, and came down on 'old Mo' pretty stiffly. He desired him to pay ten thousand head of cattle and one thousand horses within three days, or to be exterminated.

"Poor Mo answered and said: 'Oh, chief, live for ever! The Basutos are dogs, and I, O Inkose Inkulu, am but a son of them. Take my cattle, take my lambs, take my people, do as you please with them—

thy servant can do no more ; but, added the old cove, 'I cannot send you the cattle in three days, being only a Kafir or a dog, and must take a dog's time to do my work.'

"The General, overjoyed at his knuckling down so quickly, said : 'Be off, Mo ; and if every cow be not in by the third day the Inkose will come and take all your cattle ; but, if your people submit without a shot, he will not hunt them.' Whereupon Mo observed, 'that if you trod upon the pet corn of a cur he would very likely turn and bite.' He then bowed and retired. In ten minutes he was on his way to the mountain, and the Governor telling every one he was sure of his cattle.

"Three days were nearly spent before any kine appeared, and then at sundown three thousand four hundred lean and lazy beasts came in with an escort of six hundred mounted Busutos.

"When Nehemiah appeared, it was thought that the whole fine had arrived, and the General observed to him that he was glad to see that he had brought the cattle, and said, 'Oh, I am glad to see that you have paid the fine, you've a great many huts on the road to Thaba Bosigo and I should be sorry to burn them.' When the counters reported that the thousand horses and six thousand five hundred cows were short of the fine, Nehemiah was told that he need not dine with His Excellency, but to go home and tell his papa that the Inkose was coming.

"Next day, about two-thirds of the force went to the Caledon river, where they encamped and constructed a pont. This was about nine miles from Thaba Bosigo.

"Orders were given to march at four next morning with three days' provisions, the infantry to cross by the pont, the cavalry by the ford.

"The cavalry brigade was broken up, two hundred sabres were placed under the command of Napier, who went with his little force round to the left quite out of reach, and without support. Colonel Eyre advanced with seven hundred foot and forty mounted Fingoes from the centre ; and the General, with two hundred foot, two guns, with an escort of forty Lancers, twenty-five Cape Mounted Rifles, and his Fingo guard, took to the right.

"We, the cavalry, got well out of sight, and before we were half-way to Thaba Bosigo, saw nothing but cattle all over the hills. Munro and Carey with their troops pushed on and received a volley while getting over a stone wall ; they charged, killing with lance, carbine, or sabre, some twelve or thirteen Basutos. Carey drove his sword right through a savage, and, after better opposition than we expected, the Basutos dispersed and fled. They then pushed on, we closely following until we came suddenly upon a magnificent herd of cattle. After a hard gallop a few of us managed to head the herd and turn them back to Napier, though not without danger of being hurled over a krantz. I cannot describe to you the force of the stream of cattle which would have escaped, had we not luckily shot an ox or two in a narrow opening between two stones, the only outlet : this stopped the torrent rushing forward.

"We got back, having ridden between several Kafirs whom I could easily have stabbed, but refrained. After getting the cattle back we were obliged to let them run to the flats as we could not keep them quiet.

"Meanwhile Carey and Munro had parted company, the latter having returned to us, while Oaks, Somerset, and Warren had joined Carey

with a few men, and pushed on to near Thaba Bosigo. The Basutos now assembled in our rear, and Tottenham with twenty-five men drew out to front them and support Somerset. Their numbers exceeded all estimate we had formed of them, and while all our reserve under Napier had gone down to the flats, except a few stragglers, we thus had to bear up against a dense mass of disciplined horsemen on the hill, one mile and a half from our friends.

"We did our best, we drove one squadron in, and then another at our best space, and then confronted their main body more than eight hundred strong. We now re-dressed our line at three hundred yards from their centre, which was three deep, their flanks advanced in an attitude to surround us. At these odds we charged and received at seventy yards' distance a concentric fire from the whole line, after which the semicircle closed its horns upon us, and we were surrounded and cut off. We were therefore compelled to dash back and reform close to them, but their regular and overwhelming advance pushed us on, and we were obliged at last to gallop for our lives.

"Our retreat was headlong, for the enemy had headed us and pursued us with good speed. With difficulty any lived to tell the tale. Tottenham behaved like a hero; the last to turn, he remained almost the last in the retreat, and by cool courage and good riding managed to save a sergeant-major by shooting a Basuto while just about to stab him. After a mile we were pulled up by a stone wall, and here many fell. I had to run home my spurs and leap it as a last chance. Just before a Basuto had ridden between me and it, I cut him across the shoulder with my sword and saw no more of him. Tottenham got over the wall and saved one of his men.

"At length some Cape Mounted Riflemen came back to our support, and their carbine shots checked our pursuers. We were still followed, however, and the enemy fired smartly, wounding a man of the rear guard whom Tottenham brought off on his own horse.

"Our captured cattle were now driven on as fast as possible, and though Kafirs collected on our flank, yet they would not face Tottenham's little rear guard commanded by himself on foot, and hampered with a wounded man upon his horse. The fighting now came to an end.

"I then went to the camp and got some men to cover the passage of the cattle over the river. Somerset's party had had a narrow squeak, but managed to prevent being run into by steady courage and good skirmishing. They reached camp in a sorry plight just when we did, but with a consciousness of having done their best, which repays any man for the greatest risks. Somerset brought in a soldier behind him. Simpkin just got in his wounded horse before it fell dead. They were fortunate to get off at all, being surrounded by a force so great as to drive them over a krantz.

"Such was the cavalry fight, which, but for the isolation of our force at so remote a position, must have been a brilliant affair. As it was we held our prize, and bore off four thousand head of cattle to our camp. Of Tottenham's small rear guard twenty fell. Eyre and the Governor fired away till dark. The latter riding forward alone to parley was nearly shot, despite his white flag.

"Moshesh fortunately sent in for peace. Everyone wanted their revenge, and desired to attack the Basutos again, but the Governor refused, not liking to enter the hills again."

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Public Health.

In the course of a somewhat remarkable address on *The future of Sanitary Science, Political, Medical, and Social*, delivered before the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain at the Royal Institution, on the 5th July, 1877, by Dr. Richardson, the lecturer epitomises the real needs of the day, to be pure air, pure water, and pure food, as incentive to pure morals and healthy life. In the absence of these three factors in the sum of human happiness, every unit stands committed to the propagation of disease; violation of physiological laws is followed by insidious ailments and premature decay; and the outcome of our boasted civilization and crowding in towns, is to be traced in consumptive lungs, feeble digestions, nervous exhaustion, and emasculate offspring. An act of settlement for the vital regeneration of the realm seems in this writer's opinion to be imperatively called for, so as to consider whether it would not be practicable, before codifying the existing acts that touch on health, to legislate definitely on a simple natural basis of natural requirement, for all the ills from which we are suffering.

The initial difficulty to be met, of course, is to honestly determine what are the evils that have to be removed in order that the cleanest bills of health may be regularly presented to the nation. In Dr. Richardson's view "the great work, therefore, and indeed the first sanitary work of the future, standing before all other sanitary legislation except the formation of the central authority (a minister of public health), is the systematic enumeration, week by week, of the diseases of the kingdom, through the length and breadth of the kingdom. It is utterly hopeless, he thinks, to attempt any decisive measure for lessening the mortality, which is certainly more than double what it ought to be, until this State labour is faithfully carried out. It is in vain, comparatively speaking, to know what totality disease hands over to death, unless we know also what health under one or other cause of disturbance yields over to disease."

Taking this sentence for our text, we propose to direct public attention to matters nearer home, and to consider what steps should

be adopted to lower the mortality tables, and improve the hygienic condition of the town and country villages of the Cape Colony.

From the report of the select committee to consider and report on the sanitary arrangements of Municipalities, it is quite clear that next to nothing is being done to promote the improvement of public health in towns. In Cape Town, Graham's Town, and Port Elizabeth, we should expect to find something less primitive than surface drainage, and underground sewers innocent of water supply; and yet from the evidence given by competent witnesses, the action of municipal bodies seems confined to levying rates, squabbling over money matters, and placing restrictions on the liberty of individuals to grossly offend against decency and the safety of the subject. Nowhere do we hear of comprehensive schemes of sewerage or water supply. Nowhere is there any attempt being made to beautify towns, or add to local attractions. Nowhere have we any prominent example of what a South African town should be. So soon as corporate bodies are asked to incur expense, they fly off at a tangent, and postpone the discussion of plans of improvement to a more convenient season. In a word, municipalities and the town councils cannot be brought to see their duties, in the way they should; and in the meanwhile annual elections are bringing very peculiar men to the front, and stifling every attempt to do something for posterity, as well as for our own brief day.

Now whatever the public may think of it, there is no doubt that the Cape Colony is by no means keeping up its old reputation for healthiness and cheapness. In the absence of trades or mechanical callings, we have nothing to export except raw material. Take away wool and skins, diamonds, copper ore, manganese, and a little gold and ostrich feathers, and what have we to show to the rest of the world, in return for their produce or manufactures? If it were not for the hordes of savages in our midst, and on our borders, who require blankets and guns, the trade of this Colony would not find full occupation for the inhabitants of a single third-rate town in England. To the importers, as a body, we owe everything that we enjoy. We are even getting too apathetic to take open air exercise; and one of the chief reasons why people try to live in country houses is to escape from rates, and grow their own vegetables and flowers. It has thus come to pass, that people who make their money here try to hoard it, and to save it, so as to spend it in the mother country. Every steamer takes away its full complement of passengers for a six months' trip; and the burdens of life fall upon those who are obliged to cling to the towns, to breathe their vitiated air, to inhale their dusty clouds,—and bring up their offspring in sordid homes, and mal-odorous streets and gutters. The dulness of their surroundings begets a craving for excitement. For one young lady or gentleman who after a night of refreshing sleep in a well ventilated apartment, seeks to invigorate the frame by early rising, and a long walk before breakfast, we have dozens of fagged young citizens

gaping through the hot hours of a tedious play, or the dreary discords of a mephitic concert room. Drink, dirt, dust, noise, and bad smells, are the portion of the town mouse, while the country mouse vegetates amid reeking stables, and miasmatic ponds, and the constant risk of typhoid fever on his farm. No wonder, therefore, that children die so frequently from convulsions; while the middle-aged succumb to dropsy and the symptoms of blood poisoning. Where are their pure food and pure water and pure air to come from, when no one is interested in promoting the sale of fresh fruit and vegetables; when the water is poisoned in lead pipes and cisterns, or conveyed out of dirty weedy channels into rotten weedy casks and stinking muddy reservoirs—when the air is loaded with impurities, and dust, and carbonic acid; and when your only choice of a quiet sleep resides between stewing in a small bed-room, shivering in a large one, or studying the stars in an arm-chair on the stoep. Such meat or fish, as our butchers and fishmongers supply are made more appetising by reckless exposure in the shambles, or on the beach to the sun. We drink our wine rough and acid; we swallow our eggs stale and fishy —we munch unripe fruit, and grow flatulent over everlasting cabbages and "knolkohls"! Talk of garlic, and caviare, and olive oil to the foreigner, and what are they in comparison with snoek-*pieklaar*, and greasy "breedies," to taint the breath, and leave a horrid taste in one's mouth.

In England, by recent legislation, they have some security for obtaining fresh animal food, and foods freed of foreign substances or adulteration. The penalties that may be inflicted on those who sell decomposing, diseased, or adulterated foods, are beginning to have effect, and much good is resulting. But what are we doing out here in these matters? Have we any inspectors for meat, or milk, or rice, or pickled fish even, or is there any practical check on the sale of damaged grain, and spoilt bacon and cheese.

On the question of bad air, there can be no doubt that heat and dust in the day-time outside, are often converted into heat and closeness at bed-time in the living rooms of a house. They keep the wretched inhabitants in a depraved mental as well as physical state; and in the case of labourers and working men, who have to work in the same room in which they sleep and take their food, they force them to fly to drink and debauchery, and other social evils of omission and commission. This is what Canon Lightfoot has to say on this subject in Cape Town:—"As regards the dwellings of the poor, the bad effects depend chiefly upon the scarcity of dwelling houses; all the houses as a rule, are inhabited by more than one family, and in many cases each room is inhabited by a distinct family. You will see sometimes three generations in one room. In one instance, I found a man and his wife, with three children in one bed; some other children in another bed, with the wife's mother and sister."

Speaking again of the natives. "There are many of the Sechuna-speaking natives who die here of consumption. They take a house

and live together in a few little rooms, doing all their cooking there. They get wet, and having only one suit of clothes, sit in their rooms in their wet clothes, and consumption follows. Many of the dwellings are the back premises of the old Dutch houses with floors of blue stone; they are very cold and damp; and I believe the mortality of children is great among the families living in these back rooms."

Such is some of the sad experiences of an active and benevolent city missionary in South Africa on the question of public health and the need of some sanitary reform. Now in what direction shall this reform take place? On the authority of medical men, there is no efficient register of births and deaths kept anywhere in the Colony so as to check our increase and decrease. It is, therefore, difficult to keep up vaccination, and doubly difficult to get at the bottom of the notorious mortality in years of epidemic mischief. One of the physicians consulted didn't mince the matter, but when asked whether the death-rate of Cape Town would not be lowered if we had sanitary reform, promptly replied, "If by sanitary reform, you mean that we had asphalte streets, and granite side pavements, with lots of water everywhere, and plenty of trees and grass, and open spaces for recreation, and rapid removal of stercus refuse away from the town and suburbs, then indeed, people living in fairly ventilated houses (of the stamp of the Breakwater cottages), would be all the better for sanitary reform, *and bless the day they got it.*"

It seems to us that this answer goes to the root of the whole matter. How often have we not been struck when journeying through the Colony, with the utter absence of joyousness in the population of villages? With the exception of tipsy labourers, and a few noisy bacchanals at the hotels, you seldom hear the sound of hearty laughter borne upon the breeze, by children playing at games, or by their seniors diverting themselves in the open air, or upon the commonage. Beyond drinking and sleeping, what do the wretched people do? They have no sense of sport: they are not fond of the sea; they don't indulge in cricket; and take but a languid interest in cock fighting. Beyond a love for dress and display, and some taste for dancing, the people are singularly tame and depressed—perhaps by the heat and dust, perhaps by the nuisance of living at all. When Mr. Anthony Trollope gives us a second edition of his book on the Cape, we shall be interested to read what he thinks of us on this point; for it is a matter that will be sure to engage his attention, being in such striking contrast with his Australian experiences. As for our roads and so-called pavements, there is really no excuse for the rubbish so misplaced, for wind or water to turn into dust and mud, in sunshine and in shower. Even the Governor, mild tempered as he is, has been provoked to send for the Town Council, and give them a bit of his mind, as to the way in which they are treating Her Majesty's representative, while he is in residence at Cape Town. Many of his hints were most valuable, though we doubt whether a single idea will be taken up by the guardians of Cape Town.

With good roads and pleasant walks, there would be an inducement to take open air exercise; but with the exception of the charming drive round the Kloof (at present, by the way, almost impassable for carriages, by reason of ruts and chasms), we have no rides or drives at all worth speaking about. The town engineer has just finished a pleasant drive past the prison up to his house on the hill under the Devil's Peak, whence you can command a most extensive view over the bay; but it involves your return by the same road to town again. If he could get authority for making a detour in the direction of Platteklip, past the mansion of Judge Bell, so as to hit the filtering dam, and so through Mr. Breda's woods down to the new reservoir, he would have utilized three old footpaths now overgrown by brushwood and scrub, and introduced the stranger to some lovely bits of natural scenery, to a waterfall or two, and to most picturesque studies of rock and mountain scenery. The materials for so doing lie ready to his hand. Along the whole of this route, there is good gravel to be had; and a rough bridge or two could be easily constructed out of spars and young fir-trees, so as to cross the shallow torrents, and make us independent of wind and weather. Even the Kloof road might be much improved by planting fir-trees on either side of it all the way round, and thereby tempering the glare from the sea of the afternoon sun. In any other country but this, the rocky shores of Green Point and Camp's Bay would long ago have been utilised as the basis of a public promenade, superior to the far-famed Corniche road; and if carried, as it might be, about six feet above the sea level, a tramway might fitly convey thousands of holiday-seekers from the reeking dens of Cape Town, to the pleasant slopes and sands beyond Clifton and Oudekraal, at a very modest charge. In a national work of this kind, there are no great engineering difficulties. The sea affords the level, and the materials of construction lie ready to the hand, while the debris and rubbish do not need to be carted away, but can with ease be tipped at once into the waves, which here disport themselves in foam. As for gravel and road ballast, the hill sides are perfect quarries of decomposed granite and drift sand.

Another great source of public health would be the utilization of the large slices of land reclaimed from the bay, by laying them out as public promenades and places of amusement. A broad roadway on top of a well constructed sea-wall might enormously improve the approaches to Cape Town, and form the healthiest of all afternoon lounges, where, fanned by sea breezes, and removed from the din and dust of traffic, the heated denizen of town and country, might fancy himself once more on the pier and esplanade at Brighton; and puff out his chest with all the conscious pride of an inflated Englishman who is travelling abroad.

Alas and alack—these are day dreams never likely to be realised while Plancus is Consul! Let cats and dogs and sleek grey rats quarrel over the garbage of our dustbins, and push their intrusive

paws into municipal dirt-pies. It is nobody's business to ventilate public drains or root out the hotbeds of fever and infantile destruction!

"Let dust-storms whirl and small stones rattle,
We save our Rates, and spare our Cattle!"

Reminiscences of the Paris Exhibition, 1878.

About this time last year, when thousands were busily engaged in preparing for the ceremonial of the opening day that was but too fast approaching, the day's work was often diversified by amusing incidents that few, if any, had then time to record. Now, they occasionally recur to the memory, and one or two of them may perhaps not be wholly uninteresting to your readers.

The Prince of Wales was, with the Crown Prince of Denmark, passing through the British sections one afternoon, anxious that England and her colonies should be ready on the first of May, no matter who was late. Stopping here and there, to see what progress had been made, he conversed with his companions, with commissioners and exhibitors, urging the latter to hasten the completion of their arrangements. Coming at length to the Cape court, with which the British dominions ended, he jauntily stepped over broken cases that lay in his way to receive the bow of the commissioner, and soon caught sight of the enormous bullock horns sent to Paris by Professor Branford. They had just been fixed aloft on the corners of a wall. The opportunity was too good to be lost. "*Articles de ménage!*" the Prince exclaimed, "*je croyais que nous en avions assez en Europe!*"

Some weeks later it had been announced that a statue of "the Republic" was about to be added to those on the terrace of the Palace which faced the Pont de Jéna and the Trocadéro. But Madame la République was coy or not quite ready. The eager crowd, however, went in search of her. Streaming down the steps of the terrace it soon gathered round a spot not very far off, where workmen were busy erecting what seemed a colossal statue in bronze with handsome female features. "*Ah! C'est donc ici; voilà Madame la République qui s'habille!*" was the immediate conclusion loudly drawn by a gamin de Paris. Elderly folks from the Provinces straightway instructed their wives and daughters that this was the famous statue. "Move on," said the inevitable policeman, "form a line, you obstruct the work." But the crowd had paid its franc. "Move on" meant in reality "go back;" and people in the rear, who had no idea of being cheated out of some sight that the foremost were pressing to see, made the order difficult to obey. It thus came to pass that I found myself pushed into far closer proximity with "the guardians of the public peace" than suited either my comfort

or their dignity, already somewhat ruffled by the gamin's impertinent wit. "*C'est le codeau que fait la France à l'Amérique; passez donc Messieurs!*" pompously said a fat Commissaire de Police, elbowing his way into the crowd, with the evident conviction that at *his* word the multitude would vanish into thin air. But it did not suit me, who was hungry and under invitation to breakfast with the Prince of Cape merchants and his charming wife, to struggle back and make a long detour in order to reach the appointed café that lay beyond the statue. I resolved, therefore, to try the effect of a little diversion. Slipping behind the fat commissary, I cried: "*Ah, c'est la République que la France envoie en Amérique, qu'elle y reste!*" and, under cover of the laugh, the shouts, and the movement that immediately followed, I managed to escape in the direction of my rendezvous.

No part of the Exhibition was more popular than that in the permanent buildings erected on the heights of the Trocadéro. *Modern* Spain exhibited its products and manufactures in the palace on the Champs de Mars. It was there also that Sweden and Norway showed their furs, their stoves, their machinery, towers of match boxes, and gateways and railings of wood pulp. But the Spain of Charles V. and Philip II. was to be found in the handsomer building that crowns the height which Napoleon I. had selected as a site for the palace of his son, after whom the broad street leading to it from the Arc de Triomphe is also called l'Avenue du Roi de Roma. Here, adjoining a Court, filled with relics from ancient Egypt, were exposed faded tapestries, carried off into Spain long ago by the rulers of the Low Countries, with specimens of the very trappings and arms that the liberty-loving Flemings had feared, hated, and overcome; with some of the gorgeous liveries and rich costumes that had often been ostentatiously displayed in the streets of Brussels or of Ghent, and with other historical memorials of a time when the Spanish was the most powerful monarchy of Europe if not of the known world.

Descending a broad flight of stairs you left a court filled as I have described, and guarded by heralds in the livery of Charles V., to enter one of a very different character. The Governments of Sweden and Norway (or perhaps I should rather say the Director of the Ethnographic Museum of Stockholm) were here in possession; and the sunny vineyards of Spain can form no greater contrast to the snow-clad mountains of Scandinavia than did the objects which met the visitor's eye in the one court and in the other. Above the staircase was the past,—below the present. Above, the objects exhibited filled his mind with thoughts of a bygone struggle; below, the spectacle presented was eminently peaceful.

In a court, the entrances to which were gateways of carved wood, carefully copied from old Norwegian churches, were graphic representations of scenes that every visitor of Sweden and Norway must remember. The hall was divided off into recesses. In each recess was a stage, and on it some scene from the daily life of the rural

population. Placed in the most perfectly natural attitudes were life-sized figures wearing the quaint national dresses which only the rural population of outlying districts still affect. Some of these scenes were laid out of doors, the backgrounds representing exquisite landscapes, perfectly executed by the scene painter of the Royal Theatre at Stockholm. Others again were the interiors of houses, and in none had the smallest detail been overlooked or forgotten. The most touching of all was a faithful life-size representation of Amalia Lindegren's celebrated painting "*The last bed of our little one.*" This showed you the interior of a peasant home in the parish of Rättvik (Dalcarlia). In a capacious apartment, panelled with dark wood, the doors of the two-storied sleeping-bunks ajar, so as to show the bedding, were seven figures. In the centre, kneeling and bending over a cradle, in which lay her dead child, was the young mother fondly peering into the lifeless face of her little one. At the head of the cradle stood the aged grandfather, bible in hand, but evidently too much overcome to continue his reading. In a corner, erect on a straight-backed chair, sat the grand-dame, looking up sorrowfully at the retreating figure of her son, who appeared to be in the act of leaving the room in despair. In the foreground, to the right of the cradle, knelt another woman, looking wistfully towards her weeping sister, while with one hand she hushed the child that was sleeping in another cradle by her side.

Other scenes there were also, as true to life and quite as interesting, if not so touching. Thus one represented a camp, at which the Laplander's reindeer sledge was just arriving, while his fur-capped companions were sitting over a fire in a tent, watching a kettle. Another showed two young lovers in Sunday attire on the banks of the beautiful lake Siljan.

Some of the figures were dressed in costumes that have been gradually disappearing since 1820. It may interest the ladies to know that in some parishes of Sweden, the wealthier peasant maiden, whose natural charms were perhaps not sufficiently attractive to bring a favoured swain up to the asking point, unless she could exhibit some proof of wealth, used to meet him attired in all the skirts she possessed, wearing one over the other, but of different lengths, so as to show at least a narrow border of each. It is on record that as many as ten skirts have thus been worn at one and the same time. Nothing could exceed the life-like resemblance which these dolls or figures bore to living human beings. Most of them were indeed portraits. Face and hands were of coloured plaster of Paris. The hair was real. In several of the figures the eyes had been specially manufactured by an eminent oculist.

The collection was in charge of a robust Norwegian dame, some six feet high, who habitually sat, attired in a scarlet petticoat and stiff white cap, knitting at a small table placed close to one of the entrances. One hot summer afternoon she had fallen fast asleep in her arm-chair. The curious crowd, moving among the groups of

figures, one or two of which were placed in the centre of the hall, mistook her for one of them, and I shall never forget the terrified *Mon Dieu, elle vit*! of a dainty but over curious little lady, when at her touch, the tall Norwegian suddenly opened her eyes, and quickly rising to her full height, stood angrily looking down upon the disconcerted little Frenchwoman.

If more of your space should hereafter be open to me, and the demands on my time permit it, I should like to give your readers some account of similar figures, illustrative of the manners and customs of Holland, the fatherland of so many of our fellow-colonists, to which a very large space was allotted in the exhibition building last year, where, however, owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding of the terms on which their goods would be admitted, a number of intending exhibitors declined at the last moment to enter an appearance.

Words.

(A SONNET.)

Words are the coin of fools, so spake the sage,
But tables of the wise, whereon they count
The golden gems of thought, and keep the page
Of reckoning: So, brother, be the amount
Of all thou sayest or shalt say to men:
The product of a pure, truth-seeking mind,
And symbols of deep thought, tried and refined,
Won from the mine of rich experience; then
Shall all thy words be *gold*, and will outlast
The eating rust of Time; and men will say—
When thou art dead—looking upon thy past—
This man hath earned him a fair fame for aye;
And, in the inmost shrine of memory
They'll rear a precious monument for thee.

KAPPA.

Elton's Lakes and Mountains of Africa.*

This latest contribution to the ever increasing mass of important literature recording the recent researches in the field of African exploration, is by no means the least, and abundantly fulfils the promise of its title. There is no fear that the reader will lay it aside after perusal with any other than a feeling of the completest satisfaction, derived as much from its store of geographical facts, as the light thrown by it on some of the darkest spots on the dark continent.

In this notice of the work, however, our purpose is chiefly to introduce the reader to what was after all the object for which Captain Elton undertook the journey—the slave trade—an object that, as it finds no mention in the title page of the work, may escape the notice of a large number of philanthropic people, who otherwise might turn to the volume for the fullest information respecting this infamous traffic.

The suppression of the slave trade as a mere phrase, has come to mean so little to the general reader, that it is to be hoped that he too will profit by the opportunity afforded of becoming acquainted with the subject in all its bearings.

The introductory chapter by Frederic Holmwood, Esq., H.M. assistant political agent at Zanzibar, after pointing out the enormous cost in treasure and lives which the suppression of the slave trade on the West Coast entailed on us, goes on to state that :—"On the East Coast of Africa, on the other hand, a form of slave trade went on, as from time immemorial, supplying the needs of the Mohammedan nations of the East of Persia, Arabia, and Turkey, and notably of Zanzibar, the extensive African dominion of the ruler of Muscat, now an independent territory under its own Sultan.

"In these countries slavery is an institution, deep-rooted as the religion of the Prophet, which makes domestic slavery essential to the peculiar status of women, and gives every encouragement to agricultural slavery among freeborn Mohammedan men.

"A special class of slave-dealers, recruited principally from the off-scouring of maritime Arabia, leagued with a large following of idle half-castes and the native sea-faring population of an extended coast line, carried on this traffic with all the ardour attaching to an adventurous life accompanied by independence of law and order, while the prospects of large gains added no small attraction to a calling possessing otherwise many charms for such wild and restless spirits. Their caravans penetrated far into the interior, and, whenever there was a dearth of the commodity they sought, a temporary alliance with the nearest native chief, powerful enough and willing to aid them in attacking a weaker

* Travels and Researches among the Lakes and Mountains of Eastern and Central Africa. From the Journals of the late J. Frederic Elton, F.R.G.S., H.B.M. Consul at Mozambique; edited and completed by H. B. Cotterill. London John Murray, 1879.—J. C. Juta, Cape Town.

tribe, or in making a raid on some neighbouring village, soon enabled each dealer to fill up his chain gang, at a small cost with healthy young women and children. In such cases, the massacre of the able-bodied men of the tribe, they had surprised, and the abandonment of the elderly inhabitants to starve amid the ashes of their devastated homes, did not cause a moment's thought or uneasiness.

"The transport of their newly acquired property some hundreds of miles down to the coast, through countries often barren and badly watered and not seldom unfriendly, was, however, an undertaking full of anxiety and difficulty, and one which gave rise to frequent acts of shocking atrocity. When hurrying through an inhospitable and impoverished district, the leaders of a slave-caravan could not stop to disengage the sick or fainting from the chain gang, but, lopping the head above the ring confining the neck, allowed it to roll out of the path, while the disengaged body was kicked on one side with a curse on its feebleness; or, if food failed, babes would be snatched from their wretched mothers' breasts and flung into the adjacent jungle, lest they should deprive a still healthy slave of the strength to proceed."

The testimony of the late Captain Elton is of the same disgusting character. In writing of Zanzibar, he says :—"There has been a largely attended slave market lately, and on the evening of the 31st (March, 1873), it was with extreme difficulty that we forced our way through the crowd into the square where the public sales are effected It is in its revolting details that the brutality of the business strikes one most forcibly. When you go at an early hour and look at the strings of men, old women, and children, sitting upon the ground in lots, and the rows of younger, better favoured, and higher priced girls bedecked for the occasion with heavy earrings and bugles and bright-coloured robes—all the faces marked with that vacant stare common to the slave population—I protest the sight is a revolting one, and it is rendered doubly so when, as is often the case, some of the recently imported wretches are mere skeletons of skin and bone, festering with sores and loathsome skin-disease, and looking as if they were on the very threshold of death. But wait until the throng thickens, and until the heavy speculators arrive and business waxes fast and furious. A keen, hook-nosed Arab discovers a likely article for his money, and, in conference with his companions, narrowly inspects the man, woman, or child, it does not signify which, with all the science of an expert and proficient. The mouth is opened, the teeth examined, the eyes carefully looked at, the hands and nails passed muster, the limbs handled, and the condition felt in precisely the same manner in which a horse would be looked over at a fair; and when the competition is eager, and the lot is passed over from one intending buyer to another, each one stepping aside to put one or two pertinent questions, and endeavour to ascertain temper—an important qualification —and finally, in the case of women, retiring with the chattel under cover of an adjacent shed, the more minutely to estimate the value of her attractions, one turns away with a thorough feeling of sickness and disgust at such an exhibition being possible in this civilized age, and a hope (happily now in rapid realisation) that the days of public slave dealing are nearly drawn to a close. My picture is far from being overdrawn, it is one that will bear painting in more sensational colours than I know how to use, and there are indecencies inseparably connected with

the slave trade that one is compelled, perforce, to pass over in writing.

"No description can effectively bring before a stranger to the East Coast the utter misery and degradation which the traffic spreads open handed in its wake. It commences with murder, rapine and lawless raids; epidemic diseases and death follow up its paths. Legitimate trade is abandoned for its heavier and attractive gains, whilst morality—but what is the possible good of writing about morality? There is none of it that can be co-existent with the collection, transportation, and sale of slaves. One drops the subject from simple inability to bring it in all its bare reality before you, trusting ere long to chronicle the complete downfall of an elaborately contrived system, the very existence of which reflects in some measure a disgrace on every civilised nation of the West.

"Here (Kisiju), at present, every caravan halts on its way north, and the inhabitants do a large stroke of business in buying half-dying children, fattening them up, and re-selling them at a profit, so that the place is full of walking skeletons."

The book abounds in careful descriptions of places and people; indeed we do not remember to have met lately with anything more lifelike than the pictures there presented of Zanzibar and Mozambique.

"Zanzibar grows upon one, in despite of Burton's ghastly descriptions of the many ailments to which flesh is heir in the island. Occasional showers of rain in the morning and clear bright days with a cool sea-breeze characterise the opening of the monsoon, which will not fairly blow until next month. I know of no cases of sickness amongst the European community, and one lady can at any rate boast of seven years' residence here, and the enjoyment of good health, although the climate is described by Burton as more deadly than the marshes of the Maremma.

"There is always variety to meet the eye, and there is more here than at many a Mediterranean seaport. The scene from my window presents a broad expanse of deep-blue water, stretching away to the faint, indistinct outline of the hills on the mainland. A few wooded coral-islands dot the half distance, and wavelets ripple and break monotonously on the strip of sand before the house, as if never a hurricane blew destruction on the shore. A cool breeze ruffles the sea, and brings up from the coast quaintly-shaped dhows with large white cotton sails, looking like gigantic Albatross. In the foreground the 'Daphne,' trim and ready for work, and a couple of merchantmen, lie at anchor, together with a forest of dhows, and long swan-necked Mtepes, resembling overgrown gondolas. Boats and launches are everywhere. Slaves are busily loading coal at the wharf, watched by a group of idlers, composed of an Arab boy in a fez and camel's hair gown, with a couple of sable attendants—all three intent on chewing sugarcane; a Banyan from Cutch, gorgeous in pure white muslin and a scarlet and gold turban; a Mussulman Hindu with a henna-dyed beard; several loafing guides, whose business is to mob the unsuspecting stranger on landing, and a soldier, with the curved Arab dagger, called 'Jambia,' in his waist shawl, a rhinoceros targe suspended from his shoulder, sword in hand, dressed in a white grown, belted sandals, embroidered jacket, and voluminous blue-checked turban of the Ishmaelite. One Cutchi contemplates the scene from a post of vantage on the edge of the wharf, screened from the sun by a huge cotton umbrella; whilst half-a-dozen women are on the sands catching small fish like white-

bait, using their undergarments as nets. An account of this latter performance—one of daily occurrence—was recently questioned in a review as 'a travellers tale,' much to the amusement of Zanzibar.

"Persian mercenaries, Northern Arabs, Gallas, Hindus, Cutchis, women wearing the gilt masks of Muscat, which hide nearly all the face under a mask of filigree-work; slave girls painted and weighed down with silver jewellery, slave girls unadorned, sleek slaves, emaciated slaves, blacks, browns, greys, sombre costumes and gorgeous colours, white asses with henna-stained tails; one of the Sultan's retainers on a fidgety, fretful Arab smothered in gay trappings, and tied down with a standing martingale *a la Turque*; fat Indian kine, eager traders and money-changers, graceful women, attired in the 'sari' of the East, and repulsive old negresses, compose a picture of every-day life, to which imagination must apply an architectural background of Arabian arches, heavy carved wooden doors and lintel posts, circular towers, narrow latticed windows, recesses, and raised terraces, combined with and worked into tortuous lanes and sharp turnings, wells in unexpected corners; squalor, whitewash, dirt and evil smells as you penetrate further into the heart of the town.

"An artist could find congenial occupation for years; but your matter-of-fact thorough British tourist would vote the place slow, of course, see nothing in it, and sigh for a future of broad streets and civilization, broad-cloth, bottled beer, and blacking; and from such revilers of the picturesque I trust a kindly Providence may long deliver the quaint, queer, rambling dirty old Arab town of Zanzibar.

"It is really a lovely bay (Mozambique) in the bright, clear, morning sun light. The three steamers, an old receiving ship, one or two coasting schooners, dhows, and pangaios of every impossible build, are anchored in the foreground, the blue line of coast and the bold outline of the Pao Mountain far in the distance: clouds of boats like a flight of birds come sailing across with provisions for the town from the creek above the Government Gardens of Mussooril; the waving lines of cocoa-nut trees on the shores of Cabaceira, broken here and there by the white flat-roofed houses of those rich enough to live in the country; the broad rippling expanse of sea relieving the dark coral island of Mozambique, with its heavy mildewed, old, conventual buildings, the Fort of St. Sebastian, the Governor-General's Palace, and the Custom-house, prominently painted in white and yellow; and the rows of boats hauled upon the beach for repairs—all combine to form a lively, high-coloured picture. A mob of little naked slave boys are chattering and laughing away, and sailing toy-dhows in the shallows, as if life was to be but a long pleasant dream to them; a few idle negroes bask in the sun on the pier; a coffee-coloured sentry, dressed in a blue jacket and white trowsers, with far too heavy a musket for his size and weight, monotonously guards the Alfandega. Down the Indian quarter to the right, busy Parsees, men from Cutch, Arabs, Moors, slave women in bright cloths wrapped tightly below the armpits across the bosom and flowing to the knee, half-castes from Goa, soldiers in uniform, and natives in every variety of dress and undress form a motley throng. Through it a slave running ahead clears the way for a litter, carefully shrouded in matting, and borne by some four lithe muscular blacks. A trap-door in the side is raised by a small hand: you catch one glimpse of a languid, curious, cream-coloured face, and the pride of some Arab or

Mujoge harem, closely followed by a bevy of slave girls, has passed by you. Then follows a 'machilla,'—an open litter—with chintz curtains, slung with chains to a pole covered with Zebra-skin, carried along at a rapid sling trot to the grunting of stalwart slaves bearing Senhor X. to his office; and in marked contrast to the Portuguese, you meet the successful Banyan, with an unhealthy-coloured yellow face, and long lank black moustache, caste marks on his forehead, and gold twisted turban on his head, loose and silken as regards his coat, with folds of fine muslin waving about his nether limbs, and a pink calico umbrella of immense and skeleton-like proportions in his hand; crafty, money-making, cunning, intensely polite, his soul bound only to his body by the one laudable and religious anxiety of its helping him to turn over his coin to better advantage. After him comes a thin, wizen-faced, spare-limbed Arab—a hybrid race here—with a hooked nose and marked features, a small thin-lipped mouth, a scanty moustache, scattered beard, and a supercilious smile; the whole overborne by a deep-lined high, but receding forehead contracted with a flitting frown; the head covered with a fez and white turban; a slight stoop to his shoulders, clothed in a coloured loose jacket and a long white robe; lean tapering fingers and veined and tremulous hands, which nervously roll up a cigarette as he turns from side to side to salute his numerous friends. This man could possibly tell you many a story of successful slaving; many a tale of dhows filled and cleverly 'run' with a live cargo.

"From its narrow Indian quarters, its close, evil-smelling bazaar, its barbers, its cooking, its tobacco and its thousand and one wares, the whole of which, to a casual observer, hardly look worth fifty pounds, past the arsenal and its sentinel, and the old Jesuit Fathers' Church, down a quiet street of large whitewashed, solemn houses, with heavy folding gates looking ready to stand a siege, and we run into a noisy procession of women, gaudily decked in every colour which Marseilles ingenuity can direct British and Swiss looms to manufacture, to meet the fitful and changing fashions of Eastern Africa. One is singing a monotonous chant, one of them posturing grotesquely, the others join in a shrill chorus as they march on; but the head figure of the group walks negligently and stolidly straight to her post, without noticing her companions. She is in all probability a freed favourite, and now, with slaves of her own, considers herself moved into the upper rank of native society.

"Through a long narrow street inhabited by Portuguese of the lower class—most of them transported for their country's good—hard featured, hardworking women, grimy cigarette-smoking men, half-naked children, dirty slaves, water carriers, open liquor shops, stalls, and tumble-down, flat-roofed, single-storied 'casas,' and we are on the back of the island, drinking, in the fresh sea breeze from the broad Indian Ocean, the waves splashing over the coral reef below the wall as we stroll along under the trees of the park towards the fort. A wonderful old fort this, built entirely of stone brought from Portugal about 1510. It looks as if it was strong enough to last the attack of time for another three hundred years, and carries a number of old-fashioned honeycombed guns of very little use against modern artillery; neither is the garrison sufficiently strong to efficiently man it. Within are large water tanks, and a well for the supply of the shipping, and very

good water it is too. Under the trees edging the grass plots forming the strip of park stretching from the fort to the town are groups of women selling fruit, dried fish, and vegetables, who stare at the strangers until they are fairly out of sight—a stranger until quite recently, being almost an unknown animal in Mozambique. The display is not a great one ; it is the commencement of the cold—the so-called cold—season , and the change of the monsoon. The delicious mangoes and mangostiens are over, and there are no fruit but unripe bananas of indigestible omen. Past the chapel behind the palace, where a mass is being chanted for the late port captain, who died just before our arrival, through some high narrow streets common to Portuguese and Banyan, skirting many unpleasant objects in the shape of humankind, and not a few noxious odours, into more civilized quarters, and our stroll is over. It has taken us about three quarters of an hour to accomplish, and we have left all the southern end of the island undiscovered, but we are just in time for the French institution of ante-breakfast Vermouth."

We shall conclude this very brief notice of an able and interesting book with an extract that has in it a special interest for ourselves ; and we are not without hope that the good service to South-Africa which the writer recommends to the attention of Sir Philip Wodehouse, may find favour nearer home, and that the elephant of the Knysna forests and the Addo Bush may before their final disappearance be tamed and trained instead of being destroyed "for the sake of the ivory alone" or the injury they in their wild state may occasion.

"There has been lately (April) a great piece of excitement. The shipment of an African elephant, a real, live, young 'tembo,' hence for Bombay. He was placed at Dr. Kirk's disposal by Lakmidas, the wealthy farmer of the Sultan's Customs, who offered him to Sir Philip Wodehouse, and to Sir Philip he has now gone to astonish his Indian confrères by flapping his ponderous ears in their faces. He is thoroughly docile and intelligent, about six feet six inches high, and already furnished with short tusks. After the clever way in which he got into the lighter from the Custom House wharf, the equanimity with which he accepted the position during his voyage to the steamer, and the utter indifference he displayed at being hoisted in mid-air on board, I do not imagine the Orientals can give him much weight. Indeed, I fancy he will meet those of his own age on level terms, and go far towards destroying the convictions of the division who, against every evidence of ancient days, stoutly maintain the African elephant is untamable.

"Sir Philip would do South Africa a good service if he could only persuade enterprise to domesticate those huge animals, instead of destroying the race for the sake of the ivory alone. Tamed, the elephant proves the longest-lived and hardest-working of servants. I remember one who looked fresh and cheery over his daily toil in 1863, and whose record of service showed he had assisted sixty years before at Assaye—but how much cane he could either have stowed away within in his huge carcase, or have carried on his back to a sugar mill, are statistical questions beyond my general information power."

X.

Notes on South Africa for Invalids.

At the end of 1877, having determined to spend several months in South Africa, so as to avoid an English winter, I arranged to make a rapid journey through the inhabited districts, so as to include parts of the Colony, the Free State, Griqualand West, the Transvaal, and Natal. It appears to me evident that South Africa, as a resort for invalids affected with pulmonary disorders, is at the present time too little known, even by our best physicians. For no one, so far as I am aware, has ever travelled through the districts above enumerated with a view to compare one place, or one tract with another. Bloemfontein and Cradock are about the only places spoken of, when South Africa is recommended as a climatic prescription, and so the main object of my journey was to endeavour to compare places, and so to arrive at some sort of conclusion as to which was altogether best for invalids on the score of climate, proximate domestic comforts, and many other minor matters that go to make up a climatic prescription which shall at all savour of success.

Writing for the information of those familiar with the country, it will be sufficient to record that I obtained a tolerably intimate acquaintance with the environs of Cape Town, visited Wellington, Ceres, and Simon's Bay, proceeding by sea to Port Elizabeth, staying *en route* at Mossel Bay, thence successively to Uitenhage, Alicedale, Graham's Town, Bedford, Cradock, Middelburg, Colesberg, Bethulie, Phillipolis, Fauresmith, Bethany, and Reddersburg to Bloemfontein and Thaba 'Nchu, thence after some stay, to Kimberley, Du Toit's Pan, and the neighbourhood of Pokwane, with His Excellency the Administrator, in medical charge of troops—thence across the Vaal to Christiana, Bloemhoff, Potchefstroom, Witwater Rand and Pretoria, and so on through Heidelberg, Standerton, Wakkerstroom, and Utrecht into Natal by way of Newcastle, thence through Colenso and Estcourt to Maritzburg and D'Urban. From the last place I took steam to East London, and proceeded thence to King William's Town, returned to East London, re-embarked, and reached Cape Town again by sea, after an absence up country of nearly three months, the chief stopping places being Cradock, Colesberg, Bloemfontein, Kimberley, Christiana, Potchefstroom, Pretoria, Maritzburg, and D'Urban. The journeys were performed in the majority of cases as quickly as possible, without regard to comfort, or, as some would say, of safety. The weather was without exception intensely hot, a severe drought was killing the cattle, rendering transport difficult and very costly, and the water supply in many places very bad, and terribly insufficient. The war in Kaffraria, as well as the recent annexation of the Transvaal, and

some minor disturbances in Griqualand West, all tended to make the inhabitants restless and dissatisfied; so that, as was represented, I certainly saw the country in an unfavourable aspect, either for travelling or for temporary residence. It is convenient, in summing up concisely the results of the excursion, to classify them under several heads:—(1) Climate. (2) Travelling. (3) Mode of living. (4) Food and drink. (5) Cost. And finally where to go, when to go, and under what circumstances of health or sickness.

Climate.—Inasmuch as South Africa, including the districts mentioned, occupies twelve degrees of latitude, many varieties of climate of course exist. I took the altitudes of all the places visited, a tabular list of which will be found at the end of these notes and, as was to be expected, the dryness of the air, and speaking generally its salubrity (*i.e.*, its good qualities for pulmonary invalids) bore a direct proportion to the height attained. Hence, other things being equal, Wakkerstroom would naturally be classed as one of the best places visited, and as will be seen, many others are quite as good as Bloemfontein and Cradock, the only towns that appear familiar to English physicians. Low levels and damp, high levels and dry air, invariably go together. But I can safely say that even the air of Wynberg on the one side, and of Green and Sea Points on the other side of Cape Town are very good atmospheres for invalids, and indeed far better than can be found at most times of the year at any so-called sanitaria in the United Kingdom or the Continent of Europe. And there is this very great advantage in choosing South Africa as a climatic prescription. The rainy seasons vary in various districts, so that by judicious arrangements you can so regulate your movements, that whether travelling or stationary, the wet can be avoided and comfortable weather secured. Even for the invalid who does not care, or is not able, to go beyond the precincts of Cape Town, a residence in the Wynberg district during the summer (Cape summer) and at Sea Point during the winter months, will avoid the disagreeable circumstances that obtain on both sides of the capital at certain seasons of the year.

Travelling.—It is not necessary to describe in detail the five or six distinct modes of travelling (other than by sea or rail) that can be adopted. There are at least six ways in which land journeys may be accomplished in this country:—(1) By post-cart (the most costly and the most uncomfortable), travelling night and day in a vehicle that in some parts of the country is not inaptly compared to a wine-case on wheels. (2) By coach holding from eight to ten people, drawn by four, six, or eight horses, and a marvel of strength as to springs and axles, in spite of the mishaps that occur frequently. You are compelled to spend from eight to thirteen hours a day in this vehicle, or stop a week at some fearful roadside inn for the next; so that if the entire journey lasts, say five days, and the coach is full, much discomfort, not to say misery (to a sick person), must result. (3) By spring wagon with mules or horses, all of which, as well as

outfit, must be bought, and boys hired to look after them. (4) By ox wagon, with from twelve to sixteen animals. The former of these last-named conveyances will allow the accomplishment of about thirty miles a day, if the animals are well attended to; and the latter about fifteen miles daily. In both these cases provisions are taken, and you camp out—"outspan," as it is called—independent of hotels (there are no "inns" in South Africa). (5) By private Cape cart, with four horses, accomplishing about thirty miles a day. (6) By transport wagon; buying a wagon and oxen, and loading it with merchandise on your own account, or hiring half a wagon for your own accommodation; progression in this case will not average much more than twelve miles a day. These particulars are stated *seriatim*, in order to show that much consideration should be given to the mode of travelling. All varieties except by ox wagon are expensive, but categorical particulars on this head will be given presently. Having regard to the very bad state of the roads in some parts of the country, and various other difficulties that impede rapidity of travelling, it is desirable to start with the axiom that those persons who want to travel in a hurry had better not go up country at all; for in very few places are the roads sufficiently passable to enable any of the invalid class to travel quickly (*i.e.*, more than from fifteen to twenty miles a day) without danger to health. Hence a spring wagon drawn either by horses or mules or, better still, by oxen, is the readiest, most reasonable, and most satisfactory means of locomotion. And this vehicle should be fitted and provided so that the occupants may for the most part be able to make it their house, and be also independent as to everything except meat, milk, eggs, forage, and water. It may be deemed a disadvantage that this wagon with its live stock is always a standing expense, if it be considered desirable to make a stay of some duration at any town or village. But, if oxen be chosen, the cost is so small as to be of comparatively little account, and an arrangement can always be made with the native servants, as to discharge at a very brief notice.

Mode of Living, if a house, hotel, or lodgings be chosen.—This is still a very vexed question for invalids in South Africa, and it is on this account that advice as to going out should be cautiously given; and on this account also that the establishment of some sort of sanitaria, or something akin thereto, is so superlatively important. At the present time (or certainly eight months ago), there were really no good houses of accommodation in any one of the above-mentioned districts, that would in any way satisfy the wants of a middle or upper class invalid affected with some chronic lung disorder, who although able to be up and about, is really and genuinely troubled with a capricious appetite, a continually varying skin temperature, occasional sleepless nights, and numberless other little ailments that almost invariably accompany such maladies. The change from the mail steamboat, in which the journey down the Atlantic has been performed, forms (in spite of sea-sickness, great

heat, and confined spaces) a marked contrast as to items of comforts, the absence of which are discovered on landing. But it is useless to combat the fact that a great deal of this want of comfort *does* exist, and until this want is satisfied, physicians are compelled to choose their Cape patients very carefully. For hotels are for the most part conspicuous for very bad sanitary arrangements, double and treble bedded rooms, or dearth of private rooms and of plain wholesome dishes, well cooked and nicely served. Cape Town and the suburbs, Graham's Town, Bloemfontein, Kimberley, Maritzburg and D'Urban are the only exceptions, and there are very few pulmonary invalids who would not grumble at the accommodation offered at even these places.

Lodgings, except at some three or four chief towns, are quite unprocurable, and houses equally difficult to obtain on hire. And servants, of the kind to satisfy ordinary requirements still more difficult to obtain than in England.

Food and Drink.—The last paragraph has inadvertently included as much as need be said about the food question. All alcoholic drinks brought promiscuously at stores up country, are for the most part very bad and very dear, so that the less consumed the better. But good water is in many parts a scarce article, and a charcoal filter, of the portable, as well as of the large kind, is quite indispensable. Beer is perhaps the best and purest drink, but in all the upland districts a reputed quart bottle costs from 3s. to 4s. 6d., and it is often absolutely unobtainable. So that the sum and substance of advice in this matter is, take from Cape Town or England, a small store of good brandy and keep it mainly for medicinal purposes. Hollands is, perhaps, the most honest spirit sold in the Free State and the Transvaal. As in India, these disadvantages arise almost solely on account of the immense cost of transport, which has been an increasing evil in this country since the commencement of the last Kafir war. In proof of this it may be mentioned that during my journey up country the freight between Port Elizabeth and Bloemfontein increased cent. per cent., the speed in the same time diminishing at least forty per cent.

Cost.—South Africa is by no means a cheap country for temporary residence, except to a young man who can close a bargain with a transport rider for a part of his wagon, and make that his home. And if the proper time of the year be chosen, there is no reason why a convalescent, under good advice, may not adopt this mode of life for twelve months or more. Under these circumstances he may with care live in the country at the rate of from £300 to £400 a year. But if the invalid be a lady, or any person in what would be called a feeble state of health, an income of £1,500 is no exaggerated estimate of the sum required to live on or travel in comfort,—a wagon and its fixtures forming of course the establishment. If, indeed, it is decided to go up country or to remain in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, and stay for some months in one spot, the

expenses would be less. Hotel charges, without wines, average, all over the country, from 10s. to 12s. a day; if arrangements as to lodgings are made, the cost will be about forty per cent. less, and if a house be taken much more than this scale. But in mentioning the above somewhat high sum, I assume that a house may be required, or at all events that expenses will have to be incurred equivalent to the outlay above indicated.

But where to go, when to go, and under what conditions, are of course the main practical points for serious consideration, and on which responsible advice is required. It is difficult to offer advice in writing, for no two persons are, as to their symptoms, condition, or proclivities, alike, and so no hard and fast rule can of course be drawn. But still some good rules and wholesome advice may be given in this way—as things are now, my advice in brief, to a person whose physician has advised him to spend the English winter (or longer) at the Cape, is this,—Take a deck cabin on one of the quickest mail steamers, and go on board at the last port of departure (*i.e.*, at Plymouth or Dartmouth), keep early hours, living plainly, and eat and drink moderately. It is impossible to give any definite rule as to sea-sickness, but this illness as with other maladies may be prolonged by continuous confinement in the hot and impure atmosphere of a small room or cabin, and those suffer the least who have sufficient resolution to get up and on deck with the least possible delay. All the mail steamers carry a surgeon. On arrival stay for as short a time as possible in Cape Town, and go out at once to Wynberg or to Sea Point. At the former there are several hotels, and at both boarding and lodging houses. In one or other of these neighbourhoods (whatever arrangements may have been made as to duration of stay in the country), it is advisable that a stay of at least a month should be made, and it is as well at once to record that, for any one who is able to spend only three or four months, it is best to make Wynberg the permanent head-quarters. The situation of Rathfelder's is decidedly the best, and if comfort can be compassed anywhere in the vicinity of the district called Diep River, the patient is so to speak, very well "placed" in the endeavour to avoid the evil of further acute attacks, and to clear up the effects of past pulmonary mischief.* The start from England should be made in October, or November, according to the state of the weather in this very capricious climate. If health has really improved during the stay at Wynberg, and an up country journey is determined on, nothing satisfactory can be done without an equipage of the kind indicated above; at all events until sanitaria, or their equivalents, are established somewhere. It is indeed perfectly practicable to travel up by rail (five hours) and cart (two hours) as far as Ceres, and remain there for a month or two, at the small hotel, or at the house of Dr. Zahn,

* Since this article was in print we have been shown the prospectus of a company to be formed for establishing a Sanitarium at Rathfelder's.—Ed. C.M.M.

the district medical officer, who, as I am informed, has recently made arrangements to receive two or three patients or convalescents. But as things are now, the best way to inhale pure air is from a wagon that shall be literally a home for the time being. There may be some minor discomforts connected with this style of living, but there can be little doubt that, if the proper subjects for such a journey be carefully chosen, it is very salubrious and health-giving, and in many cases has been eminently successful. But a chief object of my journey was to find out if possible the most available place for the establishment of a Sanitarium, or at all events of such accommodation as shall enable physicians in England to reccommend their patients with some sort of surety, that they (the patients) might proceed to this place direct, and find in way of house room, cooking, &c., moderate wants fairly well supplied. My own impression is that Graham's Town should for the present be made the starting point for the higher altitudes. There are now two or three varieties of routes to the Free State; one by Bedford, Graaff-Reinet, Colesberg, and Bethulie; the middle and at present the fastest route by Bedford, Cradock, Middelburg, and Colesberg, and the third, or general passenger route, through Queen's Town, Dordrecht, Aliwal North, and Smithfield. All these roads make, as their evident points of destination, Bloemfontein and the Diamond Fields. But as the object is sanitary and not commercial, these two towns are only specially recommendable in that they contain more of the comforts of civilized life than other and smaller places in all respects equally healthy. In choosing the site for a Sanitarium, altitude and the water supply are, in this country, the most important points. Of the three routes indicated above, the third is at the present time undoubtedly the best for travellers, and it is said that there are many eligible places where a Sanitarium might be founded to the east of this route, *i e.*, to the east of King William's Town, or in Kaffraria, about the scenes of the late border skirmishes. Bedford has no great altitude (only two thousand five hundred feet), but the road from Graham's Town is fairly good all the way; it has a very tolerable water supply, is well sheltered, and prettily situated. Taking into consideration the bad state of the roads, and the hardships (to an invalid) attendant upon a long journey to the Free State, or north of that country, in public conveyances, I should not recommend any one to go farther north than Graham's Town, or, at all events, Bedford or Graaff-Reinet, until the roads are improved, and good accommodation exists, either in the shape of hotels or sanitaria. If, as is remarked above, the wagon system is adopted, you "trek" gently up, stop as inclination or comfort dictate, and go into permanent residence if circumstances permit. And if the wagon system be adopted, I advise by all means all travellers to make for the Transvaal, and during their travels, or during any anchorage, so to speak, that they may decide to make, to keep in that country. For although the manners and customs of the inhabitants are perhaps

rougher than in any of the other districts, you will find much more variety of scenery than in either the Colony, the Free State, or Griqualand West; and, of more importance still, an abundant supply everywhere of water, eggs, and milk, and generally of forage. Although D'Urban is the nearest port, I think that the Transvaal is, in the case of invalids, better entered from the west than the east, because the countries passed through are altogether much dryer and more suitable for pulmonary disorders than the lower parts of Natal. It appears, therefore, that the immediate establishment of sanitaria anywhere except at Wynberg, or perhaps at Ceres, can only (looking at the matter in a commercial aspect) follow the improvement of the roads, or the pushing on of railroads. My own hasty view of the country led me to judge that, from its general configuration, the making of railways in the eastern parts of the Colony, as well as in Natal, would be a very tedious and costly engineering process, whereas they could be constructed at comparatively little expense in the Free State, and in the southern parts of the Transvaal. Under present circumstances, it is difficult to see how a large Sanitarium up country can possibly be a financial success, though the unwearied and energetic efforts of the Bishop of Bloemfontein and his coadjutors should certainly command it, and it is much to be regretted that the only place where anything of the kind has as yet been seriously attempted in this country, *i.e.*, at Bloemfontein, should be, comparatively speaking, so difficult of access, and placed in the centre of so intensely dreary and monotonous a district.

In summing up the foregoing, it has to be recorded that there are two ways by which invalids (discreetly chosen as to their physical condition) may derive benefit by a journey to, and residence in, South Africa. 1st. Those to whom it is not necessary or who cannot afford to do more than spend six months away from England should start in October, or the beginning of November, and remain at Wynberg or Sea Point during the entire four months of residence, branching out only to Ceres and Wellington, or perhaps to Uitenhage and Graham's Town, by way of Port Elizabeth. 2nd. Those who are able to spend from twelve or eighteen months to two years in the country should stay at least a month at Wynberg or Sea Point, and then adopt the wagon scheme, starting either from Matjesfontein or from wherever the railway has reached, through the Karroo towards Bloemfontein and Kimberley, and thence to the Transvaal, or from Port Elizabeth northwards by one of the three routes indciated above, travelling up to the Transvaal, making the chief stay there, and ending the excursion by "trekking" through Natal to Maritzburg, taking steamer at D'Urban for Cape Town; stopping again at Wynberg as a sort of half-way house, before proceeding to England, and remaining at Madeira a short time, if the return is so arranged that the traveller would otherwise reach home before the middle of May.

H. L.

ALTITUDES OF TOWNS IN SOUTH AFRICA, TAKEN WITH BAROMETER (ANEROID) AT 30° FAHR. SEA LEVEL.

	FEET.		FEET
Graham's Town, Cape Colony	1,760	Potchefstroom, Transvaal	4,780
Bedford ,,	2,500	Witwater Rand ,,	4,930
Cradock ,,	3,000	Pretoria ,,	4,620
Middelburg ,,	4,200	Heidelberg ,,	5,400
Colesberg ,,	4,700	Standerton ,,	5,200
Philippolis, Orange Free State	4,600	Wakkerstroom ,,	6,000
Fauresmith ,,	4,800	Utrecht ,,	4,300
Bethany ,,	4,600	Newcastle Natal	4,100
Bloemfontein ,,	4,750	Colenso ,,	3,320
Bethulie (Orange River)	4,400	Estcourt ,,	3,900
Fountain Valley ,,	4,77	Plains, Harding's Store ,,	5,200
Thaba 'Nchu ,,	5,250	Howick ,,	3,700
Kimberley, Griqualand West	4,400	Maritzburg ,,	2,600
Pokwane	4,200	Panmure (East London), Cape Colony	200
Christiana, Transvaal	4,250	King William's Town ,,	1,370
Bloemhoff ,,	4,450		

Concluding Letter on Banking.

VII.—On Discounting Bills.

A BANKER discounts no other bills in the ordinary course of his business, than those offered to him by his own customers. A bill represents a debt owing to the customer, and when once it is discounted, the debt becomes the property of the banker. The customer, however, remains surety to the banker for the punctual payment of the bill at maturity. The ordinary form of a bill is as follows :—

Liverpool, January 3rd, 1879.

£100.

One month after date, pay to my order the sum of One hundred pounds, for value received.

(Signed) Philip Jones.

To Messrs. Clyne, Nield and Co., Worcester.

The words "for value received" are intended to qualify the bill in a legal sense, as the law demands that there shall be "a consideration" given in exchange for every bill. The substance or quality of this "consideration" is not, however, subject to legal definition unless under very exceptional circumstances. In general, the words "for value received" do not, in law, signify anything more than the words "yours respectfully" at the conclusion of a letter. Any bill is, therefore, a legal instrument which has been given in exchange for a "consideration," without respect to the nature or value of the equivalent given for the bill. The commercial character of a bill,

however, depends entirely upon the nature of the "consideration," or equivalent exchanged for the bill. A *real* bill in the estimation of a banker must be formed on the basis either of material wealth or of capital; in other words it must be preceded by a corresponding amount of *real* debt between the parties to the bill. As for example, A sells B £100 worth of goods, but B being unable to pay for the goods at the time of the bargain, A agrees to take a bill from B for £100 payable after the lapse of a specified period of time. B, therefore, stands indebted to A for the sum of £100, until the bill is paid, and this £100 forms a portion of the reputed wealth of A, during the non-payment of the bill. If the "consideration" exchanged for a bill is neither wealth nor capital, but arises out of considerations of personal friendship, or such like, a banker would term a bill so formed an "accommodation" bill as distinguishable from a *real* bill. An accommodation bill, is a bill drawn by one individual on another, in the absence of any debt between the two individuals. An accommodation bill may be formed in the same manner as a real bill, but under different circumstances. A requires £100 to meet a bill falling due to B, and in order to raise the amount required, A induces his friend C to grant him a bill for £100 to tide him over the difficulty. C accommodates his friend A, by signing (accepting) a bill. A obtains discount from his banker of the bill from C, and pays his bill to B with the proceeds. Now it will be observed that although this bill meets with all the requirements of the law, the "consideration" for which C gave the bill is not of a nature to constitute a debt. There was not, therefore, any debt existing between A and C prior to the formation of the bill. The financial position of A it will be noticed, is changed in the "accommodation" bill, from what it was in the "real" bill. In the instance of the "real" bill, A, was related to B as creditor for £100, but in this instance A stands indebted to the banker for that amount

Bankers in discounting have thus to deal with two distinct classes of bills, the same in form, but very widely different in character. English bankers do not, like those of Scotland, adhere to any arbitrary rate of discount. They offer the highest price they can afford for such bills as they consider will carry with them the safest security for repayment. The price which they offer for a bill is determined by the nature of the bill itself; by the period of its currency; and by the means and character of the individuals who are parties to the bill.

The principle upon which *liability to pay* is established, is much the same in every bill,—first the acceptor, whom failing, afterwards the various endorsers. Notwithstanding the equality of liability in both classes of bills, the most frequent and, as a rule, the heaviest losses which a banker sustains in discounting, arise from the use of accommodation bills. A real bill is, therefore, considered by a banker to convey a better security than an accommodation bill. The security of a real bill is strengthened by the nature of the

transaction upon which the bill is founded. Some idea of the relative value of this security will be afforded by comparing the circumstances under which a real bill is formed and discounted, with those attending the formation and discounting of an accommodation bill.

When the individual A sold £100 worth of goods to the individual B, in the example already used, A received a bill from B for £100 in exchange for the goods. B, we shall now say, sells the goods to C, and another bill for £100 is created; then C again sells to D, and a third bill is given in exchange for the same goods. Similar transactions may go on as long as the goods are circulating at a profit; but as the case now stands, there exists three bills of a total value of £300 against £100 worth of goods. The question is now to what extent are the bills secured by the goods. A, B and C, each hold a bill, while D is in possession of the goods. Assume now that D realizes £100 in currency, by selling the goods to E, whom we shall call the consumer. With this money, D is able to pay the bill which he gave to C; C in turn pays the money to redeem his bill from B; and B closes the different transactions by paying his bill to A, who first brought the goods into the market. Thus £100 worth of goods circulating through honest hands at a profit is adequate to meet any number of bills of a similar amount that may be depending upon them for payment.

The illustration now used may aptly put the matter in another light without affecting the principle in the former case. Supposing that A had sold £100 worth of goods to each of the individuals B, C, and D, and had taken a bill for £100 from each individual, in exchange for the goods; in that event, A would hold bills amounting to £300, and in respect of these bills B, C, and D, are debtors to A for £100 each. A presents these bills to his banker with the view of obtaining a discount. In discounting the bills, the banker is guided by several considerations. The time that must elapse before payment of the bill becomes due, has to be taken into account, as a short dated bill procures a more speedy return of capital than one of a longer currency. The banker will also ascertain whether B, C, and D, are reliable debtors for the amount represented by their bill. The nature and state of A's current account with the bank, is likewise subject to review. Unless the banker is fully satisfied of the responsibility of A for the amount, he will not discount the bills. A may have a balance standing at the credit of his account resulting from the proceeds of bills similar to those now under consideration, and the point claiming special attention is that this balance forms a portion of A's reputed wealth. The debts due to A, therefore, form a part of his wealth, and that wealth, in the present instance, is increased to the extent of £300 by the bills under notice, and the probability of obtaining discount is also thereby similarly increased.

Take now the case of A, as already stated in connection with the accommodation bill which he received from C. C granted a bill

to A without receiving any value in exchange, in order to enable A to pay his bill to B. A offers the bill to his banker for discount in the same manner as a real bill. As there is not anything in the bill itself to indicate that it is "accommodation" and not "real," the banker deals with it as a real bill. C is not, however, a debtor to A, notwithstanding his liability for the amount of the bill. When the bill becomes due the banker presses his claim against C for payment. C pays the bill, and afterwards has legal recourse on A, with whom the debt will rest in the end. By three bills of this description A's wealth would be diminished to the extent of £300, while his chance of obtaining discount remains the same as if he had been a creditor and not a debtor for that amount.

There is yet another very important economic aspect of the two classes of bills of which we have been speaking, which claims special attention with reference to the question of safe-dealing. The credit on which a real bill is founded rests, as already stated, on the basis of material wealth. The abstract value of such bills in the possession of a single individual is thereby limited by the amount of his wealth. When an individual obtains a real bill he gives an equivalent in goods in exchange for the bill, and after he has parted with all his goods he ceases to receive more bills. The value of his goods thus acts as a check on the limit of his credit. The characteristic feature of an accommodation bill, on the other hand, is that it is obtained without giving an equivalent in exchange. A merchant and his office boy may speedily manufacture any number of bills of this description to an indefinite amount in value. Credit in this case is only limited by the chances of negotiating the bills.

Accommodation bills are generally negotiated under the cover of real bills. A merchant arranges with a banker to open an account with the bank on certain specified terms. He is at first careful to observe the terms agreed upon, and works his account with the utmost regularity, until he gains the confidence of the banker. The bills which he offers for discount are always punctually paid at maturity, and in time, the banker becomes more easily satisfied as to the character and means of the acceptors. By-and-bye the merchant introduces an accommodation bill in a batch of real bills, and obtains discount of the whole batch in the usual way. The disease, which is one that feeds itself, has now taken root. The amount of bills under discount gradually becomes larger, and the balance at the credit of the account begins to disappear. The banker begins to suspect that there is something wrong, and he immediately requires the amount of discounts contracted in this particular account. The canker which has been working under a seemingly prosperous state of affairs then shows itself. There is no difficulty with the real bills, as their conversion into money is depending on the payment of a real debt due to the merchant who discounted the bills. But in the case of the accommodation bills the debtor is the merchant himself, who, under the form of bill we have noticed, is

responsible, through the acceptor, for the amount of the bills. It will, therefore, be observed that where accommodation bills intervened in the discount transactions of this case, the banker, instead of having bought assets from the merchant, advanced money to augment his debt. The case of Alexander Collie and Company will furnish a practical illustration of this point. Collie became bankrupt with debts amounting to about £2,000,000, and the statement of his affairs showed only about £250,000 available assets. The plan Collie adopted in obtaining this enormous credit, was to discount accommodation paper under the cover of real bills. The following explanation of the system adopted by Collie, is collated from a detailed statement given in the *Times*. His (Collie's) attitude in the (bill) market was always that of a seller, goods had been bought from him by this house and that, and he drew against the goods on the firm in question. In some cases these firms were his dupes, in others they were part dupes, part rogues, and in others still, there seems nothing but roguery visible. At any rate, this system gave enormous play to the borrowing powers of his firm, for it was a direct and most powerful means of throwing dust in the eyes of the bill brokers. A few firms of high respectability could only be drawn upon occasionally when goods were really sold, and the bills on these were planted judiciously here and there (amongst accommodation bills), all over the range of banks where re-discounting was affected, serving thus to maintain the pleasant feeling of confidence among bank managers that all was right. Firms that were the habitual "drawing party" were also neatly handled, but, as their paper was more thickly strewn, it had to be placed with extra care, so that the most cautious bank should never have more of it than seemed good for the success of Collie's trade. When one set of bills fell due the proceeds of others drawn on quite other houses would be used to pay them, and it would thus seem as if they had been sent in the usual course of trade. Working thus on a fiction, the gap grew of course wider and wider with each batch, because each batch had to carry both the discount of the old, and the profits that the operators thought it advisable to appropriate. But for that the system might have gone on and prospered indefinitely.

It is scarcely possible to characterize Collie's proceedings, or those who act in a similar manner, under less modified terms than that of fraud or wilful imposition. And yet the system which admits of such corrupt practice carries with it the informal sanction of the law. The entire responsibility of working the system rests with the banker. He has not only to discriminate between the two classes of bills of which we have been speaking, but also to take precautions against possible loss from every class of bill that comes into his hands.

A banker is able with some degree of accuracy to distinguish between "accommodation" and "real" bills, by observing that the bill is drawn with the current of trade. When a bill is drawn by the individual who must sell on the individual who must purchase,

it carries with it a stronger assurance of having been preceded by a genuine transaction, than a bill drawn by the individual who must buy on the individual who requires to sell. The wool merchant has to pay the farmer for his purchases of wool, and the builder must pay the timber merchant for timber. A bill in the current of trade would, therefore, be one drawn by the sheep-farmer on the wool-merchant, and not by the merchant on the farmer; by the timber merchant on the builder, and not by the builder on the timber merchant.

Another peculiarity of accommodation bills will be found in the customer's current account. It has already been stated that accommodation bills are generally used for the purpose of paying off existing debts,—a fresh bill being manufactured, as in Collie's case, to pay an old one falling due. In order to meet the current bill at maturity, the individual who is discounting must place the proceeds of the renewal bill to the credit of his account a few days before the currency of the old bill expires. When the old bill falls due, it is either placed to the debit of the account against the funds thus obtained, or in order to disguise the nature of the transaction from the banker, the money may be withdrawn from the account, and the old bill paid in another course. Still the new bill has to take the place of the old one, and in a series of renewals, there must, therefore, be a sequence of bills for the same amount tendered to the banker for discount. This circumstance seldom fails to arouse the banker's suspicion regarding the nature of the transaction, and he will speedily be in communication with his customer relative to the unsatisfactory state of his account.

As a general precaution, in discounting the banker closely observes the character and style of living of his customers; carefully watches each customer's transactions, as registered in his current account; and minutely enquires into the character and means of the acceptors of the bills which he discounts on behalf of his customers. In some cases he requires special security to be lodged with the bank against the amount of bills discounted, and in other cases he binds the customer who obtains discount to maintain a sum at the credit of his account, proportionate to the amount of his bills. When any of the bills are returned to the banker unpaid, they are placed to the debit of the account, and handed back to the customer.

The best safeguard of the banker's interest is, however, in the personal integrity and commercial honour of the merchant. As long as the merchant confines his operations within the sphere of legitimate trading, and limits his credit by his business necessities, the risk of loss attending his bills is comparatively small. But if men will recklessly obtain credit for the chance of making a good market, or on any other similar pretence, and afterwards stoop to deceive, there is manifestly a risk attending such credit, that the most prudent might not safely deal with it. The question is one upon which the nicely adjusted interests of commerce depend, and is

a fair subject for the notice of our Legislature. The legal qualifications of a bill ought to be more definitely fixed. The law ought to draw a clear and decided line between "real" and "accommodation" bills, and not to leave bankers and others at the mercy of unprincipled speculators.

JOHN K. GUTHRIE.

The Berg-Damara.*

GRADUALLY in Hereroland the Berg-Damaras are coming within the reach of the mission labour. And as with respect to this nation, from what we find in European books,† little that is correct is known, and many misunderstandings of our Mission reports creep in, I will try to give some fuller information regarding the Berg-Damaras, after which all these misconceptions may be corrected.

Still, what I write can naturally be nothing complete. The circumstances of the Berg-Damaras, away towards the interior of the country north of Otyozondyupa are still very much unknown to us, and seem to be different in some respects from those which we see about Otyimbingue. It is likewise very difficult to become intimately acquainted with a nation which is so degraded. Still, I will adduce what we here know of them.

The Berg-Damara is a nation by itself, quite distinct from the Hereró or Cattle-Damara (so called on account of their numerous cattle), the Namaqua and the Bushmen. We Missionaries estimate their population, from our inquiries concerning it, at at least thirty thousand; very likely it is greater. They inhabit the mountainous parts in the southwest, west, and northwest of Hereroland, that is to say, the mountains between Rehoboth and Otyimbingue,‡ and to the westwards, as far as habitable, the Erongo Mountains, the Etyo Mountains, and the Waterberg, and to the north and northwest, as far as half-way to Ondonga; how far they live in the interior is unknown. Still it seems that they have not been met with to the east by European hunters in the hunting veldts of the Bushmen. The Hereró relate that there are people living at the Okovango who outwardly resemble the Berg-Damaras, but speak a language similar to that of the Ovambo.

It is to be remembered that this Berg-Damara nation is in no way related to any of the other neighbouring nations; nor is it a part of

*Mr. Büttner's article on the Berg-Damaras, translated from the Berichte der Rheinischen Missions-Gesellschaft, January and February, 1878, by Mr. Lud. Kleinschmidt.

† We must most regret that, in the excellent book by Dr. Fritsch, "Die Eingeborenen Süd-Afrika's," the chapter describing the Berg-Damara is full of errors and false suppositions.

‡ I found Berg-Damara as far as Oupembameva, about forty miles east from Windhoek

the rest, as accepted by some students. Although not a small part of this nation lives as servants and slaves under the Hereró and northern Namaqua, yet are they looked upon as war prisoners, or children of war prisoners. Besides, there are still so many free Berg-Damaras, that it is hardly possible to doubt that they form a nation in itself.

Very little can be said of their political condition. Such as we, see very little of it. As among the Bushmen, the only union the Berg-Damaras have is the relationship of their family members. In the individual families, or werfts, the housefather (or perhaps somebody else) is the natural head, but for the rest it appears that every one who can provide his own sustenance can have his own way of doing and leaving undone what he likes. It is true that sometimes some are designated chiefs among the Berg-Damaras, to whom recourse can be had for assistance; but whether these have much power we have had very little opportunity of observing.

To the north of the Waterberg, where the Berg-Damara seems on the whole to be in a better condition, there appears to be greater union in the nation, and a few chiefs have apparently authority over several thousands—as for instance the chiefs named by the Hereró, Maharero and Kamataze, who lived at Otyozondyupa when the Missionaries came there first. Similarly, as also among the northern Bushmen, a closer connection of individual families than in the south, seems to exist. Yet even in those parts there is little to be seen of the influence and authority of those captains, especially because they are as wanting in energy and sense a the nations itself.*

From this extremely slight cohesion of this nation, it is also to be explained why it hardly ever comes forward as acting independently. Although enslaved, robbed, and murdered upon all sides, somehow this nation never gathers its strength to go against its enemies. And yet such an undertaking might prove very dangerous to their oppressors. For the nation is numerous, and in possession of the mountains, the natural strongholds of the country. At most, a werft when attacked will attempt resistance, or individuals having gained a reputation for great aptness in stealing and robbing might find ready help by every Berg-Damara in their undertakings. In the wars between the Namaqua and Hereró, we find the Berg-Damaras on both sides, mostly on the side of the Namaqua, as spies and accomplices; following for the sake of participating in the booty.

Physically, they also differ from other nations. Their colour is black, and, as a rule, they are blacker than the Hereró. As they in their natural condition do not often wash, whereas the Hereró paint themselves with butter and ochre, so is the difference in colour pretty great; the black Berg-Damara becomes grey from dust and ashes, the

* The Dacha smoking kills the last bit of energy in those people there at the Waterberg.

black Hereró reddish-brown. Naturally, though, and when washed, the Berg-Damaras are very black.

With respect to their other physical peculiarities, I am too little of an anthropologist professionally, to be able to point out minute differences; but thus much is certain, that an ordinarily experienced eye can pretty easily distinguish a Berg-Damara from a Hereró; indeed, there are, above all, the external peculiarities in dress and behaviour which first strike the eye.

But what constitutes the chief difference between the Berg-Damara and the remaining Bunda peoples, is their language. Although, as said, the Berg-Damara is as far different in colour and stature from the Hottentot races, as it is possible for two races to be, also throughout no external national connexion takes place, we find here the remarkable fact that one language is common to both peoples.

As I have said before, the territory which the Namaqua inhabit is entirely separate from the territory of the Berg-Damara; the northernmost Namaqua and the southernmost Berg-Damara only meet on the frontier, and only in modern and most recent times have single Namaqua tribes—for instance, the Africaner and Zwartbooi's people—come among the Berg-Damara. In Namaqualand proper, you rarely find Berg-Damara servants, or any who are independent.

Still, none the less is the language of both nations the same; differences in dialect naturally occur, but they are, as regards the grammar and vocabulary, very few. Any one not intimately acquainted with the language scarcely ever sees the difference; at least it seems to me that the difference between the Namaqua and Koranna dialects is greater than that between the language of the Namaqua and Berg-Damara. The principal difference, on the other hand, seems to be the following:—As is known to be the case, the Namaquas distinguish their root-words by a peculiar sort of pronunciation, and words which when written are alike, according as they are pronounced in a high, low, or middle pitch of voice, are quite different (as in Chinese).*

From what I have found out, the Berg-Damara does not mind such minute distinctions, and as an educated Namaqua told me, they resemble the white people in this respect, as we "whites" find nothing more difficult in speaking this language than to distinguish these different tones.

For these reasons, it will be difficult for a Namaqua, who for the first time meets a Berg-Damara, to feel at home in the accentuation of the voice. Still, generally, the two races understand each other as well as if they were branches of the same stock.

How to solve this riddle of two nations living far apart and speaking the same language is not yet known. Many conjectures have been proposed, but as long as no earlier traces of both nations are found in

* For instance, the word *ŏa* spoken with the high pitch, means "meet"; with the middle, means "work"; with the low, means "to be afflicted or grieved."

historical documents of former times, it will hardly be possible to establish any thing with certainty. It seems probable to me that the yellow Hottentots are the original owners of the language, because it seems to me to be very clear that the abovenamed differences could sooner be obliterated, than that they could one fine day be discovered and be adopted by all the yellow people.* For the rest, the Berg-Damara in this country are considered as language-corrupters, and, especially when they speak Hereró, they have a peculiar way of distorting and perverting the language, to such an extent that the Berg-Damara Hereró may be said to form a distinct language.

As regards the mode of living of the Berg-Damara, it is to be remarked that it is the meanest imaginable. They are neither hunters nor herds, but live merely on that which falls into their hands by chance.

Above all it is to be remarked that they have in general no inclination whatever to gather to themselves wealth in cattle or sheep, or even goats. Only a few who from earliest youth have been among Hereró and Namaqua have got so far through great luck and cunning, that they are looked upon amongst the Hereró as great men; *e.g.*, the former herd of the old Jonker, who, under the name of *Kaparinna* (April), acts as great chief,—or the former neatherd of Mr. Rath, *Katyipatera*. The former got his riches in this wise, that after the death of Jonker, when *Maharero* freed himself, and went away, he followed the Hereró with the sheep with which he was entrusted, and *Katyipatera*, of course, did not neglect any opportunity of stealing as many calves as he could, and when discovered, he was already well provided. Moreover, both who have been mentioned became naturalised as Hereró, and took Hereró wives, and only a sharp eye recognises the Berg-Damara type. On the whole, Berg-Damara do not meddle with cattle of any description. At most, they try to get a few goats; all the remaining cattle which fall into their hands as payment for their work, or by purchase, or theft, is pretty regularly eaten up, on which occasions they can consume as large a portion [of meat] as only an African native can.

Professionally they are as little herds as they are hunters. It is self-evident that they will kill all the game they can get, and they spare themselves no trouble in making pitfalls, immense abatis into which they drive the game,† or also they now and then organise a chase. Such is, however, only the case when game fortunately happens to be in the neighbourhood of their dwelling place; it does not appear that they follow game in a business manner, or undertake distant hunting expeditions, as the Hottentots do.

Their proper sustenance they get from their so called "veld kost," *i.e.*, everything that is possibly eatable they look for in the

*More reasonable to suppose that these delicate inflections were never acquired by the Berg-Damaras, than that they should have been invented more recently by the Namaqua.

†At least I have seen such abates made by the free Berg-Damara of the Waterberg.

desert, gather it, nourish themselves, and preserve a good deal for bad times. Their principal nourishment is locusts and "uintjes." When the locust season comes, they have a good time, and when the country is being devastated by locusts, and cattle owners are groaning, the Berg-Damara rejoices; then he is able, without trouble, to fill his belly to his heart's content.

To catch locusts is the easiest thing in the world. When a swarm of flying locusts like a shower of snow sweeps by close to the ground, you flourish a stick in the air, and you can hear from the continuous rattling that with each stroke there are some slain. As long as they have no wings you need only dig a hole in the earth about as large as a bucket. In there you drive as many of the swarm as you like, and though solitary locusts could jump out without much trouble, they are kept together when in thick heaps by the intertwining of legs, so that it bubbles in the hole like boiling water in a pot, when you may ladle them into a bag. It is easiest during the night, when one has only to kindle a bright fire in the neighbourhood of the sleeping procession, and very soon single sleepers awake, and then more and more, and with a mighty jump they endeavour to get into the fire, where they are roasted on the spot, so that the surrounding persons have nothing to do but to take out the bold springers and to eat them. Thus you often see when there are locusts in the country, how the place where the train sleeps is surrounded by the watch-fires of the Berg-Damara. The locusts which are caught are roasted at the fire and crushed into meal; this meal can then be preserved for a long time.

They do the same with "uintjes." When the little onions, of the size of a pea, are ripe, the Berg-Damara removes into the "uintjesveld" and mountains, and with a sharp-pointed stick they dig out as much as possible, and often the Berg-Damaras come with filled bags of "uintjes," in order to exchange them at the Hereró werfts for skins.* These little onions are also stamped into meal, and kept for scarcer times. Besides, the people who feed exclusively on "uintjes" get thick swollen cheek glands, which give them a strange appearance; with change of food this swelling disappears.

Besides these two chief articles of food are many other things which season the manner of living of the Berg-Damara; here he finds a nest of wild bees; there he digs up an ant-hill to rob the industrious little creatures of their winter provision of grass seed; the thorn trees offer the gum; all sorts of bushes, all sorts of berries, which indeed chiefly consist of skin and kernel. All sorts of thick caterpillars are collected, mouse holes are dug up, and, in general, nearly all that can be chewed and digested forms the food of the Berg-Damara. Besides it is to be remarked that the Berg-Damara have rather an inclination for gardening, and if they can get somewhere a secure spot which offers them some garden land

* The usual price at Otyimbingue is an undressed sheepskin for a "bokzak vol uintjes."

and water, they are soon ready to make a small garden, to plant tobacco, dacha, pumpkins, and melons. In this respect, they surpass by far the Hereró and the Namaqua.

The Berg-Damara live in bush huts of a very peculiar form, somewhat in the shape of a cone. These bush huts are constructed in a very simple way, a few long poles whose points meet together (like the bayonets of a gun pyramid), form the framework, and over and through these as much bush work is put as to form at least a shelter, just big enough for a fire near the entrance, and sleeping-places for the family. Of course the roof is never built so solidly as not to provide for ventilation, and when a thunderstorm threatens the women are always very busy to make it rain-proof. To construct such houses requires little time, if the poles are only at hand; they are not inhabited for too long a time, as after a few months the inhahitants find themselves compelled to leave the house on account of vermin. Often, only a few yards from the old, a new house is built, and the old one used for firewood.

When they are in the field following the locusts, they often do not take the trouble to construct even such a bush-house, but sleep in the open field, with only a fire near them. If it then becomes cold, they probably lie so near to the fire that the breast and loins appear later as if sprinkled with many small and large blisters, and severe burns are also not so rare.

With this simplicity of their household, the household furniture is naturally likewise simple. If they have much, they perhaps possess one of the large earthern pots, which they manufacture themselves in this way, they roll out clay to slender sausage-like sticks, and lay these in a spiral form round the edge of the bottom, so as to form the sides of the pot, then afterwards the half-dried wall is stroked smooth with the hands; they may have a few wooden buckets and bowls, the last always of an oval shape, very like a boat; they also probably have a wooden mortar, *i.e.*, the trunk of a tree, of about a foot in diameter and two to three feet high; the same is hollowed out, and in it, with a pestle often as much as six feet long, locusts and "uintjes" are pounded. Moreover, perhaps, they possess a piece of iron as a knife.

The covering of the men is mostly only a belt, with a piece of skin in front and a piece of skin behind as an apron. The aprons of the women are generally adorned with small strings, all kinds of beads, buttons, and small bones. Then it is the peculiar custom of the Berg-Damara, that the women should always, even in the greatest heat, carry about with them all the skins and skin rugs which they possess, so that they may always be prepared for flight. Therefore, even among these poorest of all people, the women are wrapped in furs, as among the Greenlanders.

The weapons of the men are also simple enough—mostly only a miserable spear, often only with an iron point about the length of a finger, and a stick hardly four to five feet long; by the side of it one or two rude kirries, *i.e.*, a stick a foot and a half long, with the thick

root-end as the knob ;—this is chiefly employed as a throwing weapon. The free Berg-Damaras at the Waterberg also carry the weapons of the Bushmen, a bow and a quiver with arrows—the iron points for the war and poisoned arrows are quite like those of the Bushmen. Besides these they have arrows without iron points for guinea fowls, and other small game. In recent times, they naturally try to get as many guns as possible into their hands, and when they hire themselves out as labourers, they mostly do not stay longer in service than until they have earned for themselves a gun and some powder, lead and caps. What else they bring for sale, tobacco or skins, is mostly changed into powder and lead.*

Of their religious ideas I would willingly write much if I only knew much, but until now from nobody here in the country have I been able to learn anything thereof, and they themselves appear to take interest in few things which do not exactly relate to the filling of their bellies. It is, moreover, possible that something of this might one day be learnt among the free Berg-Damaras at the Waterberg. Of any remarkable customs there is no more to be seen than that almost all have cut off the first joint of the little finger; what it means is not to be arrived at.† The men also eat no hares, which is to be referred to an old story of the hare and the moon. If they were, to wit, to eat of the hare, they would become like the hare, which dies and does not become alive again ; but if they do not eat of the hare, then they will become like the moon, which dies and again becomes alive. Women and children, however, eat of the hare—they have only to bury the hair of the animal. More is not known to me.‡

The characteristic qualities of such a people can be easily imagined. If already all African nations have not a reputation for exceeding cleanliness, it can be understood how a nation must be constituted, which the others, even those filthy Hottentots, call "Gaudama" (which name is by "Dirt-Damara" rather mildly translated).

The Namaqua, and also the Hereró, particularly complain of the stealing and the robbing of the Berg-Damaras, and the Hereró especially allow no opportunity to pass without representing the Berg-

* Those in service with Europeans try to get clothes too, at least a shirt and trousers, and I have remarked that they do not spoil the latter as the Namaqua and many Hereró do. A man when leaving the service of his European master, and living again in the mountains amongst his own nation, will often put away his clothes, and perhaps after half a year he returns to his old place in the same clothes, even newly washed, he left in.

† Those families which do so seem to be the more distinguished among them. The finger is usually cut, so I hear, in childhood by the mother. Just now I heard from good authorities that there are certain families which cut out one testicle on every male child. There is nothing heard of circumcision amongst the Berg-Damara.

‡ The Berg-Damara bow at the stone hills of the Heitsi Eibib in the same manner as the Hottentots. But perhaps they only copy the Hottentots, as plenty of Hereró do the same. The Berg-Damara on the Waterberg speak about a large black stone situated at a certain spot in the Kaoko mountains, which they name their great-grandfather, where they came from, and every other living being.

Damara in the blackest of lights as a thief and a robber. Now, it is quite certain that they are little behind the other natives in these tricks; and if, during the lasting condition of war of both parties, the Hereró (*viz.*, in that part of the country, where free Berg-Damara still exist) take away the children of the Berg-Damara, the Berg-Damaras often enough take a bloody revenge, in that they, in their turn, not only take away from the Hereró their beloved cattle, but also slaughter them.

For therein is the chief difference between the reciprocal thefts; the Hereró takes a head of cattle away in order therewith to enrich himself, and in order to be able still more to indulge in the idolatry of covetousness; the Berg-Damara, on the contrary, takes it in order to slaughter it. While, however, the first is a very trifling error in the eyes of a Hereró, the second is a grievous crime, quite like murder. For it is considered that, in the first case, one may still always hope to get again into the hands the lost article, while, in the other, the damage is no more to be made good.

In these thefts it is very useful to the Berg-Damara that they, accustomed to a wild rough life in the mountains, easily escape the pursuing commandos, and with their hard feet accustomed to the stones, they soon have gained an advantage over the persecutors. As mountain climbers they are certainly the first here in the country, and it is said that where a goat can get no farther, the Berg-Damara takes it on his back and carries it onwards.

Since their houses are very small and bush-like, and their dwelling places also cannot be betrayed by the lowing of the cattle, it is besides not so easy, without a special guide, to find their werfts, generally over and above concealed in some nook of the mountains. And even if a traitor points out the way, at the first alarm they are all upon their legs, and their few things hinder them little in flight; the enemy only finds the empty bush-houses, and over the stones it is besides impossible to follow a track far.

Now, if one still adds to this, that the poor Berg-Damaras probably also eagerly avail themselves of every opportunity of eating meat, it is not to be wondered at that a pretty good number of thefts must be annually ascribed to them. The wild Hereró make very short work of those who fall into their hands; the full-grown are murdered, and the children made into slaves. As far as our (the Missionary) influence can reach, we try as much as possible to prevent such things, but, entirely prevented they cannot be; and on account of the actual anarchy here in the country, many crimes are severely punished, and many go free.

Of a particular predilection for thieving ways, however, the Berg-Damaras cannot be accused; they generally steal as much as they can, but no particular malignity of character can be ascribed to them. I dare say that the real wild ones are much less to be feared than those who were for a longer time in the service of a European. They have as little energy for evil as the Hereró and the Namaqua, and the

traveller is as secure and as insecure in a Berg-Damara werft as among the Hereró.

On the other hand, they have an advantage over the other nations, in that they have not so much the inclination to play the distinguished gentleman as the Hereró and the Namaqua. Because they have little other opportunity of obtaining guns and clothing than through their work, they willingly offer themselves as labourers, and at first they are also generally very willing and industrious in their work, particularly in garden work. But one has indescribable trouble in making them in so far understand a thing that they do not need continual supervision; and because they naturally are no herds, one can hardly ever well use them as cattle-herds. But, unhappily, trouble soon follows. When they have once earned for themselves a gun and a few clothes, and have become somewhat fat, then, in most cases, they are no longer serviceable, and become as idle and impertinent as the rest, so that hardly anything remains but to allow them again for a few months to go to the mountains.

Still, because they are not as avaricious as the Hereró, and prefer to eat up the cattle which they have earned, to witnessing its increase, they probably likewise sooner return to their old masters, which going and coming generally lasts, until some new or old tale of theft shows the honesty of the old servant in a very bad light.

There is not much to be said in praise of their morality. Polygamy is the order of the day, and each has as many wives as will stay with him; the man has undoubtedly the right to put away the wife as the wife seems to have the right to leave the husband; and if one person feels himself just stronger than the other, he thus probably also takes away with force the wife from the other. Judges for these cases they know not.

The Hereró, like the Namaqua, despise the Berg-Damara as heartily as possible. For them, these stand quite on one level with the baboons, which inhabit the rocks and dig up "uintjes" like the Berg-Damara. Nothing can so excite the wild uncivilized Hereró to laughter, as if it be said to them that the Berg-Damaras are as good men as themselves; and also among the Christian Hereró one still often remarks with what haughtiness they look down upon the Berg-Damaras, and hardly permit them a seat near themselves. Here, also, riches always overcome all barriers, and as the cases quoted above, and many others prove, several Berg-Damaras have become Hereró, only one cannot speak of it publicly without deeply offending the great gentleman or the great lady.

To approach these scattered, restless, and impoverished people with the Gospel, would have been tolerably difficult, if one had wished to plan an express Berg-Damara Mission. Now, however, here in the country where the Berg-Damaras were first of all only treated in a secondary manner as a more distantly situated object of the Mission activity, the Berg-Damara Mission is gradually becoming a distinct division of the

Rhenish Mission in South Africa. Okombahe and Otyozondyupa can be considered as particular stations for Berg-Damara. Besides that at Rehoboth, Windhoek, Otyizeva, and Otyimbingue, are also always a tolerable number, if not settled at the place, then still going to and fro, so that one can always describe a few thousands of Berg-Damara as being within hearing of the word, and a tolerable number are already baptized.*

About 'Arry.

Modern Ideas Illustrated from Ancient Authors.

Catullus. Ode lxxxiv.

"Hadvantageous," 'Arry phrased it, meaning "advantageous" merely,
Used to speak of "hartifices"—that is, "artifices," clearly.
Oh! he thought he talked Queen's English—parcel of abominations,
Whensoe'er he found expression for his deepest aspirations.

Did his mother, or his grandsire—sober folk—talk so at random?
Did his uncle? Free by name and free by nature, Did his granddam?

To the East they sent our hero, then our ears at last knew quiet,
English once again was English, we forgot the vocal riot;—
All too soon our hair unseated stood on end with horror chronic,
When we heard that 'Arry's presence turned the Ionian sea Hionic.

A. J. Wilson.

George Town.

* Mr. Büttner's paper was originally written in July, 1877, and notes have recently been added to the translation by himself.

Sandilli.

By the Honourable C. Brownlee.*

Sandilli, one of the youngest sons of Gaika, was born in 1821, and when his father died was only eight years of age.

At the death of Gaika a regency was appointed, consisting of Tutu, the mother of Sandilli, Gaika's chief wife, assisted by his sons Macomo, Tyali, and Anta, the first then about thirty-five years of age, and the other two four or five years younger.

As the joint guardians with Tutu had the special control of their own sections of Gaika's tribe, then known as the Tslinos or Rarates, but since called the Gaikas, Sandilli was left pretty much to himself, and like boys born to position and without the restraining influence of a father, he was from earliest boyhood surrounded by flatterers and sycophants, and only as he grew up to manhood did he on State occasions meet with rebuke from the chief regent Macomo, between whom and Sandilli a mutual dislike and jealousy existed till the day of Macomo's death.

Tyali, the father of Oba and Fynn, a most just and popular ruler, always treated his younger brother with the deference and respect which honest age cheerfully yields to superior rank and position.

In December, 1834, broke out the first war between the Gaikas and the Colony. Sandilli was then a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age, and had therefore no voice or control in the matter, and Macomo may be regarded as wholly responsible for the war.

By an arrangement with Gaika, it was provided that the country between the Keiskama and Fish River should be regarded as neutral ground, and to be occupied by neither Kafirs nor colonists, though Macomo with his section of Gaika's tribe was permitted to occupy the Kat River, which fell within the neutral territory.

But in 1828, in consequence of misdeeds by himself and his people, Macomo was expelled from the country he had been permitted to occupy. For a while he settled in the Golongi, a branch of the Kubusi, and finally settled on the Keiskama, a short distance below Middeldrift, and here he remained until the breaking out of the war 1834–5.

In December, 1834, Xoxo, a minor son of Gaika, was slightly wounded in the neutral territory in a collision between himself and the Cape Corps.

Though Xoxo was attached to his half brother Tyali, who considered the wound as a matter of no importance and one which could be amicably arranged, Macomo, still resenting his expulsion from the Kat River, determined to make the most of the accident,

* Imperial Blue Book.

and declared that the blood of a son of Gaika had been shed and could only be avenged by blood, and having employed a man of Hottentot extraction of Botman's tribe, named Plaatje Okei, to tamper with the Cape Corps, at Fort Wilshere, which had promised to mutiny, and deliver over the garrison to him, he collected a large force of Gaikas to take over the forts from the Cape Corps, but as it was not delivered up to the Kafirs, and as they were fired upon from the fort at daylight, they at once dispersed themselves into the Colony, and thus began the war of 1835.

About 1841 Sandilli was initiated into the rights of manhood, and assumed the government of the Gaikas, but he fell on troublous times.

The abandonment of Kaffraria and the restoration to the Kafirs of the neutral territory had left them gainers after the war of 1835, and the concession acted most prejudicially upon them. Stock thefts prevailed to a most serious extent, and when traced into Kaffraria the losers of stock seldom obtained compensation for their losses, many of the leading chiefs sharing the stolen property with the thieves.

Sandilli himself does not appear to have directly participated in the property stolen from the Colony, but if he saw the evil he had not the decision of character to go against a popular offence in which most of his subordinates were sharers.

In order to check these stock thefts a post, with Sandilli's concurrence, was established at Sheshegu, but, water failing there, Sandilli gave his sanction through Mr. Hutch, the diplomatic agent, for the removal of Post Victoria from Sheshegu to the Tyumie at Block Drift.

When this matter was referred to the council of the Gaikas it was overruled, and when the engineers proceeded to mark out the ground, their flags were removed by the Gaikas.

The Lieut.-Governor shortly afterwards, accompanied by a large cavalry force of the 7th Dragoon Guards and Cape Mounted Rifles, called a meeting of the Gaika chiefs at the residency of the diplomatic agent for the Gaika tribes Sandilli came to the meeting with a large following of mounted and foot men, all armed and ready to resist the Lieut.-Governor ; the meeting was most unsatisfactory, and the construction of the post at the Tyumie was distinctly objected to.

Matters among the Gaikas had assumed such a unsatisfactory state that it was quite clear that war would not long be averted. About this time a man of Tolas tribe, named Isili, had stolen an ox, and as he was being conducted to Graham's Town for trial, a party of his clansmen rescued him by cutting off the wrist of the man to whom Isili was handcuffed ; the unfortunate man bled to death, and one of the rescuing party was shot dead by the guard.

The murderers, who were well known to the Kafirs, were demanded, but the reply of Sandilli was that there was no case

against him ; one of his men had been killed, this was an atonement. and he would not surrender the murderers or rescued man.

As Sandilli was decided on this point, and as there were a number of unsettled claims of cattle thefts, in some of which the herds had been murdered by the robbers, Sir P. Maitland declared war against the Gaikas in March, 1846.

Our troops marched into the Gaika country on the 15th April, but were driven back from Burns Hill, when we lost our baggage and commissariat wagons.

At the conclusion of this war it was arranged, among other things, that Sandilli and other chiefs should be responsible for stock thefts traced into their country; that they should return the stolen stock to the Gaika Commissioner, to whom they were to hand over the thieves, and make compensation to the owner of the stock.

Shortly after this arrangement, Sandilli sent in a few goats to the Gaika Commissioner by a counsellor named Ningi. It appears that the thief of the goats was known, and that his property was confiscated ; but Ningi suggested to Sandilli that only the goats should be sent in, with a statement that they had been found wandering, and that the thief's property might be shared by Ningi and his chief. Sandilli yielded to this evil advice, and Ningi came with the goats and the proposed story. A few days after this I discovered what had been done, and reported the matter to the Gaika Commissioner, whose clerk I then was ; the thief and his property were demanded from Sandilli, but he adhered to the statement fabricated by Ningi, persisting that he knew nothing of the thief.

Sir H. Pottinger, who was then Governor and High Commissioner, deeming it necessary at once to deal in a decided manner with this breach of arrangement, gave orders for the arrest of Sandilli and the seizure of his property.

Two or three companies of the 45th Regiment with one or two troops of the Cape Corps, and about three hundred Kafir police who had just been raised, were sent to carry out the orders of the Government.

Sandilli escaped out of his hut into an adjoining wood just as our men were closing upon him, but his cattle were captured and brought off.

The Gaikas in large force turned out to re-capture the cattle, but they were brought successfully to Fort Hare, one officer of the Kafir Police being killed and several of the men wounded.

In consequence of this resistance to authority hostilities against Sandilli were resumed, and after being incessantly harassed for several months, a meeting between Sandilli and Captain Bisset was arranged, and Sandilli was induced to go into the camp of Colonel Buller's Rifle Brigade, when he and his brothers and chief councillors were made prisoners and sent on to Graham's Town.

Sandilli and his counsellors had no idea that they were surrendering their liberty ; they imagined that they were going into camp to

treat for peace. Captain, now General, Bisset, asserts that it was clearly understood that they were to surrender, and all that was promised was the life of the prisoners; but there is no doubt that this is not that was understood or intended by Sandilli and his party. The only way to account for the misunderstanding is that the interpreter had not interpreted fairly between the parties.

Sandilli never ceased to speak of this case as one of gross treachery, and in order to commemorate it gave to a son born during his captivity the name of Bisset. He said that he had never before met Captain Bisset, that he knew nothing of him, and that he had not asked to meet him or to surrender to him.

Sir H. Pottinger, no doubt influenced by the nature of the arrest, did not proceed to try the prisoners, and when Sir H. Smith succeeded Sir H. Pottinger, he at once liberated Sandilli and his party.

At the peace of 1846, the Kafirs were expelled from the neutral territory, and were placed under two commissioners, who exercised supreme authority, reviewing the decisions of the chiefs, and reversing such as were not consistent with justice.

Numerous appeals came against the decisions of Sandilli, and as he was greatly under the influence of young men of his own age, who in many cases looked rather to benefiting themselves and their chief by fines and confiscation than to give decisions in accordance with justice, their judgments were often arbitrary and unjust, and consequently had frequently to be reversed.

This proved to be very galling to a young chief, who since boyhood had been flattered by sycophants, and who since coming into manhood had been led to believe that between the Kei and the Colony he was supreme, and all must yield to his decision.

Sir H. Smith believing in the prestige of his name, and not considering the advance the natives had made between 1835 and 1846, made radical and proper changes in the government of the natives, but removed the safeguards which would have ensured success to the policy introduced by him, and which was in fact instituted by Sir B. D'Urban in 1836.

The military which were in the country on the establishment of peace were greatly reduced, and a police force of five hundred Kafirs was raised and equipped.

The organisation and working of this force was excellent, and we have never had anything to equal it, either since or before its enrolment, for the detection and putting down of stock thefts and for active and continuous work.

The loss of power by the chiefs, the loss of income by the suppression of fines and confiscation, without any substitution, naturally raised a spirit of resistance and opposition, and a prophet, by name Umlangeni, having arisen among the Dhlambis, advantage was taken by the disaffected chief of his revelations to stir up the Kafirs to fanaticism and revolt.

For the first three years of our government of the Kafirs, matters

had moved on in the most satisfactory manner, but in the fourth year, in connexion with the revelations of Umlangeni, signs of insubordination and resistance to authority manifested themselves.

Sandilli went to visit the prophet and countenanced and encouraged him in every way, and for the first time armed resistance was offered to Commandant Davis in the discharge of his duty. Sandilli was called to King William's Town to give an explanation of his conduct to Sir H. Smith; he disobeyed, pleading fear. I was sent to him, and assured him of his personal safety, but he said he had once already been betrayed, and he would not again put himself in the same position, and positively refused to go in to see the Governor, though Tyali and others of his leading men urged him to do so. Sir H. Smith then went through the form of deposing Sandilli, though in point of fact he had not been recognised as chief, but was in all things placed under the control and subordination of the Gaika commissioner.

The deposition did not mend matters; the Governor therefore decided upon meeting the Gaika chiefs at Fort Cox. A large number of them met the Governor with a large body of followers, the most loyal speeches were made, Macomo being the chief spokesman and expressing the utmost loyalty.

At the meeting the Governor offered a reward for the arrest of Sandilli, and demanded the surrender of the guns used by Tsolekili and his people in resisting Commandant Davis. Sandilli himself had been willing to surrender the guns and to agree to anything short of appearing before the Governor, but Macomo who had been organising matters for the rebellion, strongly opposed any concession on the part of the Kafirs, stating that it had been said he was mad in the year 1846, now it would be seen that he was not mad.

I may here remark that Macomo was strongly opposed to the war of 1846, and at its outbreak he had to be removed almost by force from Fort Beaufort. He appears to have taken no actual part in that war, being mad or feigning madness, and as soon as negotiations for peace were opened, he came to our camp to all appearances out of his mind, and as he persisted in moving about the country he was eventually for safety removed to Port Elizabeth, where he was when Sir H. Smith first came to the frontier.

Macomo's counsels prevailed, the guns were not given up, and Sandilli was advised not to yield, and was assured of the support of the Gaikas and other tribes.

Sir H. Smith, having been satisfied with the protestations of loyalty of Macomo and others, determined to leave Fort Cox where he had assembled about one thousand men; but before long he decided upon making a demonstration up the Keiskama, and for the purpose he dispatched about five hundred men, who were attacked at a narrow and intricate defile (the Booma Pass), about eight miles from Fort Cox on the 24th December, 1850, and thus began the war of 1850, which lasted till March, 1853.

During this war the whole of the eastern districts, as far as Somerset, were devastated by the Kafirs, who inflicted great loss of life, sweeping off stock and destroying property wherever they went.

Sandilli was nominally the head of the rebellion, but Macomo was the general, and all organisation and arrangements for operations were planned by him in the Waterkloof, which in defiance of us he held for more than eighteen months.

At the conclusion of this war the Gaikas were expelled from the Tyumie and Keiskama country, which includes the Amatola and all the mountain fastnesses ; their western boundary was fixed as the great northern road, that is, the road from King William's Town to Queen's Town ; they were permitted to occupy the country east of this road on to the Kei as British subjects, but to the chiefs was conceded the right to govern their people according to native laws.

Sandilli had lost the best part of his country, but the concession made to him was what he had fought for and he continued to govern the Gaikas without any direct interference from Government till 1856, when Sir G. Grey, wishing to remove this anomaly of native chiefs within British territory, governing their people according to native custom, arranged to make an annual allowance to the chiefs and leading men on condition that they gave up the rights conceded to them in 1853.

After long discussion and considerable trouble, the chiefs came to consent to the proposal of Sir G. Grey, and several special magistrates were appointed to hear cases with the chiefs, and sit as assessors with them.

In 1856 began the cattle killing delusion which, from all I have been able to learn, was, if not absolutely the invention of Kreli, at least carried out and enforced by him. Macomo and Umhala were the chiefs through whom Kreli worked on this side.

I had early detached Sandilli and a number of the leading men among the Gaikas from joining in the destruction of their cattle and grain. Whether for this reason, or because Sandilli frankly kept me acquainted with all that was passing, Kreli passed by Sandilli, and, as already remarked, trusted to Macomo and Umhala to carry out his orders on the colonial side of the Kei.

Though Sandilli at the outset killed a number of his cattle, he did not destroy them all, and, unlike Kreli and the other chiefs, he used neither persuasion nor threats to induce others to kill their cattle, and it was only when the other tribes were broken up and starving that Sandilli became frightened by Macomo into killing the remainder of his cattle, through the assurance that two of Sandilli's father's late counsellors had appeared to Macomo.

As a number of Sandilli's people who had killed their cattle left the Gaika location, a considerable extent of the location was cut off and given out in farms to Europeans, while the Gaikas who remained, and who afterwards returned were brought more directly under the magistrates than they had formerly been, and thus it was until 1867,

when the Government, in order to reduce expenditure, removed the commissioner who had been for a number of years with the Gaikas, appointing a young and inexperienced lad to take charge of them.

Many of the Gaikas were strongly opposed to this change and predicted trouble, should it be persisted in, and when Sandilli was spoken to on the subject by his people, he replied that the commissioner had emasculated him, but that he was now again sitting on his own seat, and he was satisfied with what the Government had done.

From this time Sandilli rapidly regained most of the authority he had lost. Men who had steadily ignored his authority, and who had all along stood by the magistrate, at once on his removal considered it necessary to make their peace with Sandilli by paying court to him, for they remembered that in 1851, almost the first action of Sandilli, after the outbreak, was to reverse all decisions which had been given by the Gaika commissioner during the four previous years.

In 1876 the frontier districts were thrown into great alarm by warlike rumours among the native tribes.

I could not then ascertain that Sandilli had been in any way implicated, neither does it yet appear that he was concerned in the warlike rumours which then agitated the land. He also appears up to December to have been opposed to the rising of the Galekas, but in December there appears to have been a yielding to the war party by accepting a share of the cattle captured by the rebels from colonial farmers and loyal natives, and when Kiva crossed the Kei on the 26th December, as Kreli's representative, Sandilli at once gave in his adhesion to Kreli by sending Gamna, his right hand son, to join Kiva, whom he immediately afterwards joined in one of his raids into Fingoland; furthermore a number of Sandilli's people had joined Makinnon and Kiva in an attack on a small detachment of the 88th Regiment, under Major Moore at Sangi's shop on the 28th December.

Before proceding to punish the guilty parties, the Government arranged for a separation between those who had taken up arms against Government and those who wished to remain loyal, and though most of the the leading men of Sandilli's tribe separated themselves from the rebels, Sandilli himself determined on remaining with them.

After operations at the Kubusi he went through the Kei and joined Kreli, after the repulse of the combined army of Galekas, Dhlambis, and Gaikas, by Captain Upcher at Quintana, he took up his position at a most inaccessibile spot at the sources of the Buffalo. Here, from the strength of the locality, he considered himself safe from attack, as this ground had never in any previous war been penetrated, and those who had taken up their stand there had always escaped. But as his adherents were soon dispersed and shot down, he himself was, after several very narrow escapes from capture, resolved to follow his sons and people

who had returned to the Kei; and on the 29th May his party of about thirty men, having been discovered by a patrol of Fingoes from the Keiskama Hoek, were surrounded in a wood, and Sandilli, with a Christian native named Dukwana, and a few of their followers, were shot.

It was not known at the time that Sandilli had fallen, but one of Sandilli's followers, who was present when his chief fell, having been captured some days after, pointed out the spot where the body lay; it was brought into camp, identified, and buried by Commandant Schermbrucker.

Weakness and irresolution were the main characteristics of Sandilli. He was by nature neither cruel nor unjust, but under the influence of evil advisers he often committed foolish and unjust actions.

While not wanting in ability, he was in this respect far inferior to his brothers Tyali, Macomo, and Anta. Believing that his power lay in maintaining native customs and ceremonies, he was a great observer of them, and of late years he very seldom appeared in European clothing.

Like almost every native chief, he had given way to drink, and during the last eight or ten years had gone to great excess.

Notwithstanding his defects he was beloved by his people; they clung to him as the father of the Gaika tribe, and many who had most strenuously opposed the rebellion, and predicted death and destruction to those who went into it, nevertheless would not abandon him when he became involved, but went with him to destruction. Two of his brothers have fallen, one has been arrested, another is now fugitive, and many of the leading men among the Gaikas will be long had in honourable remembrance in their tribe as having died with their chief.

Richard Singleton;

OR, HOW I SETTLED IN NATAL.

CHAPTER VI.

MY FIRST BREAKFAST AT TIVERTON.

ALTHOUGH provided with a good digestion, my waking moments have ever been gloomy, a morbid oppression always lies upon my mind until I have summoned sufficient resolution to throw off all dreamy fancies, and thoroughly to awake to the realities of life, whether of joy or sorrow. When on my first morning at Tiverton I was roused by the imperious voice of the sister of the house, lording

it through the building, I felt a certain misgiving that I was to blame,—that I was the person whom she wished to upbraid. Happily for all concerned, I did not under this delusion rush to the door and beg pardon for all my misdeeds –past, present, and to come. "What a temper she has!" I muttered as I lay still and listened to the storm that poured over the unfinished walls, for in up-country houses the partitions do not always meet the ceiling; and that is all very well when a united family lives alone in peace, and its members have no secrets that they wish to keep from each other. Whether it was taken from any one's idea of the heavenly mansions I cannot say, but I protest that this arrangement of wall is not adapted to the present imperfect state of this world. After a minute or two I heard a door open in the passage, and my host called out,

"What is the matter, Marion?"

"The bread is burnt—that is all!" she muttered in a tragic tone.

"There is no use in scolding now, you will only make the man nervous."

"I only wish I could make him nervous, Eustace; he seems to mind me no more than a fly."

"That is because he is so much accustomed to your language."

"My language! I beg that you will not speak in that way."

"Well, Marion, I say, let him make some more bread."

"He make more bread? Can he make any? Haven't I made every scrap that he has burnt to a cinder, and—well don't talk any more, Eustace, I must make bread all over again, and it is very trying; and I don't know why you keep this servant, he is so careless, so lazy, and so impudent."

"Eh, what! impudent? I'll come out and kick him; only wait a moment till I'm dressed."

I heard my host tumbling about his room for the space of a minute, and then he went out, and I could imagine that he looked terrible. It took the greatest combing down to make him look at all harmless, and with his hair on end, his clothes thrown on in haste, and a flash of indignation in his eyes, he must have looked murderous.

"Marion," he called out.

"Yes," said she, from the other end of the house, and in a mild, cheerful tone, that contrasted oddly with the voice in which she had been speaking a minute before.

"Here I am, Marion."

"Well, what do you want, dear?"

"I've come to kick the fellow who was impudent to you."

"Go back to your bed, you old goose. I never thought you were in earnest. Kick dear old Jonathan indeed; *that you shall not.*"

"The wind is changed with you, Marion; but tell me, did the man show impertinence, for that's a thing I will not stand in my house."

"No, dear, he was not rude in the least. I only chose the wrong word, and you ought to know by now that I always do so when I'm angry."

"That's it, is it? But I say," began her brother, and then he fell to whispering as his wife had done the day before, and the answer was given as then in an unsuppressed tone.

"Is my work to be spoilt in silence because the walls are thin? And besides that, Eustace, everyone has not such quick hearing as you; and I daresay your friend is now fast asleep; and the idea of your imagining that Jonathan could make bread! that's all you know about it."

"Dear, dear!" said her brother retreating into his bedroom.

It must be a bore, thought I, to have one's bread spoilt by a servant's carelessness; and most aggravating and tiresome to have to get up to make it for a sleeping family, with which reflection I turned round and went to sleep again.

We met at breakfast about nine o'clock. Captain Beresford told me that after the rain had set in he should be out for some hours before breakfast ploughing; but that the present time was a dull one in farming, the showers that had fallen had not softened the ground enough to work on.

"The bread is very good, Marion," said her sister.

"So it ought to be, dear, I think," said the young lady looking across at me, having, as I imagined, a slight curiosity to know whether I had slept through the morning's proceedings or not, and as she looked I trembled, thinking that my turn had come; but no, a smile passed over her face as she turned away again, and I was safe. Then I incautiously remarked,

"I wish that I knew how to make bread."

"It is quite easy."

"Everything is easy when one is perfect in the art," I said; and with a slight bow she answered,

"I will write out the receipt for you, Mr. Singleton."

"I never can make head or tail of directions and receipts," said I. "May I not see you make bread once or twice?"

"You know not what you ask; Marion's pantry is her sanctum sanctorum, her ——," said the brother.

"Come, come, Eustace, Mr. Singleton quite understands without more explanation."

So I got no invitation that time, and I felt piqued, and in fact determined that I would have an invitation before long. Was I, the petted of my mother and sisters, to be shut out of any girl's pantry if I wished to enter it?

"I must live on porridge," I said, "for I can never make bread from a receipt."

"I fear that you *must* live on porridge, Mr. Singleton," said my enemy; "and I assure you that it is very good, and the most nourishing food you could have."

Thus I was made a martyr, without the slightest compunction or appreciation on the part of the outer world, as represented by Miss Beresford. I had no more to say on the matter just then, so turning to the Captain I spoke of the house I had seen and admired on the previous day.

"That is the kind of house I should like to have," I said. "I wonder if it would be possible to get it?"

"What, Sir! are you already dreaming of running away from us? I thought you were coming to help me on my farm?"

"The help would be all on one side, and that not mine; and I have no intention of being a burden to you. I must have a place of my own as soon as may be."

"You are indeed an independent young man," said my Captain, and from the tone of his voice I knew that he did not think the worse of me for my resolve.

"That house—" I began.

"And," he interrupted, "you have actually chosen your house. Well! well! this is a stiff-necked generation. May I ask if you have chosen a partner? The house is over large for one person."

"Not I. I can manage to fill up plenty of space with one thing and another."

"Joking apart," said Mrs. Beresford, "if at any future time you really want to leave us and set up for yourself, that house is as comfortable a one as you could have. From your description I take it to be the cottage we built and let to some friends. They had to return to England soon after, and the place came back upon our hands."

"But, Dick, it has over a thousand acres, and you don't want so many to begin with. However, we will talk it over some future time; now let me give you some ham."

I held out my plate; and as I heard my hostess tell her sister that an old friend had written to say that she was coming, I was wondering whether he would be allowed to go into the pantry, when the name of Mrs. Perkins struck upon my ear.

"Do you mean Mrs. Enriquetta Perkins; is *she* coming here?" I asked, aghast at the idea of such a catastrophe.

A general laugh followed my question, and then Miss Beresford condescended to remark,

"She must indeed be a friend of yours, for you know her Christian name, which *we* have never heard before."

"Indeed I *do* know her; or rather, I have met her, and if she is coming soon I will immediately go farm hunting."

I had been holding out my plate to Captain Beresford, who was carving the ham, and by this time it was heavy with the weight of it.

"I know who likes ham," said one youngster, and looking across at my Captain, I saw him resting from his labours, knife and fork in hand, and with a smile of suppressed amusement upon his face. Truly he knew how to tease those whom he liked.

Before long I found that Captain Beresford had taken a fancy to me, and well I knew that I liked him and his wife. As to his sister's appreciation of me, and my feelings towards her, I leave my readers to judge of them for themselves.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. PERKINS AT TIVERTON.

I decided upon going, for a fortnight's space, farm hunting, before fixing upon the land near Tiverton, and I started on the fourth day after my arrival there. I borrowed a horse from Captain Beresford —as mine had not yet turned up—and off I went. To make a long story short, I found no place to suit me so well as the little house I had fallen in love with at first sight on my way to the Beresfords. So, having satisfied my conscience, I returned to them one evening about dusk, with an expression on my face which Captain Beresford chose to interpret into a signal of success. He met me in the hall, and said,

"So we are going to lose you."

"*Are* you?" I asked anxiously.

"Well, you look as if you had found a farm."

"*That* I haven't," I exclaimed triumphantly.

"I don't know that I haven't got an offer for Sweet Briars," he resumed.

"For *what?*" I asked.

"For the house that you were asking after; the children have so named it because of a piece of sweet briar they planted there, and which wouldn't grow."

"I hope you haven't let it?" I enquired anxiously.

"It has not gone yet. In fact, the person who wants it is single, and it is too large for one. Now, I thought that you might like to share it. It would be a nice place for you, and your father asked me to do the best for you that I could."

"Who is the fellow?" I asked, not quite amiably.

"Oh, it's a friend of yours, and you will find her in the sitting-room this moment."

"Oh, Lord!"

"What's the matter, my boy, don't you feel well?"

"Oh, my prophetic soul! It's Mrs. Perkins!"

As I said this, the drawing-room door was flung open, and she of whom I spoke stood before me on the threshold. Then my hand was seized in her *golden* grasp, and she exclaimed,

"Forgive me; I have been resting on the sofa in the dark; you know what a sufferer I am, and the sudden change into the light so blinded me that I did not recognise you."

This was singular, since there was no light but a candle's in the hall just then.

"How are you?" she said.

I answered that I was well, and hoped that she also was in the enjoyment of good health; and then, there we stood, forming an affecting tableau for all beholders! Without some violence I could not have escaped; and not for the space of sixty seconds at least did she release me. Meanwhile my Captain stood by, with his arms folded, apparently enraptured at the sight of such an affecting meeting between two loving friends. His children frisked around, his wife occupied herself by lighting the lamp, and his sister thought it to be her duty to stand demurely waiting until I should be at liberty to offer my respects to her.

"I will pay you all out for this one day," I said to myself.

The grasp at last relaxed, the greeting was over, and I was at liberty. Mrs. Beresford then came forward, and said,

"We are very glad to see you back. Eustace has been talking of you ever since you left."

"I am sorry," I answered, as I took her proffered hand, "that Captain Beresford should have chosen such an uninteresting topic of conversation."

"Fishing for compliments is not allowed in this house," said my host.

"At least, it is not a profitable employment; of that I can assure you; our waters are too dull and muddy to hold such shining gold fish as compliments," remarked Miss Beresford as she shook hands with me.

Just then Mrs. Perkins, riled that no one was talking to her, called out to the assembled party that it was time for her prussic acid drops; and I, in my heart, agreed with her, understanding that prussic acid was a poison; but I now declare that, barring tea, it is the slowest poison in the world, for although Mrs. Perkins for a long time took it daily, she is alive among is unto this very day!

In the course of the evening, I heard Mrs. Beresford remark that Mrs. Perkins had some idea of settling near Tiverton.

"So I hear," said the Captain, and then he looked at me, and the expression of my face almost lost him his gravity; however, he saved it as by a hair of his moustache, and continued his remarks with great complacency.

"Do you still think of taking Tomkin's place?" he asked of Mrs. Perkins.

Now Sweet Briars might have been Tomkin's for anything I knew to the contrary, and I waited anxiously for the reply, which was given after many grimaces.

"It is a *sweet* place, a sweet place indeed; but it would not quite suit me in my lonely condition."

I shuddered as I heard Captain Beresford assure her that he could soon set that difficulty right, as there could be no difficulty in getting her a companion.

"Thanks! oh, thanks!" she murmured, casting her coal black eyes upward, while I thought truly the loving kindness of

some people *is* cruel. Is *this* the way in which he looks after his old friend's son?" I cast a reproachful glance at him; he saw it, took it in, gloated over it, and then resumed,

"Of course, nothing would be easier than to find you a companion, Mrs. Perkins. May I ask if you can make bread?"

She answered, with caution, "At one time I could make it, but I am weak, I am a sad sufferer now, and the exertion that was formerly mere child's play to me would probably kill me if I attempted it; but I know how bread should be made. I could instruct anyone sitting near at hand to me quite sure that no mistake was made."

"There, now; it is few that would take that trouble," said Captain Beresford, looking again at me; but this time he did not find me looking quite so much taken aback by his behaviour.

A happy thought had occurred to me, and catching Mrs. Beresford's attention, I asked her carelessly what was the name of her friends to whom Sweet Briars had belonged.

"Stuart was the name, and very nice neighbours we found them," she answered.

"Yes, indeed. I think that Captain Beresford has confused the names of Tomkins and Stuart, and is trying to confuse me, too; but I am too many for him."

"To return to bread," I heard the Captain saying. "My young friend Singleton wants to know how to make it; can you teach him?"

"Excuse me, I do not want to know how to make bread; *porridge is good and nourishing food*," I exclaimed, glancing at Miss Beresford; and all her response was this,

"I congratulate you on having made the discovery."

Her coolness irritated me; I thought she would rather see me starve than let me into her ridiculous little pantry, or rather than not have her own way. I laughed at myself for caring about it, and for feeling inclined to try my will against hers, as though her fancies mattered in the least to me; but still I seemed fated to run counter to her wishes, and to feel annoyed by the consequent snubbing. The conversation turned upon horses, and I found that there was a colt on the farm, which was as yet untrained.

"May I break him in for you?" I asked.

"Yes," said the master. "Train him if you like, I shall be obliged to you. *Train him to carry a lady.*"

The devil, I thought; but I answered meekly that I would with pleasure as soon as I had some stables of my own. On this Miss Beresford put in her word.

"I must see him every day, Eustace; he is mine, you know."

"Who is, dear?"

"Why, the colt; what else are we talking of?"

"You must settle about him with Mr. Singleton; he will be his until he is broken in; or until he has broken his trainer's neck, and *then* Mr. Singleton will be *his*."

"He is *mine*, Eustace ; I repeat it."

"Who is, dear?" returned her brother mischievously.

"The colt is mine," said Miss Beresford with great decision of tone and manner.

"Amen ; so be it," he answered, folding his hands.

"And I will see him every day."

"Speak to Mr. Singleton, I have nothing to do with the animal."

I turned to Miss Beresford and said, "The colt will be in my stable whenever I am not riding him."

"I would rather train him myself than not see him every day, Mr. Singleton."

"My stable will be *my* sanctum sanctorum," I said; "and you doubtless can *well* sympathise with my feelings, when I say that no one except my groom will be allowed to enter there."

A lightning glance flashed from her dark orbs, on which I raised my eyebrows slightly, expressing thereby my astonishment at her want of sympathy ; and she might have read in my face, if she had cared to look, an expression which, being interpreted, read thus :—Stable *versus* Pantry, young lady ; and if "porridge is good, so is patience and self-control ;" even when called forth by the training of a horse.

That evening I came to an agreement with the landlord of Sweet Briars ; and even Mrs. Perkins found favour in my sight because she was *not* going to be my housekeeper or companion. I patiently listened to her wonderful execution upon the piano, and found that her power was so great that I scarcely knew my old favourite airs when played by her. The piano belonged to Miss Beresford, and at each mighty crash upon its keys she started and flushed up, and at last seemed unable to bear it any longer, and going to the performer's side she asked her if she had been used to play the organ.

"Or the hurdy-gurdy?" muttered her brother aside.

"Yes, love; how clever of you to guess it ; and now I examine your countenance I perceive that the music has quite excited you."

"It has, Mrs. Perkins," said the young girl sternly.

"*Dear* creature," sighed the pianist, and then she took up the "Dead March," and played it in what I should imagine to have been *full retreat time;* during which performance Miss Beresford walked up and down the room, evidently feeling much for her instrument. She drew up near it after a few turns, and said,

"This music excites me so very much that I fear I can bear no more of it at present, Mrs. Perkins."

"Only fancy!" said that lady rising, and kissing her victim.

Fire seemed to run in my veins at that moment at the sight of that vulgar coarse piece of humanity kissing—daring to touch the face of her young hostess. Yet what was this maiden to me that I should feel anything at all with, for, or against her. Having embraced her, Mrs. Perkins begged her to sing, and the request was granted. Her songs were those that she had learnt to please the children, and there were no love songs or love-sick plaints among them. Simple

ballads as they were I found great pleasure in listening to them, and thanked her heartily when she rose from the piano. Soon after that the visitor retired, and then Miss Beresford, shutting the door carefully after her, turned round to the party assembled in the room.

"Sister, brother, and Mr. Singleton," she began.

"Romans, countrymen, and lovers!" interrupted young Beresford, jumping upon the table, the better to secure attention.

"Hold your tongue, Trot," said his aunt severely.

"Well, it would be politer to say 'lend me your ears,' auntie; that it would, I must say."

"This evening," resumed Miss Beresford, "I have had to sing in defence of my piano. Another evening this must *not* occur."

"Why not? It was all right."

"All right that my piano should be banged and hammered? It put me into a perfect fever. Another evening, if you please, we will have no music."

"Then we must have games to fill up the time," said Mrs. Beresford.

"Yes, we will have hunt the slipper and kiss in the ring, auntie," said the incorrigible Trot.

"Just so, my son, auntie will thoroughly enjoy those games, and if Dick Singleton feels shy about playing the latter with such new acquaintances as we are, he can capture his old friend Enriquetta, as he calls her."

"She caught me once," I said, "and for the last time, I hope and trust; and as to my catching her in fun or earnest I'll be shot if I will."

"Calm yourself, Mr. Singleton, we will not have kiss in the ring, we will have chess; you play the game I suppose?" said Miss Beresford.

"Yes, after a fashion."

"And Mrs. Perkins plays it, so that is settled."

"And you are all going to look on, I suppose, as you did at my sufferings in the hall!" I said reproachfully.

"Magic lantern is a jolly game if you want to amuse any one quietly," said Trot, "and Mr. Singleton doesn't seem to care much for chess or kiss in the ring either."

"Thanks, child," I answered, "you are the only one who has any feeling for me."

"Home is the only place in which one expects consideration," said Miss Beresford, thinking, I suppose, that I ought to be kept in order.

"For my part I'm very glad that you left home, Mr. Singleton; it is not often that one meets a fellow-creature whom one cares to have for a near neighbour."

Miss Beresford then wished me good night with a look that seemed to say, "Put that in your pipe and smoke it; it isn't often that a lady will pay you such compliments as my relative does." I obeyed her look, for I went to bed well pleased with my lot.

CHAPTER VIII.

"BLACKLEGS."

The next morning I was roused by a clatter of hoofs outside my window. Something flew past, and there remained behind a great flow of native eloquence, which put a stop to my going to sleep again. At last, annoyed by the sound, I got up and went to the window. Some men were standing a few yards off, gazing at the road, and talking excitedly together of something that they saw there.

"What is it?" I asked; on which one of the natives drew near.

"Sar," he said, "Miss Marion! I'm afraid she come home all in pieces!"

"*What?*"

"Why, *Blacklegs*, sar. Good horse by and bye; no good now. Miss Marion better ride a quiet horse. Look there, down the hill!"

I looked, and saw a horse and rider coming along at the rate of a hunt, and in a moment Miss Beresford had passed upon the colt!

"Well," thought I, "she has taken the matter into her own hands; heaven grant she may be able to hold her own;" and, dressing hurriedly, I went into the hall, and called out,

"I say, Captain Beresford!"

No answer.

"Captain *Beresford!*" I repeated.

"Well!" said a sleepy voice.

"I want to speak to you."

"The deuce you do! You can't, then, that's all!"

"But I *must*!"

"Can't come; ain't dress'd; 'tain't proper; *I'm not going to wake up* just because a young fellow asks me to," he said, and he began to snore.

Then I called out in a loud voice,—"Miss Beresford is riding the colt!"

"What! You must be mad!" was the response.

"Here she comes!" I shouted, as the the clatter of hoofs drew near again.

In a minute more the brother and I were outside, and he was telling the men to surround and stop the horse.

"Miss Marion, *'nkosi*. She swear me to let him be," said one of the men, and, as he spoke, she passed.

"All right—*nearly tired out*," she called out, speaking in gasps.

"I wonder whether it is she or the animal that is 'tired out,'" said Captain Beresford.

"The colt, without doubt," I said. "That bright colour in her face doesn't mean fainting. Once more up that hill, and she will be able to pull in."

We followed her, and my word was verified. Trembling and

breathing hard, the colt paused about a yard from the top of the hill. We hastened up and took his head.

"Well, Miss!" said the brother sternly. But without noticing his tone or manner, Miss Beresford exclaimed,

"How I am to get down is more than I can tell, for he kicks if one stirs. I had some difficulty in mounting. I am all right *when once up*."

"Stuff, Marion! Get off quick!" said Captain Beresford, in a tone of fraternal authority that he did not often use. "Hold his head, Singleton," he added; and then, taking his sister round the waist, he lifted her off, and deposited her upon the ground, as the colt recovered sufficiently to begin to kick out again.

"It is a pity, Marion, that you did not tell me you were going to do this."

"That would have been equivalent to leaving it alone, Eustace. The poor thing is tired out; take him in, please, and see after him; he can carry a lady now without any solitary confinement in Mr. Singleton's stable."

"That's it, is it?" said her brother, as we walked home. "I tell you what, Miss,—I shall have to put you in a lunatic asylum if you go on in this way."

"I fail to understand what you mean by *this way*, Eustace, and I object to being called *Miss*, except by my inferiors."

"Indeed! if I were Singleton I should take you at your word, for if I am not your 'inferior' no more is he," he answered, recovering his cheerfulness by degrees.

"Then it is a very good thing for you that you are not Mr. Singleton," said the sister going into the house, on the threshold of which she turned to thank us for coming to see after her. "Quite unnecessary, you know; I was perfectly safe, but still it was kind of you both to come, and I thank you for your good intentions."

The house which contained such a spirit as hers in such a body could scarcely be dull; she seemed to grow more full of life and spirits every day; no sigh of weariness or ennui ever passed her lips; and indeed I never saw her even sleepy, though she worked hard and well every day. She was a constant wonder to me; and so was the attraction she had for me. I was always glad to have something to do for her, and I continued to beg to have the training of the colt, although such a strong objection to the plan had been evinced by the owner of it. She thought that I was possessed by the spirit of opposition, and hence my determination; but if so influenced with regard to her in one matter, why did I inconsistently and meekly obey her in others—happy to do anything that she wished or that I knew was for her advantage?

That evening I sat down to play chess with Mrs. Perkins, who having just imbibed a glass of medicine, would not, she said, require any more for a few hours, so she thought we should be able to play without interruption.

Off we went; and what a game of chess it was! Her tongue went like a pendulum, her pieces moved about the board like drunken men. I did my best to keep pace with my antagonist, but it seemed sacrilege to move without a second's thought, and it was some time before I could get into the spirit of the game as played by this singular person. All that evening I played chess, but I felt that life would not be worth having if I had to do so every evening with Mrs. Perkins. I began to require, in my own mind, some acknowledgment of my work from my task-mistress, to think that a smile of thanks might follow my dutiful performance of it, but she seemed to think that the answer of a good conscience ought to be sufficient reward to satisfy me. To my intense relief, Mrs. Perkins herself seemed to have had enough chess-playing after two long evenings of it, and on the third she announced her intention of doing a little plain sewing. As soon as she was comfortably established in an arm-chair, with her plain sewing on a table before her, I asked Miss Beresford if she would let me have the honour of being beaten by her in a game of chess.

"Willingly I would, if I knew anything of the game, but I do not," said she regretfully.

"May I then have the pleasure of teaching you how to use the rod?"

"If you like to do that it is your own affair, Mr. Singleton; I am quite ready."

We sat down before the board, and I gave my first lesson to my bright pupil, answering to the best of my power all questions as to the why and the wherefore of everything. For many evenings after that I was requested to play with her, and at last we both grew intensely interested in the game. Possibly the game itself was more interesting to her than to me, for I was an old hand at it, and also I had begun to care far more for the movement of her hand than for any move upon the board. Being an old hand at it, as I said, I could beat her easily if so inclined; yet she was a bright and promising pupil, and before long I knew that she would prove an expert player. One night we left our game unfinished, circumstances having obliged us to go to our rooms about midnight, which at Tiverton was considered quite late enough for staying up. I went to bed, but could not sleep, the chess and the player were so interesting to me; so I rose and dressed to go and sit by the board that we had left with the men on it, and there to consider what my next move should be, and to dream that she was there playing the game with me. A foolish fancy; but at that time I was rather foolish. Of course I am naturally very wise and reasonable, but just then I was beginning to lose my senses, and to delight in doing things that I would before then have laughed at anyone for doing. I left my room very quietly, and heard the deep breathing of sleepers in the room adjacent, and the snore from our visitor's apartment. I passed her room and paused a moment, thinking how quietly the angel sleeps. Then on

I went to the drawing-room; there was no sound there; but as I reached the door I saw a dim light burning inside, and looking in I saw a figure sitting there, robed in a long blue garment. It was Miss Beresford who, intent on the game, had returned to study it, and what moves she should take in order to win it.

"We are ghosts," I said; on which she started and turned round.

"We both seem very much in earnest about the game," she said. "Come let us finish it."

Thus commanded, what could I do but obey, though I fancied that this proceeding would somewhat astonish the master and mistress of the house, accustomed as they were to eccentricities, if they, disturbed by any sound, were to get up and look in.

"It is a quarter to four," I said.

"Never mind, we have both had our beauty sleep," was the answer I received.

"You are interested in the game?" I asked.

"Yes, of course I am; come sit down and play."

I sat down and we played, and one person was quite engrossed in the game. That one was not Dick Singleton, for opposite him was a face that sadly distracted him from the work in hand.

Ah! that dark hair loosely knotted up, those downcast eyelids, whose lashes lay upon the flushed cheek—flushed with sleep and the excitement that came in playing the game of chess. Ah! those fearless, grave, earnest lips. They provoked poor Dick to leave his game and feast his eyes—on beauty.

Well, it was a fine opportunity for love-making! But if there had been the least faint gleam of hope for the lover, would the maiden have sat there defenceless and challenging an attack? No! She—being she, would have retreated and have had to be sought out; for, though brave and dauntless in the things of every day life, I felt sure that, in love, she would be timid and retiring. The game went on, and I need hardly say that I was beaten all to pieces.

"Thank you, Mr. Singleton," she said at the close of it; "no more, for I think that you must be sleepy!"

With which remark she left me and went to her room.

CHAPTER IX.

UP-COUNTRY LIFE, AND THE COLT'S CONTINUATION (NOT HIS TAIL).

Months passed away. During which I set up for myself at Sweet Briars, visiting every day. There the captain treated me as a fresh man at Natal, and Tiverton took me in on every possible occasion. I suppose he thought me his lawful prey, and I was quite willing to be so if he wished it.

One morning he called me to look at an elephant that was slowly progressing across the plain. Its back was turned to me and, there-

fore, I did not see the head and trunk, but for some time I watched the enormous creature walk slowly onward. Then I went to fetch my gun, and was just about to fire it, when a scream from Trot stopped me.

"What now?" I asked.

"Its no more an elephant than I am, its a hut," said Trot.

"Its not the first of April, Trot, therefore do not try to take me in."

"Oh! that's fine; why you've been taken in, and I'm helping you out!" exclaimed Trot; and then I found that what young Eustace had said was true, and that the elder one of that name had been deceiving me into thinking that one of the large Kafir huts, borne upon the shoulders of men, who walked inside, and were invisible, was an elephant.

This trick and many another was played off upon me. I was called off from my farming work, to see the snakes run down the furrows made by ploughing on purpose for them; to see crocodiles in the water, which turned out to be children bathing; to stop a grass fire from burning down a house, when in reality there was no danger, since a broad gravel path lay between the fire and the house. Tricks *ad infinitum* were played off on me, and in spite of them I found time for work. I learned to plough and to talk sufficient Zulu to make myself understood by my men. I cleared my garden of weeds and sowed seeds in it, and got through a hundred other things that were as necessary to me as they would be uninteresting to my reader were I to enumerate them.

One thing I accomplished with great satisfaction. I trained *Blacklegs* to carry a lady!

I took him over one morning to his mistress, requesting her to give the finishing touch to his education. On giving him up to her I remarked that she would have to carry a whip when she rode him alone.

"I may carry it," she said, "but I shall never use it, never, and no one is ever to strike him now he is in my care again."

"Amen, so be it," said Captain Beresford, and no dissenting voice was heard; but alas! I was called upon to show off *Blacklegs'* paces. I took him at a trot past the house. I cantered him up the road, and then on my way back I put him at a ditch. Round went his head, and he refused it, so, as I took him up to it again, as he was doubting, and just at the moment when he might have swerved round again I gave him a sharp touch which settled his mind, and he rose and took the ditch beautifully. I trotted him up to the verandah, feeling rather proud of the little fellow's paces, but gloom had gathered upon his mistress' brow!

Her brother, not so quick as I to note the signs of pleasure or indignation in her face, called out to me as I dismounted, and gave me a hearty acknowledgment of the work I had done for him. "Why don't you thank him, Marion, he is standing by you waiting for your

approval; by Jove, he never waits so meekly for my approval; come Marion, are you shy, for if so, tell me, and I will thank him for you."

"No, I am not shy, Eustace," she answered, "but I am sorry that Mr. Singleton thought it necessary to beat my horse after what I said."

"Beat him?" I repeated after her. "Do you mean when he refused the jump. Do you call that a beating?"

"I call it doing what I had requested you not to do, Mr. Singleton."

I said nothing then, but walked away, leading the horse to the stable, and wondering at myself for having anything to do with such a wayward imperious child, who could go into such a tantrum because in a moment of forgetfulness I had disobeyed her. A very hopeless feeling came over me, for I knew that if she cared for me she could not treat me thus. Then feeling, too, that I was in fetters which I could not break, I returned to her and asked her pardon; and, I believe, received it, for soon after she was her own bright self to me again.

I could not feel bright, but on the contrary very grave, dissatisfied, and despondent that day. Moreover, I was going to leave home for a week or so, and the thought of separation made me more sentimental than usual, and it was dispiriting to see that no one else felt my approaching absence with a sigh. I was morbidly inclined to decide that no one cared for me, and at last finding myself too cross to be sociable, I wished Mrs. Beresford good-bye, and then I looked for the sister, but could not find her on the verandah or in any of the sitting-rooms. I passed on by the kitchen and pantry, and there she was making bread. I stopped short outside the door and said, "Good-bye, Miss Beresford; can I do anything for you in Harrismith?"

"Dear me! no! Are we not uncivilized enough for you that you must go up there?"

"I consider this to be the centre of civilization; but do you know that I can see you making bread, so I mustn't stay here any longer."

"You may come in," was the answer.

Astonished at her kindness, I entered in silence, and stood near, watching her.

"May I knead it for you?" I asked.

"Oh no, thank you."

"What a quantity you are making. I am sure this work is to hard for you."

"No, I am not a fairy. As to there being a quantity, there is not more than enough, for we expect a number of people to early dinner to-morrow, and the staff of life must not be wanting."

"What people are coming?"

"Farmers; and a good many of them."

"What can they want here?"

"Want here?" (the exertion she was taking made her speech

somewhat spasmodic). "Want here, why—they come to see us—What do you want here, Mr. Singleton?"

"What I cannot get," I answered gloomily.

"I don't understand," she said, turning her eyes enquiringly upon me.

"Miss Beresford, have you no idea what I want here?"

"Not the least idea," she said, keeping her eyes looking steadily at me for a moment, after which my gaze seemed suddenly to enlighten her understanding, for she blushed and turned away, and then severely pommelling the inoffensive dough, she repeated hastily "No idea; none at all, I assure you."

"Listen to me," I exclaimed, at the same time possessing myself of a little sun-burnt hand well covered with flour.

"I am listening," she said; and she was so bewildered by my proceedings, that she did not withdraw her hand from mine. Then I told her that I had come to love her so much that she was always in my thoughts; and that the one thing I wanted was that she should become my wife. Then as her lips began to form some answer, I added hastily, "Nay, do not answer me at present, I do not ask it, I do not want it, for I see too plainly that you have no favourable answer to give me—but will you—will you try and care for me? I cannot live unless I am allowed some faint hope that you may not in the end reject me; that some far-off day you may consent to be my wife."

"I cannot answer and yet not answer. What am I to do? I am most grieved, Mr. Singleton, but indeed I have never looked upon myself as one who might possibly become your wife. I have begun to think of you as a kind of brother," said she removing her hand.

This brotherhood idea is forever turning up among women, I thought, and be hanged to it.

"Will you try to begin and look upon me as your lover?" I asked.

She looked up and answered, "Forgive me, I cannot. In fact I am so very happy as I am, that I do not wish to change anything in my life."

"You do not wish to change me?"

"No, I have told you that I wish you to remain what you are to me."

"And where I am, too; or shall I leave the place?"

"Leave us, oh, no! Eustace would be so sorry."

"And you?"

"Yes, I also; I like your company when you do not interfere with my work as you have done this afternoon," said Miss Beresford, putting her hand into the dough again.

Truly, there seemed to be no love in her, no soul at all in my Undine. I sighed and turned to go, but then a bright thought struck me, and, returning, I said "Good-bye; and since you feel so sisterly, kiss me just once."

"No! no! I am not so sisterly as that, Mr. Singleton. Again I ask you to forgive me! I fear that I have hurt you more than I know. I am very, very sorry this has happened."

"You could not help it; do not grieve about it," I said; and felt glad that no previous experience had taught her to measure the sorrow that her rejection caused me. "Good-bye," I repeated; and then, refused in everything, both great and small, bruised, sore and angry with myself, and all the world, I strode away, bidding good-bye to Captain Beresford as I passed him in the garden. I saw him pause in his work, rest upon his spade, and eye my coat sleeve curiously. Following his glance, I perceived that it was sprinkled with flour!

"Good luck? It looks like it," he said without any preface to his question, and I answered him savagely and incoherently, saying, "No luck, its all lies. I only wish it had got there as you imagine, but it didn't, and there's an end of it."

"She may go farther and fare worse," he muttered, and then we separated. I went over to my house and found everything looking so cheerless and forlorn, that I determined to let seeds and weeds struggle on together for some time, and to be absent from Sweet Briars for a month or two instead of for a week, as I had at first intended.

(*To be continued*).

Folk-Lore Journal.

We have received several numbers of the above journal, and find much in it of very great interest. The Folk-Lore Society, under whose superintendence it is edited, have been fortunate in obtaining many correspondents from different parts of the country whose contributions are of considerable value. From the March number we take the following extracts. The first, with respect to the gods of the Basuto, the word Basuto, we are informed in a note, is probably used here in its wider sense as equivalent to Eastern Betshuâna:—

"Hitherto it was always reported that the Basuto had no gods; they had only an idea of a *Modimo* who is called *Ralabepa* by several tribes. The more remarkable, therefore, is what we find in the diary of the Berlin Missionary, the Rev. — Stech, who is stationed at Blauberg, in Transvalia, among *Malebocho's* tribe, of about 20,000 people. He writes on the 19th of October, 1877:—

"'In explaining the articles of our belief, the belief in the only true God was the chief topic of instruction. I asked about their gods, and heard twelve names of twelve different gods. At the head of these stands *Ralabepa*, the father of all might and power, to be feared for his revenge and power of fire; he lives behind the land of *Sevase*, among

the Basuetlas (there he is called *Ralawimpa*). Again there is the god of Water, called *Ramochasoa*. He lives on the bottom, from which the fountains rise, for which reason the Basuto do not like digging near fountains. Behind my station, in the open field, there is a long stone like a column, in which, they say, lives *Ramaepa*, who watches the field, that the enemy may not cross the boundary. The Basuto frighten their children by calling *Makofatsiloe*, *Maseletsoane*, *Manakisoe*, *Ngoalenkalo*. Every district, it seems to me, has its own god. One that is generally known and feared very much is *Sedatyane*, who lives in the middle of the country in a thick forest near Mareme. In the neighbourhood of his seat, nobody is allowed to cut wood, and if children come near, they are certainly caught and illtreated. Greatly feared by bad characters and such as wish to lay hands on one of the chief's family, is the poisonous snake *Toona*, the god of Revenge. If the children and half-grown people are brought to the circumcision, which is now done in opposition to the old practice, when only grown up people, men and women, were seen at it, they must know most of these gods, besides the formulas of prayers and tunes which belong to the worship of these gods ; especially they must know the tune of the little bird *Khohoropo*, which is revered very much. If anybody does not know this bird, he is certainly to be beaten ; for which purpose some switches are always ready at hand. They have also a god of Dance, *Lotiloe*. Of the celestial bodies, not the sun, but a large comet, called *Modudutsa*, is adored.' "

The next extract is with respect to the customs and superstitions among the Betshuana, from information contributed by Miss J. P. Meeuwsen, in a letter dated Saul's Poort, 16th January, 1878 :—

"When rain is needed, and the gardens (*i.e.*, native gardens) are getting dry, a hunting expedition is formed, and a certain sort of game, fit for the occasion, is sought for. Only a part of the animal is used ; and the sorcerers are very unwilling to tell what is done with it.

"Sometimes, when an ox has been killed, the stomach is burned towards evening ; for they say that the black smoke will gather the clouds, and cause the rain to come.

"Sometimes, when the rain is seen falling at a distance, an arrow is smeared with some *molemo* (the word means both poison and medicine), and the rain is beckoned to come to them, in the firm belief that it will do so. When their sorceries fail to bring rain, it is said that some other sorcerer who envies them has kept it back.

"To avert disease, or prevent it from entering their *legae* or town, a pointed stone is planted in the ground in the middle of the entrance to their town (each town being enclosed in a hedge of bushes), or a crossbar is put at the same place (*viz.*, at the entrance), smeared with some *molemo* or medicine. When this is done, they imagine themselves safe.

"Widows are most wonderfully treated. When a woman's husband is dead, she may not enter a town, unless she has been under the hands of a sorcerer. She must remain at some distance from the town : then a little milk from every cow is taken to her, which mixture of milk she must boil with her food. Dung from the cattle pens is also taken to her, and with this, mixed with some *molemo*, she must rub herself. If this ceremony be not gone through, it is thought that all the cattle in the town will surely die.

"In travelling, when the natives draw near to a town or location, and are hungry, they take a stone, and put it into the branches of a tree, or some grass, and put a stone on it in the road, imagining that this will induce the people, with whom they wish to stay, to wait for them with their meal."

Zululand.

"ZULULAND: its Wild Sports and Savage Life," is the attractive title of a new story by H. M. Walmsley, and the unwary are tempted to purchase the volume by observing on the cover a remarkable portrait of "King Cetywayo." But while the story is by no means wanting in thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes, the reader who imagines that he will learn anything about the Zulu King and his savage warriors will be greatly disappointed, as the name of that now notorious individual is not even mentioned. Fully convinced of the existence of "the ruined cities of Zululand," the heroes of the story traverse the whole country, going through the most exciting adventures until they reach Quillimane. The author treats his readers to narrow escapes from tigers, lions, elephants, snakes, savages, pirates, mutineers, fever, fire, and shipwreck. And not content with the accumulation of disasters and dangers through which the actors have to pass during their adventurous trip, we have the Sepoy Mutiny thrown in as an additional attraction. The information with regard to the wild country described is derived from the author's brother, Captain Walmsley, late Government Agent on the Zulu Frontier, Natal. It is to be hoped that the information thus given is a little more reliable than that obtained as to the neighbourhood of Cape Town. Among other things we are informed that "winding along by the sea-side, and giving the most delicious little peeps over the ocean, the road to Wynebergh is exquisitely beautiful. Many take it for the romantic loveliness of its land and ocean views; others because their business leads them in that direction; and not a few because of the little roadside public house, which lies about half-way, and where the click of the billiard balls never seems to cease night or day." In a pretty spot on the road before the traveller comes to this hotel he will see "a small house, embowered in trees, standing on its own grounds, sweeping down nearly to the sea." The author appears to have formed his ideas of South African natives from a close study of Cooper's novels. His descriptions of Kafir hunts and the game met with are about the most satisfactory portions of the work.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Social Problems.*

Upon occasions of this kind, it is expected from the Chairman that he should have something new to tell you, in connection with literature or art. My own scanty leisure has rendered this impossible; but in place of it I propose to-day to put our books and reviews on one side; and confine my address to the discussion of some social problems which are pressing on our attention, and which may not unfitly be solved in the serene atmosphere of a National Library.

Beyond these doors there exists a wider circle of hearers, *who are not readers*, and who know but little of the influence of the arts of peace, or of the internal mechanism of Christian government. To educate these, and make them happy and prosperous under our rule, is a task which may fully employ the energies of every citizen. If we really mean to elevate all classes in the Cape Colony, and quicken their progress in the paths of knowledge and virtue, we must break down the barriers which separate them from ourselves, and give an increased attention to the root of their moral inferiority and weakness in times past.

With your leave, therefore, and in no narrow spirit, I venture to-day to give brief expression to some thoughts which from time to time have struck me as to our common duty to South Africa; and to ventilate the policy of standing aloof from the concerns of our neighbours, which practically means to forego all the social advantages involved in the use and abuse of personal influence.

To many, the exercise of this social gift is fraught with ruinous consequences; and for one man who will take the trouble to work out the obligations of a leading position in life, there are hundreds who make shipwreck of their many opportunities for doing good, and perish in obscurity! It is so much easier apparently to drift with the stream, than to stem and control the current of popular ignorance and folly, that the shores of our existence are strewed with the flotsam and jetsam of an ever restless and cruel sea of error! Yet even in

*Address of Dr. Ross, as chairman at the annual meeting of subscribers to the Cape Town Library on 21st May, 1879.

children there is so much latent power, both for mischief and for good, that the task of training them is well worthy of the highest class of intellect; while the influence of women alone—if rightly directed—is calculated to fill us with gladness and riches, and to revolutionise the world.

Around us are ranged in goodly lines the histories of many human lives. From the tangled yarn of experience—and thoughts both bitter and sweet—they there have spun the most delicate and charming fabrics of the mind, and clothed their fancies in many a glistening robe of wisdom and wit. What, think you, was the motive power that set their pens to paper? Was it love, ambition, or intellectual pride? Did they yearn for human laughter, approval, or tears; or did they hope to exercise a silent influence after death on the countless ages that might follow their teaching? Does poetry still retain its hold over the imagination, or satisfy the heart's passionate craving after the Beautiful in Nature and Art? Does the mystery of spiritual life excite within us a yearning after purity and inward grace? Has music ceased to charm, or philosophy to allure us? In new shapes and in altered forms the protean character of human nature is as subtle and interesting as ever; but the little leaven of past ages is fast leavening the whole mass of mankind, and the world is not content to walk in twilight for ever. The craving for more light by the children of light is a natural instinct; and just as Geology, Physiology, and Natural Philosophy have added to the wealth and material happiness of countless millions by disclosing secrets of earth, of organic life, and of chemical decomposition, so the magicians and alchemists of old have been the avatars of modern science, and found their most gifted followers in the chemists and magicians of to-day.

But what are leaders without a crowd of disciples to propagate their doctrines? The influence of a Plato or a Socrates was not confined to their lives; but grew with the growth and strengthened with the strength of their followers. In search of truth under every disguise, an ample field of enquiry was opened up to every independent mind—intent only on the strict interpretation of Nature's laws, and seeking for beauty on a logical basis of curious suspicion and of positive proof.

In the realms of knowledge nothing is finite! At best we can only approximate to the real truth, and pass on the secret for others to test. Strict accuracy as to fact, and high principle as the rule in the conduct of our lives, are the only sound pivots upon which all knowledge and moral rectitude can safely turn. Guided by that compass we can steer our way calmly in the widest seas of enquiry and doubt, and learn to love truth in everything with which we have to deal.

For the influence of a man or woman lies *outside* of his or her personality. It is a natural gift and cannot be acquired. It may be developed, but cannot be invented, and rests mainly upon a re-

cognition of the claims of others for its fructification and force. Sometimes we have it, without knowing how to use it; and then the waste of our power upon improper and worthless objects is no less an abuse of influence, than if we deliberately used it on purpose in a species of self-degradation.

By virtue of his office, the minister, the lawyer, the statesman, and even the physician is capable of using considerable influence in the attainment of legitimate objects. The nature of culture, the need of friendship, sympathy, justice, religion, and moral principle in our several relations are not less foreign to their professions than the practice of industry, sobriety, patience, and truthfulness in honest discharge of their obligations to society. The minister of religion preaches his best sermons *out of the pulpit* if he carries into his daily life and conversation the faculty of leading his hearers' thoughts to worthy objects and elevated aims. The lawyer and the statesman have something more to do than wrangle in courts or dazzle in debate, and "a wise physician skilled to heal," is said to be "better than an army for the public weal." For the intellectual growth of a nation is not merely due to scholastic attainments of a few, or the gratified curiosity in knowledge of the many. The spread of ideas may be as rapid in a railway as in books; and the art of conversing worthily on topics of the day may be just as useful as an accurate knowledge, by reading, of the wisdom of the past. Peace of mind and spirit of content flow as readily from culture of the heart and intellect as from fortune or physical comfort. However poorly we may be furnished with this world's goods, we may find a mine of wealth in intelligent enjoyment of the many common objects of pity and love that lie ready to our hands. There is not a star that shines, a flower that blooms, or a rustling blade of grass, which is not capable of filling the soul with the highest and purest thoughts. In intellectual life there is no such thing as solitude or selfish enjoyment. The powers of creation and nature are infinitely varied and ever fresh; and the wheels of thought go whizzing on for each others benefit, in the darkest night or the loneliest cell; since man alone is capable of interpreting the subtle influences which are always at work to lift him above his earthly surroundings, and pierce the mysteries of life!

From the memorable cession of the Cape of Good Hope, to the present moment, when England is straining every nerve to teach us self-reliance, and lead the way to a brighter future—a slow but certain process of development has been silently upheaving all the landmarks of the past, and *irrevocably* committing us to the gradual defacement of much that was barbarous, cruel, and base. Silently but surely we have seen this Colony emerging from the waves of superstition and the black night of paganism; and we ourselves are living witnesses to the power of the truth, and the spread of the Gospel over large tracts of wild and long-neglected territory.

What then is our mission, as offshoots of England and Holland,

to those thousands of British subjects, who are at once the children of our adoption, and a constant source of anxiety to their teachers; and by what influences do we propose to lift into light the great mass of ignorance and sloth, by which we are encircled and pressed to the earth?

In an enquiry of this kind it matters little whether our progenitors invaded this dark continent, or quietly elbowed out the puny sons of the soil. Here we are, and here, no doubt, we intend to remain; and unless we can show good cause why we should insist upon remaining, and to what extent we are prepared to make our settlement subservient to the spread of trade and civilization, we are but following in the footsteps of all usurpers, and exchanging one form of bondage for another more grinding still.

As a matter of fact, our earliest settlers can never be regarded as pilgrim fathers or apostles of peace. They landed here, as a convenient stepping-stone to India, and as rude soldiers and mariners in want of supplies and a port of call. Nothing was further from their thoughts than to colonise and settle down. They did not leave their brethren here as exiles in the sacred cause of liberty, or to found a modern Utopia in the burning plains of the interior, but to refresh their wearied and debilitated frames, and to rest awhile under the shade of Table Mountain. In course of time their wants increased, and their borders had to be enlarged; but the pursuit of trade and agriculture for the benefit of a private company was far removed from dreams of conquest or elevation of native tribes.

Here at the Cape, from the very first, settlers of the European race were sternly repressed by those in authority over them, and their sense of justice had many a rude shock, which must have degraded and kept them submissive to the laws. In those Draconian days, even free burghers were ruled with a rod of iron, and the state of the white slave was much to be pitied, and never to be envied.

With the transfer of the Colony to the English, there came the faint dawn of perfect equality before the law to all, with full civil rights and personal freedom to the humblest in the community. But it takes many generations to abolish the evils of slavery, to liberate the minds, and enfranchise the souls and understandings of the tillers of the soil. While the white man now has every inducement held out to him to raise himself in the social scale, and amass wealth by industry, sobriety, and frugality—his brown brother has still to contend against want of capital and defects of early training, and to fight with the evils of his savage and passionate blood. Still the work of his taming and civilization has fairly to be entered upon, and we stand committed, in the 19th century, to the improvement and education in higher things of all who may be brought in contact with us and our institutions, whether they like it or not.

And here let me ask, what has civilization so far done for the direct descendants of the aborigines who entered into treaties with Van Riebeek and others. It found them timid, naked, and irre-

ligious; living on bulbs and scanty fare; and hiding from heat and rain like conies on the hills. It has introduced them to drink, and punished them for vice; it has ruined their morals, absorbed their lands, and driven them to menial pursuits; and in the present day the Bushman and the Hottentot, as a distinct race, can scarcely be said to exist. But it may be said that in their place we have called into being an olive-coloured class—a jumble of mixed nationalities—who owe much to the Dutch, and little to the aborigines. It may be so, but even here the taint of servitude has sapped and enfeebled their manhood, and made them the creatures of their unbridled passions. With these, true religion as an intellectual necessity is still unfelt. The sense of shame for sin, and the horror of gross falsehood have still to be awakened; and the curse of intemperance as a social crime and the parent of disease has still to be denounced and removed from their homes.

If we point to the Malays and half-breeds as hopeful specimens of our rule, and find food for complacent reflection in their clean and orderly appearance in public, we are apt to forget the history of their origin and importation here. Their love for dress and display, their keenness at a bargain, and their fondness for litigation and prayer are *oriental*, not barbaric; and to that extent their progress here has been subservient to our own progress as an educational and conquering race. Their rites, and prayers, and outward ceremonial of devotion have not been derived from an European but from an Asiatic source. As aids to the spread of knowledge and the primary education of the raw native, they may be of value hereafter, and may give him the first rude idea of man's utter powerlessness to cope with the forces of Nature, unless he has a creed of some sort to sustain him in his need. The wild legends of the Zulu and Kafir, point to an ancient, decayed, and forgotten civilization, long antecedent to the Christian era, and having its foundation, perhaps, in Coptic or Egyptian myths. The followers of Mahommed, with their doctrine of fatalism, and union of king and prophet in the person of a son of the desert, appeal more strongly to the echoes of Kafir tradition and the divine attributes of chiefs, than our own higher views of Man's atonement and the need of a second birth in Christ. Malay converts are not without their value; but before we can weld our scattered communities and neglected heathen into a strong and compact nation, we must hammer the law of obedience to an overruling Providence into their heads and hearts—for obvious reasons.

For the basis of every true nationality is anchored in unity of faith; and unless this faith recognizes obedience, decency, natural affections, and interchange of good offices between the upper and lower classes, what hope can we have for cementing, even with our blood, the diverging interests which are continually tending to keep us apart, and preventing our native races from throwing in their lot with us, as a strong and united people.

If widespread happiness be the *summum bonum* of human attain-

ment, the sources of individual happiness must be open to all. Content of mind, security to life and property, and easy enjoyment of the good things of this world, may vary in degree but not in kind. The pleasure of the mind involves the pleasure of the body, and equality before the law includes the duties and strict performance of moral obligations involved in the maintenance of the law. There cannot be two laws of life—one for the ignorant and another for the educated. Both are equally responsible for the right use of their opportunities; and it would be a monstrous abuse of our acquired powers as a superior race if we failed to open the eyes and enlarge the minds of those beneath us, who owe their social inferiority to want of culture and refining influences.

And herein we can see one great line of difference between the plans pursued by the Dutch and English in their mode of dealing with the native. The "boers," who trekked away into the wilderness rather than tolerate restraints on their liberty by the Council of Seventeen, were animated less by a desire to grow rich as traders than to live contentedly as cultivators of their own fields. The wild, free life of the "voortrekkers" was just suited to their tastes. They were tired of Dutch rule and the strictness of sumptuary laws, and looked upon the deputies of Holland as a set of exacting tax-collectors, who ground them down to dust, and gave them little in return. They went forth, therefore, beyond the boundaries, and if left alone would have firmly established themselves among the tribes, and by their prowess as hunters and marksmen would have formed the very best of all frontier guards. As pioneer farmers, they searched for water and good pasturage, and slowly with their flocks and herds moved across the stubborn face of the continent, piercing passes, subduing Nature, and fearing God. A rude form of government of necessity united them, but its yoke was easy and its burden light; and not until their neighbours of the aboriginal races began to be troublesome as thieves, did they go out of their way to smite them hip and thigh, in patriarchal fashion, and teach them the biblical meaning of the laws of property. Working in their fields with their own servants brought from the Cape, they may be said to have practically taught agriculture to the surrounding tribes; and thus the first approach was made towards absorbing the better disposed savages, by letting them mix and intermarry with the labouring classes of the old colony. As the "boers" got further and further away from the laws and protective powers of Holland, they ceased to be strictly Dutch in their instincts, and developed physically and mentally into a distinct type of men—patient, brave, plodding, easily led, and perfectly happy in their isolation from the old world. Their sole literature was contained in the bible. Strictly conservative and honourable in their feelings, they asked for no better code of law or morals, and conducted themselves in the new Canaan as the old Hebrews would have done. District by district they extended their influence over much of the present map

of South Africa, and prepared the ground for those who were destined to follow them as the employers of native labour, and the fomentors of native discontent.

On the other hand, the policy of England as a trading nation is to encourage emigration and exchange of commodities, by extending her flag over every advanced post of colonists who have made their footing good, and insisting upon fair dealing with the natives within and beyond her declared boundaries. In course of time the trading instinct of adventurers leads them into trouble; reprisals and difficulties ensue; and frontier farms and stations are the first to suffer at the hands of savages who consider themselves cheated or injured in any way. An appeal is made to the Executive for assistance. A petty quarrel soon grows into a regular campaign, and equally, as a matter of course, we have to take possession of land which we don't want, and when we are called upon, have to set about and rule it. Meanwhile the duties of administration have to be exercised over all who occupy the space intervening between the old and new possessions; and permission is readily granted to native refugees to live in peace and quietness on special locations, but subject to their own laws and customs. They take up the room, which more fitly might have been occupied by a large white population (had we been more indulgent to the Dutch who shied away from our alliance, when we pursued them so mischievously as refugees from the flag of their allegiance); and then repay us with hatred.

As a natural consequence, the native races who have fled to us for protection from their tyrants are more and more confirmed in their hold upon the land. Numerically stronger, and wedded to their own degraded views of life, they seek in time to impose the rule of terrorism and insolence over those who are trying to legislate in their true interests as our fellow colonists. Instead of being respected we are defied, and the ranks of free labour are still gaping for recruits. The contrast between black and white is too sharply defined. There is no gradual blending of tints—no desire to approach each other for the sake of fusion and union. On the one side we have pure savagery tempered by missionaries and trade; on the other a dominant race in free communication with the mother country, and kept in check by the public opinion of England. What is good for trade is held to be good for the native; and if the native wishes to have very little to do with us, so much the worse for commerce and civilization.

This is the great problem of our time—how to approach the native question in such a way as to utilise the results of previous lines of policy, and blend the interests of the aborigines with our own. We are tired of treating them on a separate system. The white man, with his inborn respect for decency and comfort, settles down as a colonist, and not as a lay missionary. He has to make his way and living here pretty much as he has to do it everywhere else; with this great difference—that they who work for him are infinitely distressed at having to work at all, and cannot be brought to understand

why labour and sorrow should be so closely related. They dislike our laws, and detest our principles. They feel us to be stronger and richer, and less numerous than themselves, and they try by craft, and cunning, and treachery, to outwit everybody who comes in contact with them. They look to their god-descended chiefs, and not to our Queen for guidance; and when they try conclusions with us, and are whipped, we have to annex their country, and accept the responsibility of taming them! All this may be good for trade, but it is not the way to succeed in establishing a colony. Our growth is too rapid in territory, and too slow in education. We are straggling and sprawling over the land as an alien race, where we should have been strong and compact as a community; and they, who should have been our servants and fellow-colonists, are dreaming of the day when they can by a combined effort push us out of the land, and return once more to their primitive nakedness.

Our first duty to the land we live in is recognition of the fact that we hold it in trust, not for England but for its people! The assimilation of all our customs and legislation to the English standard of perfection is the highest tribute we can pay to the excellence of home institutions; and we have every inducement held out to us, on all sides, to cultivate our mental gifts, and imbibe the manly spirit of our forefathers in the conduct of our lives. But a love of justice, hatred of wrong doing, deep sympathy with sorrow, and a leaning towards pity, mercy, and womanly tenderness of feeling are not the only preservatives which we have to guard us against the commission of cruelty, and idle shedding of blood. We, who have been lifted on to the social platform from our birth, and aspire to the higher education, have found in the realms of knowledge and much goodly literature the solace and encouragement of larger minds than our own; but they who have a right to look up to us for guidance and help in the first stage of a nation's adolescence are still of the earth earthy, bound down to clay and the infancy of thought, and must be taken by the hand, gently but firmly, so as to show them how to walk. If books could speak to the native mind, they would appeal with trumpet tongues to the innate goodness and better qualities of all classes of men and women; but the social and mental development of the mixed races, in the midst of whom we dwell, is not yet sufficiently advanced for strong meat like this, and demands a special form of education, based upon the teaching of books, and yet to some extent independent of them.

By precept and example it would be easy to unlock these sealed volumes, and reduce to practice the aspirations of higher natures; but the work will have to be done with clean hands and with generous warmth. The modern Gospel of national friendship and goodwill to the prosperity and peace of every country has still to be preached here. By patience, by kindness, by gentleness of speech and manners to our dependents, *and by a firm determination to uphold*

the law, we shall earn the reward given to those who essay to root out barbarism ; and yet not so much by preaching peace and good will, as by a lively example of what civilization has done for ourselves as their rulers. This is the weak point in our armour of proof. Herein lies the fatal defect in our teaching, that we are so imperfectly qualified to be guides to the ignorant. It seems to me, as if our moral and intellectual fibre as whites has become relaxed by residence in a warm climate ; and that the chief aim of every home-staying colonist is to seek a weak refuge from trouble and care, by giving himself up to laziness and unmanly excuses. We are satisfied with third rate work, and shirk responsibilities. Comparatively few have either the stamina or the moral courage to stand up vigorously for the truth ; to court it laboriously ; to worship it openly ; to proclaim it in all places ; and diffuse its pure light over dark and degraded natures. There is an absence of salt in the formation of public opinion here ; an obstinate persistency in imputing bad motives to those who differ from us ; and a sneering spirit of detraction abroad, which act and react most prejudiciously on the growth of hearty and real manliness amongst our youth. There is a want of confidence in employers—a poverty of resource in our workmen,—and but little love for doing a thing well and thoroughly for its own sake, which is the test of good service ; for as George Herbert says—

> " A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine ;
> Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
> Makes *that* and the action fine !"

Here, at all events, in pursuit of national happiness and wealth, we have a great social evil to contend with, which it behoves every true man or woman, with the slightest personal influence, to root out of the community. It is of slavish origin, no doubt, and has been kept alive by fear and association with native races, but it has a leprous taint about it which threatens to vitiate the industrial classes, and smirch all our undertakings with the stain of insincerity and fraud.

Is it our mission then to civilize and develope, on English lines of thought, the varied races of men now brought under our rule and protection ? As a matter of history we have made too much of the native as he is, and too little of the circumstances which mould and surround him from his birth. We are apt to regard him at heart as a treacherous and irreclaimable savage, steeped to the lips in cruelty and deceit, and ever ready to drop the thin garb of decent behaviour which we have imposed upon his recreant limbs. If he has one redeeming trait in his ignoble and unlovely views of life it is unshaken loyalty to his god-like chief and hereditary ruler. Upon this point all men are agreed. If out of the " nettle—danger—" we mean to pluck " the flower—safety—" we owe it to ourselves and our professedly humane creed, to respect this chivalry of sentiment in our coloured subjects, and mould our policy of restraint and development on respect for justice and wful authority. Sooner or later, for their

own good, the power of chieftains, recognized by us, will have to be sapped, by securing individual proprietorship of the soil, and by giving the same privileges to native women as those now enjoyed by every mother of a family. Domestic life and private rights by marriage can now scarcely be said to exist among the women of our Colonial tribes, who feel no motive for personal industry and thrift. They are at the mercy of their despotic lords, and the infamous quackeries of state magicians; and, as a class, are never likely to rise in the social scale, unless we come to their rescue and give them a voice in the disposal of themselves. By disarming the masses who fear us, and permitting natives to buy and sell land on a registered title, the local administration of colonial law will gradually supplant the power and attributes of the chief, and the magistrate and the doctor will displace the despot and the witch. But it must not be forgotten that custom and superstition are hard to eradicate. When once they are weakened by unrestricted intercourse with men of a higher grade, the desire to trade will awaken new wants and yearnings. It will then be our duty to compel the rising generation to go to school, and learn the alphabet of civilization. With the creation of new wants, and the sharpening of their natural abilities, the Kafir and the Fingo will soon strive to outvie each other in their scholastic and mechanical attainments; and, as books and educated men come to be better understood, our native domestic policy will naturally result in keen competition for the solid rewards of honest toil.

As Industrial Schools, on the plan of Lovedale, Blythewood, and St. Mark's Mission, attract their bands of paying pupils to skilled handicrafts, a taste will be developed for domestic comfort, and something more substantial in furniture than a wooden pillow or a mat. The hut will give way to the house: and it will be our own fault if we do not succeed in making the native thoroughly appreciative of the goodness and justice of our rule. But something more than this is required if we mean to discharge our duty to the land we live in. We must take these people by the hand, and treat them firmly but generously, and by our example react on our neighbours, and encourage them to bring up their children as gently and as generously as our own. As there is no royal road to knowledge, so the fact of there being nothing *degrading* about honest labour is one of the most difficult to instil in a savage breast. The dignity of toil is foreign to their ideas. Shut up in their narrow valleys, they weave their childish dreams of conquest, and long to dash their thick heads against the power of the whites. They are all for war and the shedding of blood. Thus our common safety lies in the growth of native intelligence, and the spread of Christian principles in our several vital relations, so that at last they may see we bear them no enmity at heart, and are willing to join hands with them on a platform of civil and religious liberty and mutual support.

This question of honest labour and the possibility of a happy home-

life to the coloured inhabitants of the Cape, is one which may meet with but little sympathy among some in South Africa, but it cannot be ignored by thoughtful men, as the chief factor in the chronic discontent with colonial home politics. Of the many hundreds who profess to be tired of the lying, drinking, grumbling, and slurring propensities of our lower classes, and of their patent antagonism to all law and order, how few are there who recognise their own share in popularising laziness, and reducing murder of time and waste of golden opportunity to a fine art? It is so much easier to find fault than to suggest a cure, and so much more popular to brand the shortcomings of a class with scorn and contempt as agencies outside our legitimate influence, that I hesitate to point out, for how much we shall hereafter be held responsible, by standing aloof and letting everything have its own way, *because it is too much trouble to interfere*, and bring our influence to bear on the vagaries of grown-up children.

And yet the status of the coloured folk is so intimately bound up with the progress of the Cape, that it would be wrong to ignore the strong claim which the half-civilized races of the Western Province have upon our forbearance and powers of *compulsory* instruction. In comparison with the wild tribes of the Eastern divisions, it is useless to deny, that the half-castes and Malays have taken kindly to domestic service, and are not wanting in natural affections. Their love of dress, of wine, of impromptu feasting and merrymaking are unconscious tributes to the mildness of our rule, and are far removed from the savage customs or rude dances of frontier Kafirs. We have taught them trades, and awakened some sense of shame and self-respect in them; but we have left it to the State to look after their morals and reclaim them from crime. They are mere hinds who are necessary to our comfort, and from whom we look for nothing more, *and nothing better*, than the physical strength and mechanical obedience of a servile class. To enlarge their minds and expand their views; to give value to their vote and health to their dwellings; to cheapen food and improve production; to teach them manhood and the meaning of true patriotism;—all these aids to progress and good government are left to chance revolutions of the parliamentary wheel. Directly and indirectly we tax them as consumers, and we buy their votes with a glass of beer; but for all practical purposes their rulers ignore their existence, and then class them as clay, out of which to mould a Dominion.

If we look abroad at the condition and social status of the people of Europe, with their free Schools, and Libraries, and Museums of Art, with their well-informed newspapers, places of worship, and abundant public charities, we shall see that mere rank and riches have little to do in bringing about national advancement; and that every effort for power or social progress involves a search for the removal of abuses *among the people themselves*. Home life and private opinion have

a force of their own in moulding public action and modifying internal policy; and the man who works with his hands or his head very soon finds a method or avenue for making himself heard if his liberty is restricted. Any attempt to neglect the claims of class is pretty sure to be followed by reaction and excitement; and neither in Germany, England, or France shall we ever see the sorry spectacle of myriads of large families being allowed to squat in ignorance and idleness in special locations allotted to their preservation without any attempt being made to utilize their strength or remove their children from debasing influences, except through a missionary!

It has been well said by Dr. Johnson, that "the mass of people must be barbarous where there is no printing;" but it seems to me that the want of books and newspapers is a minor evil, in half-civilized communities, to the want of separate home-life and sacredness of mutual affection. Polygamy must ever be the grave of respect for women; and without this respect the bringing up of children must be barbarous and wasteful. The sting of poverty and the spur of true affection drive all men to look for work and food for their little ones; but if poverty and affection are unknown factors in the conservation of tribal power, and everything depends on the caprice and strength of the chief, the sooner we weaken the power and wealth in cattle of the chief, by rendering free and individual family life possible to the units of the tribe, the sooner shall we be doing our first duty to the coloured gipsies of South Africa. "If the native races of South Africa," says Mr. Carlyle, "have attained to the conception of a higher ideal they have been taught it by Christianity, especially in many instances by the Mission *Home*. It is incalculable, in fact—the happy hallowing results that have accrued to the native tribes from the presence in their midst of the mission family, with its purity, intelligence, holiness, sympathy, beneficence, and peace. The natives know that the missionary is their friend and their advocate for justice; that he is able by his intelligence to direct them; that he seeks not theirs, *but them*, and thus he has often a deeper hold on the heart of the heathen than their debased arrogant chiefs, and obtains a wonderful power to mould their nature and lift them to higher aims." The example shown by men, who are not missionaries, but keen hard-headed rulers, like Brownlee, Shepstone, Griffith, Stewart, and Blythe, should not be lost on those who sneer at the possibility of reaping love and gratitude from dark skinned followers. They are no worse and infinitely more teachable than the juvenile negroes who were taken from slave dhows and apprenticed to respectable people some forty years ago. The difficulty is to get at them when young, and remove them at once from the tyranny of native customs; for if we do not accept their charge in a kind and sympathetic spirit when they enter our service, and help to bring them up in decency and thrift, they will soon enough relapse into barbarism, when released

from their enforced apprenticeship. The chief, in short, is the stumbling block, and will remain so until he his paid for his compliance with our views or promptly suppressed. But as the Kafirs have been for ages attached to their chiefs, and regard them as deities incarnate, without their assistance and recognition of claims to compensation, we are less likely to succeed in getting successive relays of intelligent servants and mechanics, than if we accepted their services as middlemen.

It has long been the policy of native courts to encourage communism under feudal and pastoral forms: but it largely embarrasses the spread or growth of Christian principles among the heathen. In our own experience, we know, that if home is happy and affection real, the inducement to crime and wrong-doing are proportionately weakened; for as "there can be no happiness without participation, and no participation without affection, so there is no difficulty, no toil, no labour, no exertion that will not be endured where there is a view of reaping this natural reward." It is so with us, because we have liberty of choice and are trained to expect it; but is it possible to live thus apart in happy possession of modest wealth and freedom from care, when our coloured people are gathered into kraals and ground down by their customs and native rulers;

We cannot shirk the problem of our surroundings by declining to have any social dealings with the frontier tribes—barbarous though they be. Year by year they are increasing in numbers. To kill them off summarily is out of the question. To drive them from their lands would be cruel and wicked; but it is quite possible to tame them, and civilize their children by early removal from the over-crowded kraals on a system of asssisted juvenile emigration to the West! All over the colonial towns tradesmen are calling out for apprentices and cannot get them for love or money. The Eastern Province is rich in excess of native children, and if the Colony studies its best interests, it will encourage a movement which will revolutionise the face of the country.

Any scheme of this kind for bringing *home* life and *home* influences to bear upon the young and savage cannot fail to do us all good—if we will *honestly* give it a fair trial. It has been tried in the mother country with great success; and the street arabs and workhouse waifs, by the cottage system of outdoor relief, have been enabled to start fair in life, instead of being crowded into prisons and reformatories. Being treated like poor relations, severed from their parents, and brought up from their teens in decency and comfort by their registered teachers and employers, they have over and over again repaid the extra trouble of bringing them up by their subsequent careers as workmen and servants.

It should need no very complicated machinery to initiate this movement (in the cause of education) for keeping up a constant supply of cheap labour from our frontier reserve. The attempt to introduce Kafir adults to the Western Province has been partial

failure from a variety of causes; but I see no reason why—both on philantrophic and political grounds—an attempt should not be made to introduce a *continuous* stream of native youths to this end of the Colony; and apprentice them out till they are of age to respectable persons, *approved of by a native protector*, and who may be willing to charge themselves with the care and trouble of bringing them up free, in return for their services.

If our magistrates and native residents had any real influence over the chiefs with whom they are placed they should have no great difficulty in inducing or in persuading them to submit to the annual thinning out of the junior population of their tribes, by making it worth their while in some way or other. It is better to meet the difficulty of overcrowding by measures of this kind, than by transplanting the discontented adults to fresh grants of land, where tribal power and tribal pressure will be perpetuated and ever recurrent.

If the mothers of families, both white and black, would enter heartily into the project, there should be the less difficulty in making a commencement in industrial education. The time for book-knowledge has still to be found and fostered by the state, but the need of labour is pressing and persistent. This fine country of ours is thirsting for three things—cheap labour, English capital, and a good supply of water. At present they exist, but apart. To bring them together is more a social than a political problem; and it remains very much with ourselves, I think, as a Christian community, to initiate the steps for exciting native industry, and right culture of our inheritance

In looking at this matter in its domestic aspect, we shall be doing for the coloured classes what books and general literature are doing for us every day. If we had not these wherewith to instruct and amuse ourselves, and fill up our spare time, what would our maids and matrons be reduced to? They would find time hang very heavy upon their hands, and in idle gossip, tea drinking, and braiding of hair, they would have to eke out the hours not devoted to dressing or sleep! Hard indeed must be the lot of our native women, with their constant toil, frequent blows, and the bitter contempt and harsh treatment of their lords and masters to age them prematurely. In my opinion, it is a social mistake to keep women in the background; for the first step in the emancipation of native intellect is to educate women how to read and write, and make them mistresses of their own hearts and hands. If there is one reason more than another why the English and Americans have taken such a foremost position in the history and triumphs of the civilised world, it is because they were the first to raise the value of women in the social scale, and treat them as equals in every respect. If you have the ladies on your side, class legislation is comparatively easy. If you have it not, you will find their dull negation more active than pleasant.

It seems to me that the time is not far distant when public opinion all over the world must force all classes here to accept education from the state, and cause every parent to make his election as to what trade or profession he would like his children to be taught at our public or industrial schools. In Germany every adult male is forced to serve as a soldier for a given time, whatever may be his rank or degree in life. In France the conscription keeps alive the taste for military glory, and prepares her thrifty sons for prowess in the field, while in free England the pressure of competition fills the ranks of skilled labour with excess of apprentices. Out here the coloured youth of South Africa have neither the fear of invasion nor the hardships of foreign wars to encounter. They have no poverty to contend with. They are not asked to fight our battles for us. They are exposed to no oppressive laws; they bear no special burden; *they are simply free to do just as they please;* and it is time they were yoked-in with the whites. There is ample scope for all in every branch of trade. Yet though the harvest is great and all things favourable to prosperity, the labourers are few and anything but eager for constant employment.

In the days of slavery little boys and girls were not allowed to curse and swear, and play about in gutters; nor were they sent to school to learn their letters. But for all that they were most efficiently taught by the Dutch to acquire handicrafts, and get a practical acquaintance with the interiors of decent houses. Though the solace of religious teaching was denied them, and some doubt was felt and expressed as to their possession of souls, they were practically better members of society than many of their freeborn but neglected descendants. This knowledge of trades they owed to the care and self-seeking pains of their masters and mistresses, who had them thoroughly instructed in their own homes, and gave them an interest in effecting their own manumission from modified bondage. Thus they were encouraged to earn high characters for skill and industry; and as tailors and carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, and what not, fully supplied all the moderate demands of their day.

Not for one moment would I seek to defend the practice of buying and selling *slaves* as of old; but it is more within our jesuitical experience of modern ethics to denounce slavery as abhorrent to English feeling, and then to tacitly permit our native tribes to sell their daughters into bondage as *wives*! If slavery is a curse to every country in which it has been introduced, so much the more is the rearing of children for the profit of parents a custom to be abolished. Can we not go a step further in our views of Emancipation, and put a stop to this unholy traffic, whereby polygamy prevents the healthy growth of free institutions, and drags native women down to the level of beasts of burden. First free the body, then the soul, and then the intellect may minister to both! Not by *sudden* enactment of Parliament would it be right and judicious to spring such a great social revolution on the pastoral subjects of Her Majesty;

but is it not our duty to protect the young and secure them the privilege of rising in the social scale ; and how can we do this better than by gradually adapting them to the exercise and burdens of freedom, in the manner I have sketched out ?

It would be a waste of time to commence with the *adult* population. They are already inoculated with the evil customs of the tribes, and nothing will ever drive savagery out of them, unless at a very early stage of their existence.

The formation of the great Industrial School at Lovedale has owed much of its success to the personal high character and professional attainments of Dr. James Stewart, who is equally ready to work with his pupils, to preach to them, or to doctor them when necessary. The personal influence of such a man is as great as that of any hereditary chief; and the discipline he enforces is not to be despised. The degrading power of the witch-doctors has withered in his neighbourhood as if they had been touched by Ithuriel's spear! And there is no doubt of it, that the encouragement of medical and surgical knowledge among the natives is greatly to be desired. Sound practitioners are much wanted. The ignorance of blacks in time of sickness and distress is very much to be deplored. It is hard to see how their hearts can be opened to the benign influence of sympathy and Christian charity except by medical missionaries. When we consider how highly-born and delicate ladies give up so much of their time in England to visiting the sick poor, and think it not unworthy of their stations in life to instruct the villagers in Sunday schools and places of worship, we see that labour and poverty have claims on their pity, and stimulate the growth of good feelings on both sides. Sickness and sorrow and physical pain are the lot of all mortals, tis true, but how much are they not intensified by brutal indifference and savage neglect to the needs of the helpless ?

The poverty we have to deal with is poverty of our own creating. It is not the result of scanty wages and uncertain employment. It is not the offspring of bitter cold and pinching want. Nor is it by alms giving or raising of wages that we can hope to lessen the burden of large families, and restrain the pressure on overcrowded locations, but by putting out our strength, and *compelling* our youthful subjects to attend school and be taught. The seed we have to sow has been gathered from granaries like this Library. It is not to be thrown away broadcast on unprepared ground, but to be carefully introduced into the most fruitful of soils. The things we know, and the principles we practice, have been bequeathed to us in books, and transmitted to us in dozens of civilized channels. As books and learning have made us strong and peaceable in our tastes, so might our living exemplars teach the wild children within our influence how easy it is to earn wealth and happiness by the practice of wisdom and civilized wants.

If ever this continent is to bloom in the desert, and arts and sciences are to be carried into the wilderness, we must initiate a

social crusade, and take a less passive share in the moral subjugation of the tribes around us. Our natural allies are the dusky sons of the soil. Their interests and welfare are wrapped up in our own. For good and for evil we have been joined together, and we stand committed to a policy of union and not of division. The Union Jack is the emblem of protection to both black and white, and no policy is worth following here if it does not include the two within its folds. We cannot stand apart; we are bound to lean on each other and legislate for both. In the interests of all parties we have it in view to open up communication by land and sea, and extend British influence and trade as far as the Zambezi; but if we educate the masses and break down the temporal power of the chiefs, and release their subjects from the thraldom of superstition and sloth, we shall secure a yet wider field for our extensive commerce and do more lasting good to generations yet unborn.

O, dwellers in the valley land,
Who in deep twilight grope and cower,
Till the slow mountains' dial-hand
Shortens to noon's triumphant hour,
While ye sit idle, do ye think
The Lord's great work sits idle too,
That light dare not o'erleap the brink
Of morn,—because it is dark with you?

* * * *

The Lord wants reapers; oh, mount up,
Before Night comes, and cries—"Too late,
Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
The Master hungers while ye wait;
'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
The advancing spears of day may see,
Which o'er the eastern hill-tops rise
To break your long captivity!

Abroad and at Home.*

This volume will receive a hearty welcome from Mr. Glanville's many friends in South Africa. A perusal of the essays now reprinted will be sufficient to account for the esteem and affection, in which the author has ever been held by those who remember him when he used to occupy a prominent position in the Press and Legislature of the Colony. The charm of Mr. Glanville's writings consists in their frankness and sincerity more than in their power. He never seems to be forcing his opinions upon an unwilling and unenlightened public, nor does he appear to be at all disturbed at the idea that any one may criticise his remarks. He tells us his thoughts

* "Abroad and at Home," by the late T. B. Glanville.

in any easy manner, and does not posture before us as a philosopher. Full of humour and with a quick eye for the ludicrous, he is at the same time too large-hearted to give way to ill-natured ridicule, His habits of close observation enable him to give vivid and life-like pictures of whatever he describes, and consequently there are many passages in this book well worthy of being preserved in a more enduring form than the columns of a newspaper. The volume commences with a description of a visit made by the author, while on a tour in the Mysore, to a famous giant statue, Gomuta Roya by name. About midday the travellers reach Shravana Belagola.

"Now it happened to be the town market day, and as we wanted to see the people on a little matter of business as well as the statue, we passed through gate (most Hindoo towns have, at least, a mud wall round them, by way of fortification, and some two or three gateways) and street to the market-place, a long narrow shed covered in with red tiles, with an extensive piece of cleared ground in front. Some two or three thousand buyers and sellers, mostly seated on the ground—the wares being there also,—were haggling, as none but Easterns can haggle, over little heaps of rice, little heaps of forla, torla, hurrilee, girrilee, and other strange grains, little heaps of vegetables, very little heaps of spices and of chilli powder, little pots of ghee, little cakes of pigments for painting the caste marks on brow and cheek, little piles of little gods for the next feast, little bundles of betel-leaf, all to be bought and sold for the very smallest coins that mint ever made. Everything little but the noise, and that was of Babel dimensions. If a man wanted half a farthing's worth of butter, he flung his arms about, snapped his fingers, danced and screamed to the topmost pitch of his voice. So they did all of them—the whole two thousand! What with the hubbub, the heat, the dust, and the chilli, it was—well, not a pleasant halting-place after a warm ride."

The excursionists leave the town and begin the ascent of the mountain on which the giant statue stands, "After an hour's puffing, pushing, and perspiring, we happily reached a flight of steps that led up to the summit. Now it was comparatively easy work—something like going up two or three London monuments. We dragged ourselves up as fast as we could, reached level ground at last, passed in through the temple gate, and found ourselves at the feet of the Roya—literally at his feet, for the crown of our hats scarcely reached above the giant's ankle. There he was, full seventy feet in height, stout withal, and well proportioned. The iron Achilles of Hyde Park Gate might have stood babywise upon his shoulder. He had no toga or any drapery, but a delicate creeper, springing from his heel, grew up about his huge limbs, and hung down here and there in gracefnl festoons, beautifully relieving the immensity of the figure itself. But the head chiefly attracted our attention. Though as gigantic as the rest, from the regular symmetry of the features, the diminution of size by the distance, enabling the eye to take in the whole face at once, and the wonderful delicacy of the work, it looked per-

fectly natural; while a smile, a thorough kindly, human smile, cunningly wrought in about the dimpled valleys of the mouth, seemed to endue the mighty monolith with heart and soul. Nowhere else in India can anything similar be seen. The image gods of the Hindoos are generally neither remarkable for size, grace, grandeur, nor amiability of expression. On the contrary, they are either hideous or unmeaning. Here, however, was a face that, if found near old Nile, would need no veil before Sphynx or Memnon. If Layard had been with us he would have been sorely tempted to add the Jain god to his winged bulls of Nineveh. But in vain would it be for him or any other gatherer of old-world works to attempt the deportation of Gomuta Roya, for he stands one with his mountain pedestal, the summit of the cone having been cut away till he was fairly quarried out.

"We stayed perhaps about an hour, wandering in and out among the huge ten toes, wondering at the skill and labour of the sculptor, the tiny hand that chipped down the mountain; asking the guide how it was the Roya looked so white, learning that once a year a scaffold was erected, on which some fifty men scrubbed his highness from top to toe; tracing his shadow stretching far upon the plain."

Mr. Glanville's lecture on what England has done for India is an eloquent defence of the moral right England has to rule over that vast and magnificent empire. He points out the benefits the mass of the people of that country have derived from English rule. It is not denied that self-interest or ambition have too often actuated her Ministers, and that the task-masters of the people were not always dealt with as one European Power would deal with another. But whatever may have been the errors or faults with which she may be charged, the glorious fact remains that millions of men now enjoy their property, their liberty, their lives, who but for England's rule would be the abject slaves of capricious and despotic tyrants, or the victims of cruel and debasing superstitions.

"Let me speak of this country as it was before it came under British influence. In 1761 it was ravaged by the Mahrattas under Bunnee Visagee; in 1765 (four years afterwards), in 1767 (two years after that), in 1770, after a three years' interval, it was ravaged by the Peshwar Madhurar; in 1771, after a protracted peace of six months, it was laid waste by Tembuck Row, four years afterwards by Ragonauth Row, two years after that by Hurry Punt, ten years after that by the same chief, five years after that by the Peishwa, and one year after that by Purseram Row. Thus in thirty years it suffered ten invasions, not mere frontier attacks, but genuine invasions, carried right through the heart of the country—real crop trampling, forage wasting, cattle destroying, town and village burning, women and children slaying invasions, from men more cruel than Kafirs and more deceitful than Hottentots.

"Then, added on to these Mahratta raids and wholesale slaughterings, were the Hyder and Tippoo wars, and their worse rule.

"Hyder was an ignorant and bigoted Mussulman usurper, who, with the cunning of a common thief, and the brutality of a brigand, wriggled and fought his way to the Mysore throne, and then ruled his subjects with the sword.

"His son Tippoo was a monster of cruelty. His name meant Tiger, and his nature justified his name. His tastes, propensities, and pleasures were all tigerish. It is said that 'he called his soldiers his tigers of war. The tigers of the jungle were his pets, and often his executioners; for the attendant who offended him, or the prisoner who was brought into his presence, was not unfrequently turned into a barred room, or large cage, where the savage animals were let loose upon him. Near the door of his treasury an enormous tiger was found chained, when his palace was taken. Other tigers were in the edifice at the same time.' A big toy invented for the amusement of this sultan tells the whole story of his character and life. It was a rude automaton tiger, killing and about to devour a man. It is now one of the sights of the East India House, Leadenhall-street.

"Frequently have I talked with old Hindoos who were children in the days of Tippoo the Tiger, and heard them whisper stories of his cruelties in bated breath; how that by thousands he would force Hindoos to become Mohammedans, bathe Brahmins in the blood of their sacred bulls, build horrid prisons of rank mud, slime, dead serpents, toads, and scorpions, in the midst of pestiferous jungles, and do other deeds that I would not like to tell or you to hear.

"These men ruled the Mysore just forty years.

"Then came the present Maharajah, Krishna Oudiar. He was but a boy of six when he was taken from his hiding-place in a village and exalted to a throne, under the protection of the British Government. During his minority, the kingdom was well governed, first under the late Duke of Wellington (then Colonel Wellesley), afterwards by the Dewan Pooniah. But as soon as the Rajah came of age, he threw off the control of wisdom and experience, entered on a career of wasteful extravagance and gross pleasures, made councillors of buffoons, companions of dancing girls, and gods of idle Brahmins; emptied his treasury in a few years, and, to replenish it, sold whole provinces to the highest bidders, took bribes with both hands, and rack-rented his entire kingdom. The usual results followed; the oppressed peasantry, irritated beyond endurance, broke out into rebellion, hanged on a hundred trees the Brahmin middle men who had helped to wrong them, and committed all the well-known excesses of agrarian revolt.

"Then came the suppression in due course, and terrible reprisals were taken from the miserable ryots. The vengeance of the Rajah was worse than his oppression. Then it was that the Company stepped in and relieved his Highness of the burden of government, and the people from his tyranny. This happened about 1833, or little more than twenty years ago."

The abolition of sutteeism—of infanticide—of human sacrifices—the rooting out of the whole community of Thugs—the efforts to promote the material prosperity of the country—Mr. Glanville justly claims as services never to be forgotten.

"In the important particular of the administration of justice, a considerable advance has been made on the old Hindoo or Mahommedan law practice. A Delhi native paper furnishes satisfactory evidence on this point. 'Formerly,' it says, 'the city was unsafe after sunset, now it is quite secure. Formerly no man dared to travel in the jungle without a guard, now the lowliest traveller has no fear. Under native rulers justice was put up to sale, but under British rule all obtain equal justice, and religious scruples are respected.' So far goes the testimony of a Hindoo, and he might have added to his list of contrasts that there is no longer in the state any power that can order, under the influence of a gust of passion, the meanest labourer to be trampled to death by elephants, as was once the case. As in England, so now in India, the poorest in the land are as much under the protection of the law as the highest and the wealthiest."

In the next paper we find the author discussing the terrible Sepoy mutiny. After reading the preceding remarks upon the blessings of English rule, the question seems natuarally to present itself to our minds whether this is a specimen of the gratitude England is to expect. Is England to play the part of Prospero to the black man's Caliban? Mr. Glanville points out some of the causes of this widespread disaffection among the natives, but at the same time draws attention to the very great difference between the conduct of the Hindoos and that of the Mahommedans, and lays emphasis on the fact that the revolt of the Hindoo Sepoys was unacompanied by any outbreak of the Hindoo people. This matter, however, has been fully discussed since the date of Mr. Glanville's lecture, and we now draw attention to these two papers merely because there are many hints in them upon which we in South Africa would do well to ponder.

The description of a Kafir sham-fight—or, to be more exact—a Zulu sham-fight, is most graphic, and will be read with peculiar interest at present.

An article on Reverence, and the want of it in this Colony, challenges attention more on account of the acknowledged importance of the subject than for its intrinsic merits. There are, however, many passages which are not to be passed over lightly.

"In this Colony work is notoriously bad. It is bad because it is not highly considered; and, being bad, it excites no respect. Of late improvement may have dawned, but as yet the light of intelligence has to struggle with the dense darkness in the midst of which our ignorant industries have been groping. There is scarcely a department of production that hitherto has not brought the Colony into disrepute. The gifts of nature and the acquisitions of tardy

enterprise are treated with a rude, slovenly, blind hand, spoiling everything it touches."

Mr. Glanville in another part of this lecture continues :—

"It would be unjust to say that there is but little reverence in the Colony for law. It may, indeed, be questioned whether there is any free people amongst whom the authority of law is more regarded; although it has been declared by some, who have a right to speak on such a subject, that the principles of equity, truthfulness, and honesty, on which all righteous law is founded, are not held in equal respect. Let this be as it may, it is undoubtedly the case that, although the executive arm is comparatively feeble, the decisions of law are never resisted, and notwithstanding the extraordinary facilities of escape, they are resorted to but seldom. There is no lawlessness, except amongst the natives in the remote outskirts of society. A magistrate with a policeman or two will preserve order in border districts a thousand miles from the seat of Government. That is to say, the people of those distant places will respect order and authority in the mere office of the magistrate. This is a testimony which, if it be true, proves an excellence of no mean class.

"Patriotism may be said to be the highest form of reverence for the State; and as yet there is but little of it in this Colony. One possible reason of this is the fact that the Cape is a Colony, a dependency on a distant country, with no distinctly separate national life. In recognizing this we are not advancing it as a motive for desiring independence. The advantages of our present connection with Great Britain outweigh the disadvantages, whatever they may be. Disentangling it from any question of this kind, the influence of the fact referred to on the public regard for the State is worth a passing note. Is it not the case that there is a stronger sense of the claims of all that is meant by the phrase 'my country' in the Orange Free State than in either of the British South African colonies? That there are some annexationists does but bring out into bolder relief the stubborn patriotism of the majority.

"Another cause of the feebleness of the national feeling is the dividedness of the population. It will necessarily take time to weld together the peoples and tongues of British South Africa, so as to make them owe and beget a reverent love of the State—the form of society which includes and unites all classes, institutions, interests, and individuals. A third cause may be sought for in the fact that a British Colony is a democracy. All democracies, in some important respects, favour the development of personal interests or selfishness. The individualizing forces are stronger than the uniting forces. In a Colony of large area and scanty population, this tendency becomes more pronounced. In such a case the action towards union, when there is any, and the attachments and passions attending it, stop short, for the most part, at 'localism,' a term which is well understood in this Colony. And if there is but little reverence for the State, neither is there much for such political institutions as we have.

Whether a reform in the development theory would have the effect of increasing or diminishing the public respect for Government is a moot question, which it would be out of place to discuss here. It may, however, be said that no greater misfortune can happen to a country than for its people to hold political office and function in contempt."

The papers on Gladstone, Spurgeon, and Dr. Parker are clever, amusing sketches, written without much attempt to do more than describe the outward appearance of things.

The following extracts are from the paper on Spurgeon:—

"At an early part of the service Spurgeon had to give notice that on a day mentioned the Reverend Newman Hall would lecture in the Tabernacle, on behalf of his new church. What Spurgeon said was, 'The Reverend Newman Hall will lecture on behalf of his new chapel, or church, or what he calls it.' The word 'church' came out with a grunt, and the phrase 'or what he calls it' was a contemptuous protest against 'churching' anything but the elect. The manner in which this formal notice was read disclosed the spirit of the man—not a bitter spirit, but one of much self-assertion. He could not read out poor Newman Hall's innocent little bill without biting at what he conceived to be an un-Tabernacleish and anti-Spurgeonic use of an ecclesiastical term. I cannot say I sympathised with the prayer. This was my fault, no doubt. But it was apparently couched in the language of expostulation and command. Something of this may be due to the fact that the speaker is accustomed to lead the devotions of seven or eight thousand from an elevated platform; and, again, something is possibly to be attributed to the influence of doctrinal views of assurance and election. When the Almighty was invoked, by 'His signet and His bracelet,' to come and fulfil His promise, the reference seemed unsuitable and unedifying, to say the least. The lesson was the chapter on the call of Samuel, and was not read without explanatory remarks. On coming to the passage in which Eli's dimness of sight is referred to, Spurgeon said, 'An old annotator has observed that this was a punishment on the old man for winking at the evil conduct of his sons.' The name of the old annotator was not mentioned; but the conceit was received by the congregation as authentic and authoritative.

"Speaking of excuses for neglect of church work, he said that some who were very busy he should be very glad to excuse, and spoke very pointedly to those excellent ladies who were 'diligent in their attendance at Dorcas meetings, but forgot to sew the buttons on to their husbands' shirts.' Upon this there was a slight rustling of millinery throughout the Tabernacle, and I observed that several ladies looked at several other ladies to see how the needle pricked. The hardest part of obedience was, he remarked, a hearty response to a call to suffer. Some could yield cheerfully, and he quoted, by way of example, Dr. Hamilton's—I think it was Dr. Hamilton's—'Betty.' 'The

heavenly voice said, "Betty, take care of those five little children," and Betty replied, "Here am I." Then the voice said, "Betty, take care of your old sick husband," and Betty replied, "Here am I." At last the voice said, "Betty, lie down on that bed for years, and cough," and Betty said, "Here am I," and she lay down and coughed to the glory of God.' Then Spurgeon added a little from his own experience. He had been bound to his bed. He had tried hard to say, 'Here am I,' and had forced the words out, but he had found himself saying, 'Yes, here I am; but, Lord, let me get up as soon as possible! I much prefer working to suffering.'

"His concluding five minutes were devoted to an elaborate consolation of those who supposed that in heaven the Divine solicitude would be given only to the men of renown in the Church—the public preacher or the famous saint. Such would assuredly not be the case. 'Look,' said he, 'to a home at Christmas time. The fire blazes merrily on the hearth; the table is richly spread; around is every sign of festive happiness; but there is one thing missing—it is the rosy face of the little toddling one of the house. On this discovery will the mother say, "Oh, it is all right; she has perhaps gone to bed!" Or will the father say, "Never mind; we shall find her to-morrow!" Or should a visitor come in and say, "Why all this fuss about the young one? have you not the sparkling log and the joyous feast? and are you not here yourselves?" Would they cease their searching? You know they would not, but would ransack every hole and corner to find the little darling. So, were the meanest child of the Father missing in heaven, He would stop the harps of all the angels to shout the name of the lost one, and would sweep heaven empty to find him.' These things lose all their pathos in the telling, just as a cut flower withers in the hand. In the Tabernacle, on my Sunday there, a hundred people, poor in spirit, seemed very much cheered by this Christmas parable. The intentness of the great concourse all through the sermon hour was remarkable. No eyes seemed to wander away from the preacher except those of the professional note-taker, who had to watch effect on others rather than on himself. Upon the whole, one learns from a service at the tabernacle that greatness and narrowness can keep company, and that work is good work just as it suits. I am not anxious to hear Spurgeon many more times, but I shall be glad to know that his chapel, or church, or Tabernacle, or 'what he calls it,' is always crowded. It would also be satisfactory to find ten Tabernacles in London were there ten Spurgeons to fill them. But a preacher to crowds is a rare bird."

The last paper is the address delivered by Mr. Glanville at the Royal Colonial Institute, on South African Progress and Native Management. We have quoted so freely that we can do no more at present than commend this volume to the favourable notice of our readers.

On the Bamangwato Country.*

The Bamangwato territory is now ruled over by the Chief Khame. Its soil is sand, covered for the most part with stunted bush. There are few mountain fastnesses, with the exception of those in the immediate neighbourhood of Shoshong. In the winter season it is badly watered. Of the rivers, only the Limpopo, Zambezi, and Zouga or lake river, run continuously. The Tati, Shasha, and Makalapogo are sand rivers, in which water can always be obtained by digging. All of them are cattle posts. There are many small rivers in the interior, which contain pools, and where water can be procured by digging.

The open country is sparsely inhabited by "veld" people, of two classes, the Bakala and Masarwa. The former enjoy the right to possess cattle and gardens; the latter neither. They are slaves, living on game and roots. Under the present chief, Khame, their condition is much improved; he does not permit them to be sold. They are obtaining guns, indeed, and becoming somewhat troublesome to their masters.

Shoshong, the capital town, is badly watered by a small source becoming a sand river in the kloof. There are far preferable sites for a town, but this was chosen for reasons of strategy, the hills on three of its sides being steep, rugged, and easy of defence. The number of inhabitants is estimated at ten thousand, of whom two thousand five hundred are fighting men, divided into five regiments, commanded by the chief's brothers. A fair proportion of the men and some of the women are adopting European costume; the remainder are clothed in the skins of wild animals. They do not drink spirituous liquors, and but few smoke. Their means of living are almost entirely derived from the chase. The women cultivate gardens in the plain. Some advance may be said to have been made in agriculture, as they have in use about forty imported ploughs.

Their herds are not large, as they suffer from the constant depredations of their more warlike neighbours, the Matabeli. The estimated number of their oxen is from seven thousand to eight thousand; of sheep and goats they own considerable flocks. Every man in the town has at least one pack-ox, one cow, and a few sheep and goats. Horse and cattle sickness are prevalent; red water is unknown. The people do not suffer from other than the usual epidemics, and are in part vaccinated. Some years ago the population amounted to thirty thousand. The town then extended far into the plain. The great decrease is ascribed not so much to death as to constant political changes and fear of their neighbours. The Bamangwato are not warlike; and being a branch of the great Bechuana race, speaking a common tongue, the Sechuana, can easily

* The substance of a Report made by the late Captain Patterson to Sir Theophilus Shepstone.

find new homes when induced to do so by fear, or as followers of some deposed chief.

Several villages are in the neighbourhood of Shoshong; and a town, Bamaorwapong, especially belonging to Khame, lies about three days by the wagon north-east of it, well watered, with good land for cultivation.

Baseleca, another town amongst the mountains, one day east or Bamaorwapong, was formed by refugees. Setchome, the late chief, having granted the site, the inhabitants pay no tribute, and govern themselves. The white inhabitants, traders and their families, have a settlement of nine stores with other buildings somewhat advanced on the plain. They number twenty-three adult males, six adult females, and thirteen children.

Khame, chief of the Bamangwato, is about forty years of age, tall, active, earnest, and quiet in manner, brave, gentlemanly in bearing, said to be a sincere Christian, anxious to elevate his people, and realising that the best means of doing so is by a more intimate connection with the English people. He has one wife and four children; the eldest boy is about ten years of age. His history is chequered. The eldest son of Setchome, he came early under the teaching of the missionaries, seconding that of his mother, who was a remarkable woman, not professing Christianity, but having enlightened views as to progress, social life, and its duties.

All bear witness to the just manner in which Khame rules, to his great consideration for his people, to his fearless administration of justice irrespective of colour. Perhaps two examples may illustrate this better than any expression of my own.

1. Some time back the white traders then resident here, lived riotous lives, gambling and drinking to excess, and bringing on themselves disrepute and disaster, affording much scandal. Khame called them, together several times, vainly expostulated with them and drew attention to one of their number having incurred a fatal accident whilst under the influence of drink. On a latter occasion, he said: "We black people are a long way behind; I wish that we may go forward; you ought to help me, and not set a bad example to my people. I foresee that some day one of my people, when drunk, will murder one of you and get me into trouble; I therefore insist that no more drink be brought into my country. I will fine anyone breaking this law." These repeated warnings produced no effect, and after a drunken fight amongst themselves, Khame assembled them and laid before them a list of nine as banished from the country. Afterwards, for various reasons, all to his credit, and showing refinement of feeling, he reduced the punishment in three cases to fines.

2. Last year was one of local famine. Khame, without the instigation or even the knowledge of any white man, gave the whole of his private means, equal to some £2,000 or £3,000, to mitigate the sufferings of his people.

According to native law, all property is vested in the chief, who grants permission to build, and guarantees undisturbed residence to all traders as long as the laws are complied with, but he does not permit such buildings to be sold.

The foregoing paper was read before the Royal Geographical Society by Sir Henry Barkly, who added, at its conclusion, the following remarks :—

Speaking from his own experience in South Africa, he said he could confirm the favourable report that Captain Patterson had given of the chief Khame. When he had the honour of acting as Her Majesty's High Commissioner in that part of the world, he received communications from missionaries, traders, travellers and others, all agreeing as to the excellent conduct of that chief and his tribe. Shortly before he returned to England, Khame wrote to him and asked to be received as a British subject, and it was with great regret that he had to inform him that the remoteness of his country rendered it entirely out of the question. The object of the chief at that time evidently was to be protected from the incursions of the Transvaal Boers. To a certain extent that object had since been attained by the annexation of the Transvaal to Her Majesty's dominions, so that Khame was no longer in any danger from the Boers. He had not the advantage of being acquainted with Captain Patterson, but probably some of those present at the meeting knew him, for he was a life member of the Royal Geographical Society. Those who were acquainted with him considered him a man of great intelligence and extensive accomplishments, a good artist, and able to take observations. That he was a man of very humane feelings was evident from his paper which had just been read. He was no mere traveller for the purpose of curiosity or love of sport. He observed the features of the country through which he passed, and took a benevolent interest in the welfare of the races with whom he came in contact. He was evidently anxious that their motives and feelings should be correctly appreciated, and that they should be justly treated by those of European descent. In his second journey into the interior, in which he lost his life, he was selected by Sir Bartle Frere as his envoy to the chief of the Matabeli, who had been accused of interfering with the movements of traders and others. Captain Patterson was accompanied on that occasion by a young gentleman of very great promise, a son of Mr. Sergeaunt, C.M.G., one of the Crown Agents for the Colonies. Young Mr. Sergeaunt had gone out with his father when he was sent by the Colonial Office to make a report on the financial state of the Transvaal. Finding Captain Patterson about to go on the mission to Lobengule, he obtained his father's consent to accompany him to that chief, and then to go on to the Victoria Falls. The mission to Lobengule was quite successful. A complete understanding was arrived at with him, and then they proceeded on their expedition to the Falls of the Zambesi, going first some thirty miles to a mission station called Shiloh, whence the son

of the missionary, Mr. Thomas, undertook to accompany them as their guide and interpreter. They proceeded to a spot within three days of the Zambesi, where they drank the water of a certain spring, and almost immediately afterwards were seized with all the symptoms of mineral poisoning. All three whites, and five of the blacks who accompanied them, died in the course of a few hours. It was not to be denied that in the first instance there was in South Africa a suspicion of foul play. Lobengule was supposed to have connived at their death. Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Theophilus Shepstone set about a searching inquiry. There was every reason to suspect Lobengule, who did not bear the best of characters. It was known that he was unwilling that white men should penetrate into that part of the country, where he had recently subjugated the natives, and treated them with great cruelty. He had also been accused by a gentleman, a member of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Richard Frewen, of having thwarted him in his attempts to visit the Falls of the Zambesi, although he could hardly bring it home to him distinctly. On the other hand, though an unmitigated savage, Lobengule was quite shrewd enough to know the power of the British Government, and in his (Sir H. Barkly's) communications with him he always professed the greatest respect for the Queen and all her subjects, and showed great civility and attention to officers in the army who went with letters of recommendation to his territory to shoot. He always took care that they returned in safety. The Colonial Office had kindly favoured him (Sir H. Barkly) with the perusal of all the correspondence on the subject, and he was bound to say that the investigation threw no decided light on the story brought back by the natives, and which Lobengule had reported to the Government. That story was that after Captain Patterson's party had proceeded for fourteen or fifteen days, having been two days without water, they met with a Bushman, and insisted on his showing them the nearest spring. Lobengule stated that the Bushman warned them that the water was of a deleterious quality, but that impelled by thirst they drank of it abundantly, and perished in consequence. Captain Patterson's friends and Mr. Sergeaunt's friends did not believe any warning was given, and they considered that most probably the springs were poisoned by the Bushmen for the purpose of killing game, although he (Sir H. Barkly) had never heard in South Africa of any poison being possessed by the Bushmen sufficiently powerful to kill a man in such a short space of time. At all events there seemed nothing to connect Lobengule with the unfortunate occurrence. It took place at a very great distance from Lobengule's residence: it was almost impossible that he could know in what direction the party would pass, and according to his own account the water in that part of the country was, at certain seasons of the year, of a very poisonous nature. The only conclusion that could be come to was that this sad catastrophe, which had left three families to deplore the loss of young men in the prime of life,

and had deprived the Geographical Society of a valued member, who no doub twould have been a very useful explorer, was due to natural or accidental causes, and that no further light could be thrown upon it by any investigation which could be instituted. That was the conclusion at which Sir Bartle Frere had arrived, and at which everyone who read the papers would arrive.

South African Geography.

The publication of the first volume of a series of school-books, naturally invites the attention of all interested in school-work, and more so, as the subjects of these books, viz :—Geography, Botany, Geology, History, Agriculture, and Physiography, require special treatment for the use of our schools, whilst Classics and Mathematics may be taught by means of the same text-books as are used at home. The first volume of the series is *The Geography of South Africa, Physical and Political,* by Dr. John Shaw, who is at the same time the editor of the whole series.

It is not an easy task to write a *short* text-book on any subject of Physical Science, as the writer must possess, besides a thorough knowledge of the subject, the power of distinguishing between important and unimportant items. But an author of a short text-book on Geography, *which is in its whole range more than any other subject of a school curriculum, a study to which the whole circle of knowledge contributes,* ought to have at his disposal, we should suggest, a little more than a few vague notions of the *whole circle of knowledge.*

The author of the present work trusts that his text-book on the Geography of South Africa *will prove in the hands of intelligent and painstaking teachers to be more useful than any of the existing text-books.* By the *existing text-books,* we presume, the author means the very handy and useful little book of Wilmot, and Hall's Geography, which at its time furnished us with at least trustworthy information.

Without dwelling on the preface, which contains amongst others a rather rare subject, the character of a successful teacher of Geography, we will turn to the contents of the book itself.

The want of a systematic arrangement of material and of a distinction between important and unimportant subjects, found in this book, may be excused by the impression—which it must necessarily create upon the mind of the reader, an impression, which is to a certain extent in accordance with the facts, that the Geography of South Africa is still very little known. But we cannot believe that the large number of confusing and erroneous statements occurring in this little book, will tend to make it more useful than any of the existing text-books, even in the hands of intelligent teachers. The following quotations, taken from only a few pages of the book, will convince the reader that our opinion on this text-book of Geography is rather too mild than harsh or unjust :—

There is a great movement of water from the Southern Hemisphere northwards; for being to a considerable extent a Water Hemisphere, it receives vastly more rain than the northern, and there is necessarily an outflow to

preserve the equilibrium of oceanic surface. The south-east trades, no doubt, also aid this movement.—Page 5, section 9. This passage can only be understood on the assumption, that the moisture of clouds, formed on the Northern Hemisphere by the evaporation of sea-water, passes to the Southern Hemisphere by atmospheric movements, changes there into rain, and flows with the sea currents back to the Northern Hemisphere. It must further be assumed that the sea-water, as long as it is in the Southern Hemisphere is not possessed of the property of changing into vapour. But as in page 3, the author rightly states, that no such atmospheric movement, as we had assumed, exists, we are curious to learn by what means the author proposes to get the water back to the Southern Hemisphere.

The age at which the rocks of a country were deposited, is determined mainly by their relative positions, and their absolute age, in the Geological History of the Earth, by the fossil remains found imbedded in them.—Page 7, section 14. We suppose the author wanted to express in this sentence that the *succession*, in which the rocks of a country were deposited, is determined mainly by their relative positions, and the *relative* age of the rocks by the fossil remains found imbedded in them.

We hope to see in the second edition of this book sections 12 and 13, entirely remodelled, because, as they stand, they are an unintelligible *compositum mixtum* of facts and errors, on which we do not attempt to touch at present.

The third great series of rocks of the world called the Tertiary is meagrely represented in South Africa.—Page 8, section 15. The author is perhaps not aware, that the country between Great Namaqualand and the Bechuanas consists of tertiary rocks. *In every country the soil is being continually added to from the crumbling of rocks by weather, heat, and rain. Some rocks yield sooner than others, but, if this process of disintegration were not going on, the soil would soon become deprived of all fertilizing power by the plants which grow on it.*—Page 11, section 20. It appears from the next sentence : *There is also another process in nature by which the soil is being taken away, viz., the drainage*, that the plants take away soil. Certainly, this is a new thesis in Agricultural Chemistry.

The statement about the formation and *fertilizing power* of soil we will omit now, trusting the author will read up this subject a little in any book on Pedology or Agricultural Chemistry, before he publishes a second edition. He will do well also to mention then the time within which the Ganges discharges the 6,368,077,440 cubic feet of sediment into the Bay of Bengal.

In page 14, section 23, we learn under the head of "the *Physical* Geography of South Africa," that the author proposes to limit the Geography of South Africa to territorries as far as the 22nd parallel, because *an Act of Parliament* extends the imperial supervision to that parallel. However, in page 19, section 37, the author seems to have forgotten all about the 22nd parallel, as he enumerates Basaronta Island in Sofala Bay, situated north of the 22nd parallel, as one of the islands of South Africa.

The statement, *that South Africa has three principal mountain ranges*, is right only with regard to a part of the Cape Colony, but can surely not be applied to the whole of South Africa.

In page 16 we find *the Coast Range extends from a little south of the Orange River . . . . . The Middle Range, commencing also from near*

the Orange River. . . . . The Great Inland Range extends into the regions of the Congo and Zambesi . . . , whereas we are informed in page 20. *The Coast Range, starting from the Oliphant's River . . . . The Middle Range, commencing from the Buffel's River . . . . . The Great Inland range starts with the Omatako mountains.* Irrespective of the impossibility of pressing the oragraphy of South Africa into the old-fashioned system of the *three mountain ranges*, we must say, it was quite new to us, that a mountain range starts from the Buffels River, and another with the isolated group of mountains in Damaraland, called the Omatako mountains.

Walvisch Bay was at one time frequented by whalers, hence the name, the whales have now gone further southward . . . . False Bay is so named on account of its treacherous character.—Page 18, section 33. We admit, that it is not generally known, that False Bay has got its name from Cabo Falço, the old Portuguese name of Cape Hangclip, which was often erroneously taken for Cape Point, by ships coming from India, and that Walwich Bay is called after a Captain Walwich.

In the same page, section 35, is said, that *the Orange River has various outlets, and therefore a delta.* But not all rivers, which have various outlets have a delta, and besides the Orange River has only *one* outlet, in which sometimes by the strong western swell of the sea *sandy* islands are formed of only *temporary* existence.

We found sections 29 and 30 in page 17, and sections 55 and 56 in pages 26 and 27, beyond our comprehension. We think an author should simply omit subjects, of which he has evidently no idea whatever, instead of writing about them many pages, which only serve to waste time in the necessarily unsuccessful attempt to understand them.

Some forms of Coal, however, are altogether of no value for fuel, as anthracite.—Page 33, section 65. The whole paragraph 65 is sufficiently characterised by this remarkable utterance. In Crookes'-Technology we are told that *anthracite is an excellent fuel for many purposes, and yields, specially with the blast, a very strong heat. It is, therefore, used in Wales in metallurgical operations, for burning lime and bricks, and in stoves for household purposes. In Pennsylvania, anthracite is met with and used largely in the reduction of iron ores.*

The organic nature is dealt with under two heads, in page 35, in one and a half paragraph *The Botany of South Africa*, and in page 37, in half a paragraph *The Wild Animals.* The lion, elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, antelopes, leopard, hyaena, jackal, ostrich, zebra, baboons, locusts, and snakes are enumerated, whilst the giraffe, buffalo and many other animals characteristic of South Africa are omitted. We missed altogether *The Marine Zoology of South Africa.*

The Wild Animals are followed, in page 38, by *The Native Races.* The author evidently takes expressions like *race, type, family* to be synonymous, whereas, we are told by anthropologists, that things may have the same type, without being related as regards the race.

Perhaps the learned author is not aware that the *genus humanum* is divided into species, the species into races, the races into nations, the nations or families into tribes, &c. *The Nations of South Africa are referable to three distinct families of the Negro type of mankind, namely, the Bushmen, the Hottentots, and the Kafirs.*—Page 38, section 68. The sentence needs no further criticism. The Bushmen are not *dwarfed* (section 68),

at least not all of them, *fit*, the Bushmen of the Okavango-Dorstfeld, of Ghanze, and at the Zouga River are as tall as the Namaquas and the Korranas. The Bushmen in the Kalihari are certainly not dying out *fast*; of those in the Colony we believe it is the case. The Namaquas have of late observed that the Bushmen are increasing, and tried to destroy them, but in vain. The number of the so called Hottentot *family* is much too low, they number at least 150,000. A little more careful thinking would have convinced the author, that the Kafir *family* numbers at least 3,000,000.

We have said nothing as yet as to the form in which the above curious matter is presented to the learner. The author thinks *there can be no objection "in" making the contents of the text-book thoroughly known to the pupils.* We regret that we cannot sympathise with the author's complacency, for the contents seem to us as perilous to their knowledge of English Syntax, as to their appreciation of scientific facts. *The specialist is seldom a disciple maker*, we are told in the preface. This is complimentary to the author's colleagues at the South African College, who, if their titles mean anything, should be specialists, and it is certainly a novel doctrine. For if specialists, being from the nature of the case enthusiasts, and more or less masters of their faculty, are not disciple-makers, there is good deal of fallacy afloat about the value of enthusiasm. But this wonderful dogma is used as an introduction to another not less extraordinary. *The general teacher*, we are informed, *is more fascinating in laying hold of youth.* The youth who finds a *fascination in being laid hold of* must be a *rara avis*, we should think, in a class-room, and we only hope the learned author practises his fascinations with more effect in his own school than he is likely to do in his book.

The first chapter of the work, which is intended by the way for *elementary* use, treats of *Physiography in its relation to South Africa.* The chapter is pronounced to be sketchy, and intended as a *guide to teachers.*

It does not appear, whether the *fascinating* or the *painstaking* teachers are meant; but they are thought to require a peculiar guidance in the meaning of some scientific terms used. *Physiography, epoch, metamorphic, calcareous, watershed, ferruginous*, &c., are left to their intuition whilst a kindly foot-note helps them to the meaning of such words as *aphelion, solstice, equinox*, and the derivation of *St. Croix* from the Latin *Crux, a cross.*

But these are venial faults compared with barbarisms in language that ought not to appear in a book compiled by a teacher in one of the leading educational establishments. What must the book have been, before the gentleman referred to in the preface, had *drawn the attention* of the author *to many faults of style and method?*

In a scientific treatise we expect to meet with scientific language, and a phraseology in harmony with the purpose of the work. Under the head of *Physiography* we find:—*Thus it is that, at the Cape, Christmas finds us in broiling summer, whilst the old countries in the Northern Hemisphere have winter's cold*, (section 1). What is the scientific value of the term *broiling*, and what from a physiographical point of view are *the old countries?*

It is now generally believed that the rain-fall in any country depends on causes besides those of prevailing winds, mountain ranges, and such other facts as are usually stated in books on Physical Geography (section 10). Are we to understand from this, that *the causes of mountain ranges, and such other facts*

are not the only causes of rain-fall? As far as the words are intelligible, they can bear no meaning but this; and we commend it to the attention of the Astronomer-Royal, who is specially thanked in the preface for his *kind services*.

Bain's Kloof is glorified among roads as one of the most *daring and successful*. The rocky islets of Ichaboe, &c., we are quaintly informed, *have large rookeries of penguins* (section 38). Then occurs the following remarkable statement:—*The South African Guano is of a very superior quality on account of its abounding in phosphates. Robben Island is the only one* (Guano or Phosphates ? ?) permanently inhabited (section 38).

The Cape Peninsula is a block of land isolated from the general structure of the country in having the disconnected mountain mass, of which Table Mountain is the principal feature (section 36). Adopting this style of writing we feel inclined to describe Robben Island as "a barren tract, isolated from the general structure of the Continent in having the sea-girt sandy waste, of which the principal feature is the light house."

We need say no more.

If the compiler of this text-book will take the trouble to study a few models of clear and simple English writing (*f.i.*, Science Primer), will learn to methodise his knowledge to pay proper respect to distinction of terms and subjects, and will strive above all to substitute simplicity and accuracy of diction for the misty verbosity of the penny-a-liner, he may succeed in providing South African youth with useful text-books. Until then we cannot hope that the gap in our school literature is filled,—unless meanwhile some stronger man takes the work in hand.

Richard Singleton;

OR, HOW I SETTLED IN NATAL.

CHAPTER X.

MY WANDERINGS.

My own horse had been brought to me after a few weeks time, so I had no need to borrow; he was now in first-rate condition, and would have made nothing of the town hill, that at one time had proved too much for him. How long ago that time seemed to me. What changes had passed over me since then, thought I, as I rode along with a heart as heavy as it had formerly been light. After a while my way lay through the thorn country: the trees were in blossom, and the air was very sweet with their scent. Out of temper as I was with everything, I could yet enjoy the soft perfume; and it seemed to me like a friend who would not press me to accept sympathy, nor encroach upon my solitude, but who stood within hail in hope of being called. I lingered through that yellow thorn land, and thought that flowers such as these were kinder far than some human beings.

Leaving the inhabited country, I made for the mountains and roamed about them by myself—only returning to the veld to sleep in some native kraal that opened its kindly doors to me. After about three weeks absence, I turned homeward again; but heavy heavy rain setting in I was forced to stop and take shelter at the house of an English farmer. The first day of my stay there, although the rain was heavy, it came in showers only, and I thought there would be fair weather the next day, but at dawn a steady downpour set in, which lasted all day. The next day and the next the pelting rain continued, rain that a happy man might listen to with pleasure and with a rush of joyful thoughts echoing the flood outside, but a troubled restless fellow as I was then, found weariness in the ceaseless pour. I got through the day somehow—I read a little, then talked a little to my host, then wrote home and tore up all the letters except one to my father. My father must have felt from it that some change had passed over me, for it was unlike any I had ever written before. I had been settling down for some months in a manner that would have rejoiced the paternal heart; but now again the old restlessness had come over me, and its gratification had failed to give me the pleasure it brought of old.

"No rest but the grave, for the pilgrim of love," I had thought, as sick at heart I had traversed plain and mountain top. What was left to me. The golden circle of hope and comfort in home life had been broken; it was lying all about my path, stirring up mournful feelings of what might have been. I was in despair for a full month. By that time the storm within me, fierce and fugitive, had spent its force, and I saw blue sky again. I resolved not to give up hope for many a day, or even year. I would not risk another refusal for a long time to come, nor would I tease and weary her with attentions; in fact my manner should be wanting in much that she considered my brotherly kindness. I knew that she was not one to be won by prayers and melting moods. Deeds of knight-errantry were more likely to touch her heart, but where was I to find any need of such. These were not days of war and danger; there were no oppressed ladies to rescue, no dragons to slay. How was a man to prove himself the brave and dauntless knight of his lady-love in such peaceful days as these.

I came to the decision that as I was not called upon to act I must endure, must live my solitary life with patience, and seek no pity. Pity! She should not know that I needed it. I would return home, visit the Tiverton family as usual, and puzzle the sister of the house as to whether I had recovered from my love attack or not. From that moment I was anxious to get home to commence the performance of my new part, and to see what came of it. I was impatient to begin my work of living my lonely life with composure and self-reliance, and more impatient to find out what would be the result of my behaviour. The rain seemed to me to be lighter—it was the second day of it—and even the oldest colonist only allows the clouds three days' downfall at a time, and a two days' rain is more

usual, and usually more than enough. I dressed for the journey and then presented myself before my host.

"Good-bye, and thank you for all your hospitality towards a stranger," I said.

"The favour is on your side," he answered. "I seldom meet a pleasant companion up here; but how about good-bye, you are in a great hurry to be off, how do you mean to get back?"

"As I came. My horse has not made off, has he?"

"No; but just look here."

I followed him to the door.

"You hear that noise?" he asked.

"Yes; it is distant thunder."

"I think not—keep your eye on the river."

The house was built on a tongue of land about half a mile in length, which was formed by a deep bend in the river, and (to continue the simile) the house stood upon the root of the tongue, therefore its tip hid the river from light in that direction, but on the right side of the land there came surging into sight a heavy mass of water, which swept all obstacles before it. Some uprooted trees were borne along upon its crest, and sometimes the bodies of sheep or goats were whirled past.

"The river is rising, you see," said the farmer.

"Yes! What a strange sight it is. All is quiet on the left side, though the water there seems higher than when I rode through."

"All is quiet there, is it?" repeated the farmer; for, as the words had left my lips, the rushing volume whirled round the river's bend, joined the quiet water, and both were tumbling on together.

"You are a prisoner here, and I am very glad of it," quoth the farmer.

"Much obliged; there is nothing like Natalian hospitality," I answered, feeling all the time most impatient of being thus detained.

"You might get across country if it were a case of life or death," continued my companion after a pause, in which he had evidently been struggling with his conscience as to whether he should tell me this.

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "I had better try it."

"Well, if you are sick and tired of being here, do so; but you need be a good hand at finding your way about if you attempt it. Are you?"

"I can't say that I am."

"Then let it alone and stay with me, there's a kind fellow. I'm precious dull here; and you've done me good."

"All right, then I will stay with pleasure," I answered, sympathising with the dreary look in his eyes, and reading in it that he had known happiness, which, by its brightness, made the present shadow more intense.

Love had made me quick to read the hearts of others, and I did

not regret having stayed with him, when, at night, over our pipes and grog, this knight of the dismal countenance, told me his history, letting it fall from his lips, in brief sentences, as suited his occupation.

There is no need for me to tell his tale; he has passed out of my life, and I know not whether he waited patiently for death or fell upon him highwayman-like and would not be refused. I only know that I had begun to feel for my brothers in the flesh as I had never felt before, and that more than one has been helped by me, if only an inch or so, along the rough path of their life.

So a seemingly heartless girl made a man out of a careless boy.

Forgive me, sweet, that I have called you heartless. I, of all men, who ——. But I have lost my way and am idly dreaming of the end, when I am but half way through my journey.

To return to my story.

On the fourth morning of my stay at the farm, I woke to see bright sunlight shining upon mist-enveloped trees. What a pretty sight it was to look upon! The mist became thinner every moment, the tall gum trees caught the glory of the light upon their scimitar-shaped leaves, and they looked like some strange armoury of weapons newly burnished up for warfare; while growing near them the drooping syringas, low lying in the mist, took up the morning light more softly on their graceful sprays.

I had been enjoying the fresh beauty for some minutes when a loud knock came at my door, and, to my surprise, Captain Beresford's man came into my room.

"Mornin', sar," he said.

"Good morning, Jonathan; but how did you get here?"

"Walked, sar."

"But how about the river here?"

"Swam it, sar; and here's your letter, begging your pardon for biting him. Swimming, I hold him tight so," and he put the note between his teeth.

"All right, go and dry yourself," I answered, taking the note to read. It ran thus: —

"To R. Singleton, Esq.,

"The other end of nowhere.

"Dear Dick,—It is about time you came home. Whatever you sowed in your field is coming up apace (is it mignonette?), and the cattle are beginning to enjoy it. I don't know whether you told your head man to keep your bed warm for you; anyhow he does so. I found him in it at ten a.m. yesterday. I turned him out, for he didn't look pretty between the sheets, and I couldn't bear the sight of him there. I do like to see all things, black and white, in their places, so come back to yours, dear lad. What in heaven's name do you find so attractive among the Boers? Your head-man has looked after your sugar sack, and your coffee too, you poor innocent. I do believe you gave him your store-room key to keep, and he a town

grown Kafir too, who has learnt his *civilised* ways among a pack of drunken loafers. Happily you had no great store of liquor, or there would have been the devil to pay. By the way I have a pleasant surprise awaiting you. Return without delay to your afflicted friend,

"E. BERESFORD."

A pleasant surprise! What could it be? A letter from home would have been sent after me, and I knew of nothing else that would please me; and even letters were not what they used to be before it had entered to my heart to want a thing that was far, far out of my reach as it then seemed to me.

I wrote to tell my Captain that I would follow the Tiverton messenger as soon as the waters went down, and by the next evening at sunset I dismounted at my own cottage and walked over to the Beresfords. I was met half-way there by my Captain who greeted me in his own winning way, and made me feel glad to have come back, although I had not come under the most auspicious circumstances. I then asked him what the surprise was, which he had promised me.

"Why, the family of Perkins are here in great force."

I groaned.

"There's Mrs. Perkins for one."

"She is a host in herself."

"And there is a flabby looking young Perkins for another."

"What! a baby?"

"No, no; a young fellow of twenty or thereabouts, he is her son."

"Then she cannot be so very young."

"I never said she was"

"No, but just think how she frisks about, and dances across the hall like a girl in her teens."

"Only when you are on the other side of it."

"And how she smiles, and speaks of having learnt the verb *Amo*, and then, 'done no more Latin.'"

"Well, it was not done lately, if she conjugated it over her husband. But look here, Dick, the other young Perkins have gone, and she is going."

"Oh, be joyful!"

"All but the young man I spoke of; he stays. I have taken him to be tutor to Eustace. I had to show him some kindness, and thought I would get something out of him at the same time."

"Ah, indeed! I hope you may do so. He will have his own rooms, I suppose?"

"What are you thinking of, Dick. No, this is not like England; if a tinker came to Tiverton he would have to dine with us."

By this time we had reached the verandah, and I entered the room with a fast beating heart, but I trust a tolerably quiet exterior. Mrs. Perkins was always one of the first to greet me. She took me and shook me well, and then brought her Augustus to me.

" My eldest," she murmured, as he placed a limp hand in mine. He did not inherit the mother's jubilant manner, and that was a relief.

" Dear Augustus, you are going to ride with Miss Beresford, are you not ?" she asked, smiling upon him.

" No, mother; not at this time of night," he answered gruffly. " We should never come home alive."

" Oh! do not terrify me so dreadfully with such melancholy forebodings."

" We aint going, I said," returned the son in a louder voice, and just then the door opened, and I turned away from this engaging couple, to meet Miss Beresford who was entering the room.

What change had passed over her? She was dressed more carefully, her hair was not knotted up in the old simple fashion, and there was a look in her face that I had never, with all my study of it, seen there before. She greeted me graciously, but with a certain constraint of manner, and a little shyness that was a new thing for her. What has brought this change about? I asked myself. Whatever it is you are more charming than ever, I still more your slave, but no one shall know this if I can help it. In the evening she sang some songs that I had got for her from England, and young Perkins sat near and listened to her with stupid satisfaction. After each song he thanked her at such length that no one else but his mother could get in a word before the next accompaniment began. The change had affected her voice as well as her manner and appearance. Certainly these songs were unlike the simple ballads she had always sung before, but I doubted whether she could have given them the meaning and expression with which she now rendered them. Was it possible that the youth standing by her had anything to do with all that I had noticed. She was courteous in the extreme to him, her brusque off-hand manner seemed a thing of the past. Truly, I thought, women are inscrutable beings!

I stayed a good deal out of doors when visiting Tiverton at that period of my life. I avoided the ladies' society, and worked with my Captain in the fields. This went on for some time, and I found myself becoming very tired of the state of things, and I must have looked worn and harassed, for one day the Captain said to me,

" You look ill, and your hand is hot, Dick. We must have the doctor for you."

" No; I'm well enough. I never was stronger," I said.

" You don't look as if you had rest enough. Do you sleep at night?"

" I go to bed very early—I turn in about nine o'clock."

" That's no answer. Do you sleep?"

" Pretty well."

" Your Kafir looked as if he found your bed a first-rate one; I hope it is?"

" That bed? Oh! I burnt it as soon as I got home."

"What do you sleep on?"

"A blanket or two; it is quite enough, I assure you."

"Nonsense; you want looking after, my boy."

"Not I. What does it all matter?"

"Not matter! Indeed it does; for one thing, you are not half the jolly companion you used to be. You want your spirits kept up, instead of raising those of your elders; and you never come to spend the evening with us now. It won't do, it won't do; now that Mrs. Perkins has gone, you might as well come in oftener."

There was silence for some time, and we both worked on with our spades. Then Mrs. Beresford came down the path to us, to see what vegetables she could have for the dinner table.

"If Dick will come in I will spare you some of my choice celery, Amelia."

"I hope you will come, Dick, if only in order that I may have some celery. What is there at your table that we cannot offer you; you never dine with us now?"

"There isn't much on my table, sometimes I do not cook anything for the evening, and then I eat the cold porridge I have left at breakfast."

"Oh, dear! Then our society must be very objectionable to you; you have not even a 'dinner of herbs' to set against our roast mutton."

"Come Dick, and spend the evening with us," said Captain Beresford, putting his hand on my shoulder, and looking at me very kindly.

"Thanks, I will; and I hope you don't think me very ungrateful in so constantly refusing your invitations, Mrs. Beresford."

"Oh, no, my dear boy. I know that things are not going quite smoothly with you; and that you would be oftener alone than of old, but you must not give way to morbid feeling. Come and try to put up with our company."

"Yes, it is like medicine, good for you, though nasty."

"That is putting strong words into my mouth," I said. "I have never thought your company anything but the dearest and pleasantest that I ever enjoyed."

When I went indoors, Miss Beresford was sitting by the window looking out, and young Perkins was standing near. As I came up to speak to his companion, she rose, blushing deeply, and her lips quivered as she bade me welcome, in a way that almost unmanned me, although I concluded that her agitation came from dislike that I should see her so friendly to another man. She must be growing a heart to be able to feel that it is possible I should be hurt by this. I must try and persuade her that I do not mind it—not mind that the grinning idiot, named Perkins, should be making himself agreeable to her, when it would give me infinite pleasure to grind him into powder, or whatever material he would grind into.

"Miss Beresford and I are admiring the sunset," he said.

"Are you indeed!" I replied, looking with disgust upon the bright light and soft shadows on the hills.

"We had a delightful ride to day," he continued.

"Ah, indeed! It is a fine country for riding over if you can keep out of the ant-holes."

"Miss Beresford's horse got over them beautifully."

"It is *Blacklegs*—he clears the holes well, you know," chimed in Miss Beresford, still looking out of the window at the sunset which she and Perkins had been admiring.

She might at least turn towards me when she speaks, I thought, and then I expressed a hope that *Blacklegs* suited her now.

"He always did," she answered with a faint return to her old spirit of self-reliance and opposition. "He always did; I could always manage him—yet possibly if you had not taken him to train (much against my will) he might have made an end of me."

I did not exclaim anything about heaven's forbidding such a catastrophe, but merely said,

"I cannot say that such would have been the case. You are a good horsewoman and might have got the better of him."

"Then it was a pity that you should have had the trouble of breaking him in."

"That was a pleasure. I'm very fond of horses."

"Indeed!" said Perkins. "Well, for my part, I never can get up the steam to be fond of quadrupeds; so much affection is required of us by our fellow-creatures, that I find it as much as I can do to satisfy them."

"Happy man!" I said; and then I strolled off to talk to Mrs. Beresford, who was feeding the chickens outside with her own little brood chirping around her.

Looking round I noticed that the face had left the window, and a minute later I heard a touch upon the piano that I knew belonged to Marion. We walked about the garden for awhile, and then Mr. Perkins joined us, and said to my companion,

"Miss Beresford thinks that you wish me to give the children a lesson in spelling to-night." On which a chorus arose from the children, "No, mammy, no spelling to-night, mammy, send him away," they said; and the mother was forced to say, "I think it is really too late, Mr. Perkins, you should have caught them earlier."

"Then I will return to Miss Beresford," said the flabby-faced.

"Very well; but I think you must need some fresh air."

"I am obliged to you, but I prefer music," he said, simpering in a manner that reminded me of his maternal relative.

He went indoors again to enjoy the music, and Mrs. Beresford said,

"He follows her like a tame cat."

"One can always send a tame cat away, if one wants to," I muttered between my teeth.

"I must have a talk with you one day, Dick,—there are too many

little pitchers about just now ; I must be alone with you when I say what I have to say to you."

I looked my thanks, and did not doubt that she meant very kindly towards me, but I did doubt whether she could say much that would comfort me ! My fate was not in her hands. I should have liked to ask how much she knew of what had passed between her sister and myself, but on that subject I was tongue-tied just then.

At dinner time, I roused myself to talk of my travels ; and this led to Captain Beresford saying that I should soon have to start off again.

" How so ?"

" Well, some tribe over the border has driven off and appropriated cattle belonging to a Dutchman, and I don't know that we shall not have to go and make them give up their loot."

" This is news to me !"

" Why don't you read your papers ? You give me the trouble of telling you everything. You must keep yourself in readiness, mind that."

" Yes. Who is to go besides you and me ?" thinking to myself if you only keep quiet and don't open your lips, you are the man that will frighten them into submission.

" Who else ? Why all the volunteers."

" I begin to see it. I had almost forgotten I was one ; my volunteer service has chiefly consisted in paying fines for non-attendance at drill."

" Poor boy ! Well, keep near me, and do as I tell you, and all will come right."

" I certainly will keep near him if there is any fighting to be done," I said, looking at Mrs. Beresford.

" Fighting ! Man alive ! Who talked of fighting ? We have only got to sit on the Drakensberg until the cattle are given up."

" We must make you some warm clothes. How cold it will be, dear," said the sister.

" It is no joking matter," said the wife.

" I hope it is a joking matter, so far ; but I'll tell you what is not."

" Leaving our farms, for one thing."

" Just so ; however, we must not disappoint England, and lead her to think we wish to shirk our duty. What do you say to some private rehearsals to night ?"

" No. No rehearsals ; I will not have firearms trifled with," said Mrs. Beresford.

" There you go again ! Firearms, war, bloodshed, and death. You cannot bring your mind down to anything else, my dear wife. I fear that you have been indulging in too many sensational novels lately."

" No, dear ; I think not. Amelia and I read one of Mrs. Wood's the last time we were left alone here ; really I, for my

part, expected horrors at every turn. If Amelia left the room, I used to imagine that she had gone to drown herself, or to prepare some poison to put into my tea."

"This time you need fear nothing, for Mr. Perkins will be with you," I remarked.

"Yes, yes. Don't you be frightened, Mrs. Beresford and Miss; I'll shoot off every nigger on the place for you."

"I beg that you will do nothing of the kind. I cannot spare any of my servants."

"Perkins must go with us, Amelia."

At these words from the brother I glanced across the table at Miss Beresford, and having once done so it was not easy to take my eyes off her face. If she had power to fetter me when she was hardly more than a wild bright child, what chance was there that I could break the love links when she was beginning to bloom into the fuller glory of womanhood. Ah! was it possible that the "monkey" by her side could have become dear to her; that this influence could have been the sun that had opened this blossom by the warmth of his life-giving rays. I almost laughed aloud as I wondered over this, and then I let fall from me the mask of indifference that I had painfully held up of late, and for one moment my heart spoke through my eyes unchecked. She caught the look, her sweet face glowed, her eyelids drooped beneath it, and when I saw her eyes again they were tearful. I felt sorry to have caused this discomposure, and a wild hope seized me that this emotion might have been on my account. For me the downcast eyelids and the tears; for me the trembling of those lips on which I had never before seen such softness or such beauty. But after all she probably was not thinking of me, or else my look annoyed her, and she wishes me at Jericho.

"Oh, Mr. Perkins!" suddenly exclaimed Trot.

"Well, Trot."

"You've been and taken more pudding!"

"Little boys should be seen and not heard."

"But you won't see, and I must be heard, for you know you said that people should never change their minds."

"That is quite a mistake, Trot," said his father, looking across to the sister, who drew some meaning from the remark that made her crimson to the roots of her hair.

"Well, I know he said so, and now he has been and taken twice of pudding," returned Trot.

"I said the Quakers musn't," said Mr. Perkins with his mouth full.

"The Quackers? Oh, I know, you mean the ducks?"

"I do not," said Mr. P. severely. "And when you are older I will tell you all about the Quakers."

"If your mamma doesn't fetch you away first; she said she was coming at Christmas."

We had never heard this before, and all looked at each other aghast, unseen by the pudding eater.

"What's the matter, ma? Oh, I know," said Trot.

"I am tired, dear. It is hot indoors this evening. I am going to see you all to bed, and then I will go out with papa while he smokes."

"I'm at your service, madam," said Captain Beresford.

So it came about that before long, Miss Beresford, Mr. Perkins, and I were left alone. I cleared out after awhile, and walked up and down the verandah; while within the piano was played softly for fear of waking the children. The music soothed me, though I could see Augustus standing ready to turn over the music for the pianist.

"His ears they heard not," all the music said. I felt that its message was for me, and was comforted. It may be only as a friend she cares, yet care she does. I feel that she is playing now for me, I thought; but then the idea of its being the result of pity came into my mind, and this was unpleasant in the extreme. I was on the point of lighting my pipe, and going off with it farther from the house, when I heard a crash, and Miss Beresford flew past the hall door to the nursery. A moment more and she was calling me to come to her, and what a sight was before me when I reached the door. All round the room were the children sitting up howling in their beds, and in the window stood their aunt beating out the flames which were ascending from a mass of burning draperies. I seized a blanket from the nearest bed, and flung it over the worst part of the blaze, and soon we got it under, and a blackened mass of burnt muslin lay before us.

"That's all right," I exclaimed.

"Well, I don't know about that; poor Amelia's toilette table has come to a bad end."

I smiled grimly at her. Could she not even then be a little gracious and soft?

"I thank you for coming so quickly," she said at last.

"Why, you called me," I said, thinking to myself, "I suppose you felt shy of calling Perkins, so *brother Singleton* was summoned." I was about to leave the room when I caught sight of a strange appealing look in her eyes, and saw also that she was holding one of her arms in a constrained position.

"Are you hurt?" I exclaimed, coming back.

"A little burnt; I must get something to put on my arm."

"I'll find you something," I said, and it was the work of a second to cut open a toy quadruped which was lying near, and to use the wool of him for the wounded hand. She thanked me in a faint voice, and I saw that she was very pale.

"Sit down, Miss Beresford, and I will get you some wine," I said, determining even in that agitating moment not to be brotherly; no, not I. I would have what I wanted or nothing, and so while my fast beating heart whispered, "My darling, I cannot bear to see you suffer thus," my icy speech might have been addressed to Mrs.

Enriquetta Perkins. I went for the wine, and passed Mrs. Beresford at the door.

"Oh! what is the matter? Young Perkins came out and frightened me so, and he is outside himself in a great fright," said she.

"You have lost your nice toilette cover, Amelia, dear; we have saved the curtains."

"Oh, my wabbit! my wabbit! Dick has took him and cut him up, and put his inside all over auntie's hand," wailed one youngster from a cot, as I returned with the restorative; and then it struck Mrs. Beresford that her sister was hurt. She exclaimed,

"What, Marion, are you burnt? Is it this poor little wrist that has suffered? It is very nicely bound up, I see."

"I'm not much hurt, but so giddy," was the answer faintly given, and as I came up the speaker sank from her chair, and I caught her in my arms.

"What are you all doing in my nursery?" said a bass voice at the door. "You seem by the smell to have been letting off fireworks. Hallo! By jingo, she has fainted."

"Yes," I whispered, as I bore my treasure to a bed, and put her gently down on it. Then seeing that she was in good hands I went away; her white face imaged on my heart. Soon after I was followed by Captain Beresford.

"She is all right now, she wished me to tell you."

"She did?"

"Yes, of course, you have been looking after her, and she thought it fair to send you word how she was. I find that the flare-up came about in this way. Lucy found the lamp would 'stare' at her, she says, so she got up to move it, and being half asleep she set it on the edge of the table, and gravitation did the rest."

"All's well that ends well," I said, and then went home and to bed to dream that I was carrying Miss Beresford through a fiery furnace.

The next day I was very busy putting my affairs in order, in case I should be called on to go and sit upon the mountains with my corps. Towards evening I found time to run over to Tiverton to see my friends. I was met by my Captain and the boys.

"How about that wabbit you skinned so adroitly? I shall never come to an end of your accomplishments," he said.

"How is she?" I asked hastily.

"As well as can be expected after your treatment. We have sewed up the hole in her neck as well as we could, and we have put in one of your fine pocket-handkerchiefs to make up for the wool you took out, havn't we, Jacky?"

"Yes, that we have, I can tell you," said the child.

"Jacky," I said, "I'll bring you a pair of rabbits before long, but tell me quickly, how is auntie?"

"Quite well, thank you," said the boy, knowing of no other answer to make to polite enquiries.

"Auntie, did you say?" asked Trot. "No, she is not quite well thank you, for her hand hurts where you put the wool on, and she can't make bread, and Mr. Perkins has been making it instead of hearing my geography, and I know I shall forget all about it by to-morrow, and have to learn it all over again."

"Too bad indeed; but, Trot, *I* did not hurt auntie."

"You pulled all the clothes off my legs, and were very unkind to me, taking my blanket to put into the fire, and waste it, and giving me cold in my legs"

"Look here, Dick," interrupted Captain Beresford; "we must be off to-morrow; I've got the letters by this man; we must be at Olivier's Hoek by Sunday."

"All right then, since there is no help for it; but I don't quite see what is to become of my farm; I havn't even my old scamp to look after it."

"What do you say to Perkins? To tell you the truth I would rather he didn't stay here; he will get nervous, and frighten the womenkind with his fancies."

"Then he had better go to Sweet Briars; but he won't benefit me much."

"Well, he will do for a scarecrow to keep your crops clear; he has just that flap-flop way of going about which alarms birds and beasts."

"I will try him; but is it safe to leave Tiverton without a man about the place?"

"You mean without a white man; there are some black ones here who would protect to the death anyone belonging to me, if it were necessary; and besides that both Amelia and Marion will have revolvers, so there will be no reason for fear on our part."

"Well if you are satisfied, it is not for me to make objections, I have nothing to do with it," I said sighing.

"Never mind, Dick, you may have, some day, a perfect right to give your opinion in such a matter, and I'm sure I hope and trust you may, both for your sake and my own."

Captain Beresford was then called off to give orders about some farm work, and I went into the drawing-room, but quickly retreated after making my bow to the young lady of the house. Why did I retreat? Because by the chimney piece stood Miss Beresford, and upon one knee at her feet knelt Augustus Perkins, who seemed to be sobbing out some prayer for mercy. I saw the wounded hand in a sling, I saw the dark eyes looking out dreamily upon the landscape, while Augustus lay moaning at her feet. Then suddenly she seemed to return to the realities of life, the old imperious look swept over mouth and brow, and looking down at the flaxen-haired youth the lady requested him to rise without loss of time. "You have had your answer, Mr. Perkins, and I have let you kneel there quite long enough. I regret that you have thought that there was any reason to think I should accept your proposal of marriage."

"But you have been ever kind to me," whined Perkins rising.

"Kind, yes, I hope I am unkind to none but" ——

At this moment the speaker saw me entering the room and she ceased and came forward to me, with the bright colour rising to her cheek, as was natural under the circumstances. I spoke a few words of farewell and then hastened from the room soliloquising "So you've done it, Perkins! and you and I are apparently both of us rejected ones! Where's the real prince I wonder? Heavens! Imagine being in the same boat as Perkins! It's slightly humiliating, but never mind, never mind, some day I'll try again, and I think, Perkins, that you will not."

Later on in the day I put the young man in charge of my house and land; the feather bed his mother sent him was taken over, and he was fairly established at Sweet Briars by night I took his place at Tiverton, having packed my things early that day, as I thought, but I found that I had to unpack and add some store of potted meats which my friends had manufactured for me. What rolling and unrolling of blankets there was that evening, what packing and unpacking of valises, and at the end of it innumerable parcels lay upon the floor rejected, because no valise ever yet invented could contain all the delicacies provided for us.

"They help us as they love us," whispered Captain Beresford to me.

"Speak for yourself, oh Captain," I rejoined, but I fear our words were heard, for Miss Beresford left the room immediately, evidently annoyed by something, and she did not appear again that night. In fact I saw her no more, for we started at daybreak before anyone was up, and rode over to breakfast at the house of the magistrate, who was also our Captain. I had not had much to do with him in that capacity, barring, as I have said, my fine paying, which must have well weighted his missionary box, or his volunteer's purse, into whichever receptacle he thought right to put it.

Captain Beresford had been in the army, had served in the Crimea, and was therefore looked upon as a great warrior by all the members of the peaceful little corps, not one member of which had yet seen active service.

"I wish I had stayed at home," I said, as we rode along. "I have no time for going to picnics."

"You have no money to waste on fines; and if we did not turn out and show our teeth, the next joke on the part of the savages might be a more serious one."

We rode on in silence for a time, and I doubt not that I looked as sulky as a bear, for Captain Beresford remarked,

"Come, Dick, you'll give me the blues. What are you thinking about?"

"I don't like leaving Tiverton unprotected."

"There's no danger. If I see a sign of revolt I shall send off a messenger post-haste to tell Amelia. You know that the horses

will all be kept stabled day and night, in order to be able to fly at a moment's notice; and *Blacklegs* is the swiftest of them all," he added with a smile.

"You take it very coolly. I suppose that comes of being married," I said bitterly.

"If it does, it is better than the want of coolness that comes of not being married, young man. As to that, Amelia has as much courage as I have, and is far cleverer. I've learnt that much during my married life. You trembling bachelors don't know whether a woman's heart is made of fire or water."

"Or of ice," I put in savagely. "What should I know of any woman's heart, who have been refused the heart of the only one I ever cared for."

"Well, I didn't do it, Dick; don't turn on me like this. But, in serious earnest, I don't understand you two"

"What two."

"You and my sister."

"Don't name me in the same breath as her. She wouldn't like it."

"All right, I will yawn next time between the names. I repeat I cannot make it out! If I thought that she disliked you believe me I would not joke about the matter."

"She refused me, that was plain enough."

"I tell you, Dick, she has never been herself since then. I think that she must have repented the minute you were gone. I don't know that I like the change, mind you, for there is not half the fun in her that there was; but then again she does not go into such infernal —— well, I mean to say she is oftener in that sublime state of mind in which we ought all to be when yon great luminary seems to us to sink below the horizon of the western sky."

"I never saw her in any other."

"Oh! Dick, may you be forgiven."

"Do you say that she changed from that time?" I asked excitedly.

"Yes, though she is not what Trot calls a quacker."

"But I can't risk another flat refusal."

"Then pray do not trouble yourself about the matter. I and my house can survive the disappointment of knowing that you too have changed your mind. A pretty exchange of gifts on parting that day."

"I always meant to try again, that is after the first stunning blow of finding that I was looked upon as a brother."

"Indeed! Then what in Heaven's name are you kicking up this fuss about."

"You cannot attack a lady who treats you like a brother, and implore her to marry you. Besides which young Perkins has been hovering over her."

"Like a vulture."

"Yes, but he has got his congè now I think."

"That is news to me, Dick."

"I daresay it is; you didn't stand for a minute paralyzed in the doorway, while he performed calisthenics before your sister."

"No! Your spirits are rising Dick! How strange that I have never heard of this."

"It only happened yesterday, besides which your sister is not one to wear a man's scalp at her belt."

"The Lord forbid! Once for all Dick, we are not cannibals."

"Well, I mean that if she has refused a fellow she doesn't go and report it immediately, does she?"

"Come, your language is now less lofty in style, and I can understand you. She will not report this misfortune until to-night, perhaps, and then, while those two are putting the babes to sleep, she will tell Amelia this little anecdote. Not that she has ever spoken of having refused you, Dick, I only heard that from you."

This was a comfort, I was then not altogether in the same boat with Perkins.

The day we arrived at the rendezvous was taken up in sending off wagons of food, ammunition, &c., which we followed on the ensuing day. The road ran through the country which I had lately traversed by myself, but I had made it much longer by the many detours that I made over the country. We went slowly, reserving the energies of man and horse for future emergencies, and we encamped at night not far from the mountain. There was a farm house near, and the owner of it begged us to take possession of it for the night; but it was too small for us all, and not wishing to give the men who must camp out any cause for discontent, the magistrate insisted on remaining out, although we all thought that he had better accept the farmer's hospitality, as his health had been ailing for some time, and he was not a young man, though a most willing and active one. We all encamped out, and the next morning Captain Beresford came to me, and with a grave face assured me that the magistrate had the croup.

"That's impossible," I said, sitting up in bed and rubbing my eyes.

"Well, croup is the throat disease that I, being the father of a family, know most about, and his throat is very bad. Now I think of it, it can't be croup, for Trot makes a tremendous noise when he has it, and poor Buxton can't speak."

"What is to be done."

"Well, he must stay behind that's clear, and I must lead on these mighty warriors to battle, and now we must move on, so come out as soon as you can to breakfast.

The meal over, Captain Beresford went up to the men and addressed them.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I'm sorry to say that your Captain is ill, too ill to take part in this expedition; he has, therefore, given me his work to do for the present. It is new to me. I have never commanded a corps of private gentlemen, and I believe it to be more difficult work than leading regulars, whose daily training makes them

go like clockwork. I'm new to the work, and I must rely on you to help me with it. If you will follow and support me faithfully through thick and thin hold up your hands."

Fifty bronzed right hands were held up before him.

"Thanks; so far so good. Now my private impression is that there will be no fighting. I think that we shall meet the Cape Mounted Rifles at the foot of the Drakensberg, have a pleasant picnic with them, and then return quietly home. But, if there should be the least sign of revolt, remember your word passed to me now; obey me, and trust me implicitly. As long as my face is turned to the enemy let yours be also for your own safety sake, if for nothing else, for there is nothing that tickles a blackman's fancy so much as the idea of popping away at a white man's back. In fact, gentlemen, this impression is so strong in my mind that for the sake of all I shall shoot the first man who bolts, or turns home before I tell him."

The men cheered him, and he walked away to mount, saying to me in a low voice,

"I won't say that I should fire at his heart, but I would give him a fright, that's all I mean, Dick. I could never kill one of these fellows, do what they like. Not one of them but has a wife or sweetheart in the place."

"Only one," I said.

"Do you mean yourself? What a pity it is that you will not be likely to give me a chance of finishing you off just to show that I mean what I say."

We reached our post, and there the days passed by in the greatest quietness imaginable. I felt the whole affair to be terrible waste of time, and was convinced that my crops had all come to grief, that my oxen were pounded, and that Augustus Perkins was eating all my best laying hens. Altogether I was but a dull companion, and I believe that Captain Beresford often wished that some one else shared his tent. He was womanly in his tenderness and sympathy, when you once got below his light joking manner, but what woman would not have tired of a love sick friend who always reached the same point, no matter how far removed from it was the subject of discourse.

I might talk of crops, and chickens and their probable fate, but the desolate condition of the ladies at Tiverton was seldom out of my mind, and I could get no sympathy on this matter from Captain Beresford.

"What harm can happen to them; just come to the point Dick for once, and tell me what you are afraid of?" he asked me one evening as we strolled about the camp.

"I don't know exactly, but there are plenty of ruffians about, without thinking that these poor quiet devils intend to invade the country."

"Ruffians, Dick, where from?"

"I don't know, but they may be at this moment breaking into your house."

My Captain's fingers closed for a moment over his revolver, and his countenance was fearful to look at, then, relaxing his grasp, he smiled and began to fill his pipe, saying, "You did it that time, Dick, you actually managed to make me believe there was cause for alarm, and for the space of a moment you made me feel almost as nervous as yourself. I fancy that if the ruffians came one of our friends at home would manage to amuse them a little, while the other fetched the servants." This was a man who would not be alarmed, and I relapsed into a gloomy silence. We walked up and down for some time smoking, when suddenly a new idea struck me, and I proceeded without delay to put into practice.

"There won't be any fighting to-night?"

"No, nor on any future one. Why do you ask just now?"

"Well if you don't think you will want me I will say goodnight."

"It's hardly eight o'clock yet, but if you are too tired you had better turn in. Goodnight Dick and happy dreams to you, my poor boy."

I left him, but instead of going to bed, I saddled up and left the camp, riding hard until I reached a wayside inn, some twenty miles off. There I changed horses and rode on, leaving the people to think me a runaway warrior if they liked. The moon favoured me most of the way, and she was just about to set when I reached—Tiverton!

I took the horse quietly round to the stables, gave him a feed, and then walked cautiously to the house. At the back all was still, the side windows were dark, and I went on to the front of the house. I paused and heard a light, firm footstep pacing the verandah, and by the lamp light from inside the room I saw a figure there in close fitting jacket, flowing skirt, and hair, and little jockey cap.

"Hallo, there are sentinels about!" I muttered "And I wonder what is the pass word." I had not much time to wonder before a clear bright voice called out: "Who goes there?" and I had no time to answer before there came a whizzing through the air, and a bullet entered my arm just above the elbow! I winced —— the thing was unexpected, and shook me a little physically and mentally. Had I been wise I should have gone through a little acting—have staggered and fallen, and perhaps have had my goddess bending over me, but I was an unwise Englishman, the one desire of whose life is to hide his feelings from his fellow-mortal. I stood my ground without a groan, and heard the voice from the verandah exclaim in horror-stricken tones, "Oh! come quick Amelia. Oh, Amelia! the dreadful thing has gone off," and then the amazon rushed down the steps to me, exclaiming "Who are you, and are you hurt?"

"Not at all, thanks," I answered carelessly, coming a step forward to meet her.

"Oh, Dick! Mr. Singleton, is it you? Oh, Amelia! here is Mr. Singleton, and I've shot him!"

"It was entirely my own fault, and I am not hurt; only frightened, as you say of the children."

By this time Mrs. Beresford had dressed herself (for I opine that she had gone to bed) sufficiently to put in an appearance, and she came out saying,

"What is the matter; is Eustace ill?"

"No, no, he is all right. I've ridden over to see if all is well with you."

"I am relieved. I was so alarmed about Eustace."

"Relieved, Amelia. Why I have shot him," said the sister with faltering voice.

"What has Marion done; I heard the pistol go off; but no one is hurt I hope?"

"I've shot him," repeated Miss Beresford mournfully as we went into the house.

"No, you have not even winged him," I answered, feeling at the same time that she had made a wound in my arm, which I must soon manage to tie my handkerchief over, if I would escape detection.

"You would play with firearms, my dear, and now you have frightened yourself," said Mrs. Beresford.

"I'll never touch them again. The trigger caught in my hair, as I pointed the pistol to make the supposed intruder think that I was in earnest; it caught and went off; and that is how this happened."

"It is no such great calamity, my dear, if the bullet went into the air, as Mr. Singleton says."

"Yes, indeed, if it did."

"We will give him his supper now, Marion, and that will refresh him, and make him feel more at home."

Mrs. Beresford evidently did not know that I was touched, and was moreover a little inclined to think me a fool for my pains for taking the trouble to ride over in the night to disturb them, and alarm her about her husband. While the supper was being prepared, I bound up my arm; and I had just pulled down my sleeve again when Miss Beresford re-entered the room. She looked at me very anxiously, and said "If I could only be certain that I have not wounded you, it is so dreadful to hurt any one."

"You have only made some work for my needlewoman," I answered, smiling.

"You mean for yourself, Mr. Singleton. I shall be happy to mend your sleeve, but I cannot imagine how it could have cut or torn it, without touching you."

"I will explain this to you when we return home, and will also ask you to remember your promise, and mend the hole in my sleeve. But do you know that you were quite right to fire at me. I am a deserter. I must request you ladies, not to inform against

me. I am at the present moment supposed by the authorities to be in bed?"

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and I must only remain here ten minutes longer."

"What can you mean?" exclaimed the lady of the house.

"It is a sad fact that I must return to camp to-night, and before I am missed."

"Dear me! This is wild work!"

"In what an uncourteous way I have received you" said the younger lady, giving me her hand as I rose to leave I said good-bye, and then as we were left alone I added "Indeed you must believe me that this wound is nothing, but it is not the first you have given me. The former one will never heal."

"Will it not?" she murmered in a voice that made me tremble, so strange, so sweet and humble was its tone.

In another moment I should again have laid myself open to the chance of a refusal, when I was saved by the kindness of Mrs. Beresford, who came back into the room, with a parcel in her hand, and said "Will you be so kind as to give these socks to Eustace, for I am sure he must be short of things."

"With the greatest pleasure," I answered, cramming them into my pocket, and turning away with a last good-bye to the sisters."

The tone, the heart-thrilling voice was echoing in my ears as I went up to saddle my horse, but by the time I had mounted I came to the conclusion that she meant nothing by it, that she only spoke so kindly because she thought that she had hurt me, and I began to think she was right in her conjecture, for there was a feeling about my arm, as if worms were crawling down it; that trickling down of blood was quite a new sensation to me.

Next morning I sauntered into camp, at breakfast time, to judge from the spread eagle frizzing in the pan, the lumps of dough that we called bread, and the kettle of coffee on the ground by the fire.

"Hallo Singleton, you've been out early!" said one man.

"You look as if you had seen a ghost," said another.

"Had a bad night? Those dumplings of Thomson's were anything but sleep giving.

"No, I've had a jolly night, thanks, and I want some coffee. Is it made?"

"Well," said Captain Beresford, "I saw you were tired and I turned in in the dark that I might not wake you, and when I opened my eyes this morning I was astonished to find that you had gone. I didn't know you were so fond of early rising. You look quite done up"

I had poured myself out a cup of coffee, but as I lifted it to my lips I saw that my bandage had given way, and that the cuff of my shirt was soaked with blood. Captain Beresford also caught sight of it, and jumping up he came to me saying, "What is it, Dick? Your hand is covered with blood!"

"I had an accident with my gun—it went off. After you have breakfasted come and help me in the tent," I said.

"Breakfast be hanged, Dick! I'll see it farther before I have any while you are in this state."

He followed me with my coffee, and then he set to work to take off my sleeve, which he did by cutting it down without the slightest compunction.

"The bullet is in, I suppose?" he said.

"I don't know how it should have come out," I answered.

Now my dear and honoured Captain was not a doctor—we had none with us—and the manner in which he searched for that bullet was far harder to bear than that in which his sister had caused it to effect its entrance.

"It is like digging for potatoes," he muttered.

"Just so," I said, and, as mother's earth had not transmitted to me the callousness of her feelings a few minutes of this digging made me very sick, and as the probe ground against the lead in my arm I fainted off.

There is a hero for you, readers! I am sorry for you, but I was more sorry for myself when I felt that I was dying off and should have to return to consciousness in just the same way reversed I supposed the pain helped to bring me round; before long I returned shivering to my senses, and, as I did so, my idea was that a train was going over my arm and that there was a great deal of oil in use. Another moment I was sufficiently myself to know that a bottle was at my lips, and a most offensive fluid on my tongue.

"What are you giving me," I murmured with all the energy I could summon, and at the same time putting aside the bottle with my one uninjured hand.

"Try it, dear lad," said Captain Beresford, bending over me "Tom is giving you some rum."

"I'm bothered if he is," said I, sitting upright for a moment, with a face in which pain and disgust must have sweetly mingled.

These feelings were reflected in Captain Beresford's countenance when he tasted the contents of that bottle; he turned to the boy who had brought it and exclaimed, "You thundering idiot! This is colza oil!"

The boy looked as if he thought his last hour had come; and lost no time in obeying his master's orders.

"Water," I gasped, and it was brought to me by my captain. I sipped it and shut my eyes, feeling very sleepy.

Presently a loud voice enquired for Captain Beresford.

"Here I am," he said.

"Can I be of any use here, I'm cut up to hear that our friend is ill," said the loud-voiced one.

"Have you any rum or brandy" asked my captain.

"Rayther think I have, you won't catch me going anywhere without my brandy flask. I'm right down grieved to see our friend

here in such a fix," said my old acquaintance, Mr. King, of the smoky house, for it was he who had just joined us.

"His gun went off!" he says, answered my guardian angel, looking as if he didn't believe a word of it.

"His gun went off up his arm by the elbow, and lodged a bullet there? That's rum."

"Yes, I have not got it out yet to see what it is, but it isn't gun-shot I'm sure."

"A deringer bullet would make that kind of wound," answered Mr. King, stooping to examine the wound.

I lay quiet, with shut eyes, and was feeling the better for the brandy, when my surgeon commenced operations again.

"I have touched it," he said.

"Let it be," I gasped.

"You won't know your arm if I do; I am sorry I am so clumsy, Dick."

"Not at all," I murmured, resigning myself to my fate.

Suddenly Mr. King exclaimed, "I reckon I had better ride over and see if Bruce is back home yet. Doctors, even the worst of them, don't hash a fellow up so much as I or you should do."

"Well, it is an idea; can you start immediately? I can give you leave till to-morrow morning; you needn't hurry back."

"To-morrow! It won't take me three hours at a walk; I start instanter," answered my deliverer.

He went, caught me a doctor, and brought him back with him by sunset. The doctor found the bullet, picked it out, and gave me an opiate, which sent me on my way rejoicing.

* * * *

There was no fighting that time; the rulers of our land agreed among themselves that there need be no bloodshed; so they settled the matter without loss of life on either side. Praise be to them! I wish that the powers that be had always pulled together in such laudable fashion; but alas! I have read in olden chronicles of sad doings in this little colony, and that misrule and mismanagement cast a gloom over the land, where there need be no sorrow, no mourning for the dead.

* * * *

For a week after my accident we remained stationary on the Drakensberg, whose grand sandstone cliffs, with their varied hues of red, brown and grey, were not surroundings that every one can boast of. Doubtless their grandeur should have had a great effect upon me—should have awed me, and raised me far above caring for a fellow-mortal's frown or smile. Yet though I recognised their majesty and beauty, they were far surpassed in both by a dream of proud lips that might melt into smiles, into trembling beauty, for me one day, and of eyes that might cease to flash defiance upon me, and, drooping beneath my gaze, might bid me live, and not merely lengthen out a cheerless existence, as I of late had done.

At length came the order to return home, and we were all glad enough to get it. We rode to Mr. Buxton's house as before, and thence (having been disbanded with all proper formalities) we went every man to his own home.

What a state I found Sweet Briars in. I could not have imagined that anyone could turn a decent cottage into such a den as Perkins had made of mine. In the bedroom, brushes, combs, and books were huddled together, wet towels were in the unmade bed, and broken pieces of my jugs and basins were apparently engaged in a hopeless search for their better halves. In the sitting-room potted meats, blacking, candlesticks, and onions were strewn about; over my unprotected bookcase was hung a "flitch" of melting bacon, that it might be out of the cat's way. In my fireplace, and under my family portrait gallery, was a barrel of salted beef. On seeing this my first idea was that I should like to salt down the sacrilegious man, body, and what soul there was left in him, but after a while I grew cooler, and reflected that he was only Perkins, and knew nothing of household gods and goddesses, and I decided that if he would clear out immediately, and let me have a good house cleaning, I would forgive him his sins, he being only Perkins.

But, reader, do you imagine that he intended to turn out? Not he. He evinced a strong attachment for me, and I could only comfort myself by thinking that this was because he had so much cold water showered upon him at Tiverton.

"I'll stay with you a bit, Singleton," he said; and, looking at his piteous flabby face, I could not find the heart to say "No, go."

So he stayed, but I had my house put into better order, and I set some bounds which he and his feather bed were not to pass over.

LAST CHAPTER.

Have patience with me readers, I had almost called you friends, who have gone with me along a few miles of my path in life, and they none of the smoothest. I hope before long to enter harvest fields, where morning and evening lights will rest on hopes fulfilled. There, if I still hoped for your attention, I should be disappointed. You would leave me saying, "Henceforth, Dick Singleton, your life is likely to be too monotonous, too happy for the sad among us, too well-known to the happy ones, therefore we leave you."

Yes readers we will part at the gate that opens now before me, for there is little more to tell, though much I trust to live. Come boldly on with me until you have seen me pass out of danger and can leave *us* (ah! happy word) in peace.

On the Sunday after our return from the berg I rode over to Tiverton to spend that day there, as had always been my custom in old days. Would there be any change? Surely I thought she owes me a little softness now, though none that I would accept for the first wound, which was not a flesh one like this. I reached the

house. How quiet a Natal farm is on Sunday, especially on a summer one, and if no hot wind is raging! You enter the house, glad to get out of the fiery heat without, and you may find the family lying about in all directions, some reading and some sleeping, or in some places remnants of work are on the table, and rolling thimbles tell of a hurried retreat. I have been taken aback by the strange antics of a pair of scissors which hopped alone about the deserted room, and on investigating farther have found that they were attached to a line of cotton in an inner room, which must have been carried thither in haste on the approach of a visitor. So hard do some folks find it to rest that they must needs twiddle their fingers even on a Sunday! This was never the case at Tiverton; my friends there enjoyed the Sunday's rest, and if circumstances obliged them to mend any garment for Monday's wear they looked upon themselves as martyrs, and did not try to hide the instruments of torture. In such cases the non-workers were expected to read aloud to them, and, as Captain Beresford read as if he were giving the word of command, the office of reader had become mine.

What will they be doing to-day? I wondered as I walked into the house. This was the scene that presented itself to me. The Captain recumbant upon the sofa, one little child asleep at his side, and his wife sitting in a low chair near him with a book of sermons in her lap. In the window sat Miss Beresford, looking calm and enchanting, in one of those fresh morning dresses that became her so well; she was surrounded by the children to whom she was telling a story.

Mrs. Beresford looked up as I entered, and pointing to the sofa with a smile she held her hand out to me in silence. I then passed on to her sister, who rose with all ceremony to shake hands; a little less ceremony would have been sweeter to me, but some friendships take long to ripen. All the kindness and solicitude of the night on which I had last seen her had vanished with the excitement of having hurt, or frightened me, and she was her cool and dignified self again.

"Pray do not let me interrupt you," I said, and slipping into a chair I listened with the children to the tale told in an undertone, because pa is asleep, as Trot whispered to me. I may as well remark in passing that I was on good terms again with the afflicted rabbit owner, having procured him some splendid animals as restitution. The story grew in interest, the excitement rose higher and higher each minute, and after a while, in which the children's breath was taken in gasps, there was a general screech in which I cannot say that I did not join. This startled the sleeping warrior. He sat up with hair on end, and called out "Eh! What's the matter? Basuto turned out, eh?"

"No, you are at home now," I said. "Good morning to you."

"Oh, indeed. I'm glad to see you, Dick," he answered, sinking back upon his pillow, but not to sleep, for after a time of meditation

he said, "That was a queer thing that happened to you, Dick. I do wish you would explain it now that we are at home again?"

"Explain what?" I asked.

"That shot."

On this Mrs. Beresford and I exchanged glances of deep meaning, and then we laughed aloud.

"What now? What are you laughing at, Amelia?" asked her husband.

"Why," she began, but I hastily interposed, saying in a low voice,

"You shouldn't tell tales out of school;" but my words were heard, and the Captain exclaimed,

"What do you mean—what can you know about it, Amelia?"

"About what, dear?"

"Why, one morning that young fellow came into camp, with blood streaming down his arm."

"Nonsense!" I said.

"Fact! I say."

"It was from the mosquito bites," I said. "And I assure you, Mrs Beresferd, that those insects were a perfect plague up there."

"I didn't know that you were so hurt, Dick," she answered; and looking round to the window I saw that the sister was very grave, and deadly pale.

So far, so good, I thought.

"I will come to the bottom of this Amelia," resumed her husband. "This fellow had a fine wound in the arm, and told me that his gun had gone off. Now what do you guess about it that you seem so knowing?"

"It is difficult to explain," began his wife, but I heard no more, for Miss Beresford came up to me, and in a voice of sorrow said to me, "Then I did hurt you, and very badly. Oh! I am sorry."

"No, no," I answered, touched to the heart by her pallor and grief.

"It was my doing. Oh, I am very much grieved!" she repeated, and then left the room.

I followed her to the hall, but then stopped, for I saw that she had turned into woman's stronghold—her bed-room.

"There! you have been and made aunty cry, you have," said the children, and more words were spoken of which I did not catch the meaning, so full I was of thoughts of her.

I suppose that, by his wife's assistance, my Captain began in time to see his way, and that it was after some minutes of bewilderment and explanation that he came up to me with fierce look, and gentlest words and tone.

"So *she* shot you, my boy. What a shame it was!" he said.

"She was quite right to do it. But for her, you might now have had an unpunished deserter on your hands."

"Deserter? No! I had given you leave for the night, though I little thought where and how you would spend it."

"I could not help it," I was beginning, when he put his hand on my shoulder and said,

"I say, Dick! look there," and he pointed to where a pink dress was passing down the hill. I followed it down, and at the foot of a deep gorge, where ran a little stream, the home of ferns and mosses, there in a grassy nook it collapsed, and the wearer of it covered her face with her hands. She thought herself alone, for the babbling of the water prevented her hearing my foot fall, and I drew close to her before I spoke. Then she started and stood up, looking at me as if to ask why I sought her out when she wished to be alone.

"Miss Beresford," I said, "You will do me a great favour if you will cease to think regretfully of the slight scratch that I had the honour to receive from you."

"I will try," she said.

"But the other wound," I continued, dropping my high flown speech, "That one gets worse and worse every day."

"Forgive that too," she said.

"On one condition" (I was already becoming tyrannical!) "If you will fulfil that there will be no need for forgiveness, for the old wound will be cured."

"How can that be?" she murmured very low.

Then I set about explaining how it could be, wooing her long and earnestly.

She listened in silence, as on a former occasion, but this time when I had finished and awaited her answer she did not turn away, but she bent towards me as I have sometimes bent to meet the courting of some wild, fresh, buoyant wind; and putting her dear hands into mine she whispered "Dick I have held out for a long time, at least so it seems to me, but now, now I yield."

So fell the walls of my citadel, to my endless joy and gratitude, and I have ever since considered that my father was a good and wise man to send me to Natal to settle.

THE END.

Pig Farming in South Africa.

Founded on Fact.

In the autumn of 1877, Smith, who is a thriving storekeeper in a native settlement, thought he could make a handsome profit by buying up a large number of pigs from the natives, fattening the *hogs* and slaughtering them, and sending off large quantities of salt pork, hams, and bacon to the Diamond-fields, or other markets. Most of the *sows* were to be kept, as Smith had a fancy for sucking pigs occasionally on his table, and of course Smith knew that as soon as *Smith's hams*, &c., became known at the fields there would such a demand that a regular trade might be kept up. Well, it was soon known among Smith's constituency that he was "going in" for grunters: and the natives fell in with the scheme, and from all points of the compass were brought to Smith's store, pigs of all sizes, colours, ages, and genders! So that very shortly he was obliged to have a large stone kraal built to keep them in at nights; in the daytime they were sent out to the veldt in charge of a boy. Grain was plentiful, and Smith having succeeded in securing over a hundred of the brutes, used to scatter a quantity of mealies in the kraal every night to encourage the intelligent creatures to find their way home at sundown, and thus prevent any being left out by the herd. As the weather got colder Smith selected about three dozen of the most promising hogs and put them in a separate kraals to fatten for the market; all this time mealies were steadily advancing in price. Week after week rolled over and Smith's stock of mealies began to dwindle very perceptibly, and yet the improvement in the three dozen pigs was so slow, and they were still so far from being fat enough to kill that Smith thought it most prudent to retire to his office and go into a mathematical calculation, the result of which was that the three dozen pigs were again released from captivity and sent to the veldt! Day after day Smith had complaints from the neighbouring natives that his pigs had got into their crops, rooted out their potatoes, eaten their mealies, &c.; the herd-boy grumbled also, and said that he found it impossible to keep the brutes out of mischief.

At this juncture of events, Smith met with a farmer called Walker, who had a large extent of land under cultivation, and offered to let him have the entire lot of pigs "on the half of the increase." Walker had, however, previously had about fifty pigs of his own on his farm, and the experience thus gained made him decline Smith's offer with thanks. Very shortly after this Smith made Walker another proposal, that if he would take one hundred pigs for a year he could have "the whole of the increase," assuring him, moreover, that the pigs had given him *no trouble*. This offer was too tempting to be rejected, but instead of a year Walker would not consent to take them for more than ten months, to which Smith agreed, and promised to send the pigs over next day. That evening Walker spent in thinking over the brilliant prospects before him. There was an unlimited supply of "uintjes" in his lands, known to be excellent fattening food, nearly all his crops were off, so that there would be no expense for food, besides that, about three-fifths of the pigs were sows, and six sows are said to produce one hundred pigs a year; multiplying that by ten would give one thousand pigs a year, or for the ten months eight hundred and thirty-three and one-third pigs! and all that without any capital being expended, beyond the mere food and wages for his herd!! Walker could thus afford to allow his lands to lie fallow for one year, and would have them ploughed over, and the weeds rooted out by the *pigs*, with the prospect of astonishing crops the following season. The next evening, shortly before sundown, Walker had the gratification to see in the distance Smith's pigs coming along the dusty road, their approach being distinguishable, like that of the Israelites of old, by a "pillar of cloud." On arrival at the farm they appeared very tired, but seemed to take heart as they got into the green grass, the front ones breaking into a trot, followed by others at a "tripple," while some were obliged to be content to mere "pas gangers," and the rear guard for weighty reasons kept at a respectful distance behind; the countenances of the latter were very open, and their breathing hoarse and laborious, no doubt partly from having inhaled too much of the wagon road. The number that reached the farm was ninety-nine. A large kraal was allotted to them, and every evening Walker was

there at sundown to count them in. At the end of the first week only eighty-seven mustered, the number having gradually fallen off, so the next day Walker thought it time to look round the farm himself. While walking in the "ruighte," near the "spruit," in a meditative mood, he was suddenly startled by a large black sow starting up and running at him with hair erect and open mouth. As soon as he had regained his presence of mind he found that the sow had been merely acting from maternal instinct in protecting a litter of nine young ones, several were black, and some "zwart bonte," and Walker was encouraged! A few steps further, and he was again startled by a grunt, and found another little family of seven little ones, with their nearest relative. Altogether in a walk of a mile he found five families, including forty-two little ones! That did not account, however, for the whole of the twelve pigs missing, but he saw several pigs "loafing" about with bunches of grass in their mouths, and concluded that all was right.

For several weeks all went on well, the pigs enjoying vastly the rooting among the "uintjes," and they improved considerably in condition, but the numbers that came to the kraal to sleep were continually decreasing, and it became very difficult to supervise them so as to keep the census correct, and this matter became more embarrassing when some of the sows came to the kraal at sundown with their little families. The weather now began to get very cold, and as no rain had fallen for several months, the ground got harder and harder, so that the pigs began to fall off in condition. Seeing that, and knowing how well the pigs were paying, Walker turned the whole drove of pigs into his potato field, and allowed them to root out the lot, only about thirty bags. When they were consumed, and the drought still continued, and the frosty nights had set in, the pigs began to suffer so much from the cold that they used to repair to the shelter of the kraal several hours before sundown. There they huddled together in heaps for mutual protection from the intense cold, the noises they made on these occasions being perhaps only imitable by a lot of school-boys armed with Scotch bagpipes and violins! There was still abundance of food in the ground, but the drought continuing, the pigs found the utmost difficulty in grubbing up sufficient food to keep themselves alive, so that the adults began to devour the

rising generation, and Walker's nerves were frequently shocked by seeing the little sucking pigs torn limb from limb by their ravenous and famished kindred. In this predicament Walker wrote a note over to Smith, requesting him to send about thirty bags of mealies "to keep his pigs alive." Mealies were then £2 per bag. Smith replied that "he would see the pigs to Jericho first." The fact was Smith had laid out altogether about £200 on the brutes before Walker took charge of them. Walker's herd also complained that he could not keep the pigs within the limits of the farm of one thousand eight hundred acres, and that the "Baas" must engage another herd to assist, which he consented to do. A note was then received by Walker from a neighbouring farmer, requesting that Mr. Walker would keep his pigs out of his wheat, and seeing that one pig came there again he "collared" thirteen of them, and sent them off to the nearest pound—eight miles off—where Walker had to pay £1 10s. 6d. to release them. One of the thirteen, however, had never reached the pound, having probably died from exhaustion on the road. The pigs then made daily raids on Walker's garden, grubbing up four dozen cabbage plants, twelve dozen onions, seventy plants of rhubarb, one hundred and fifty Cape gooseberry bushes, besides destroying all the parsnips, carrots, beet, turnips, cauliflowers, and all other vegetables—including a lot of very choice seed potatoes raised from imported seed—as the drought was now so severe that elsewhere the ground was like stone. Walker thought of irrigating his lands, but the spruit had ceased to run, and what water there was, in holes in the bed of the stream, was so polluted by the pigs that it was useless.

The fountains, too, on the farm were made into mud-holes by the wallowing of the pigs, so that Walker had to send a considerable distance to obtain drinking water, and his cattle and horses had to go several miles to get water fit to drink. At length there was not a single sucking pig left; scores had been devoured, and the older pigs were so reduced in flesh that at a distance they might almost have been mistaken for greyhounds! One morning one of these emaciated brutes was found dead in the kraal, and Walker having some knowledge of animal physiology made a *post-mortem* examination, the verdict being "Died from having gone too long between meals."

Smith then received the following note from Walker:—"Great calamities, such as earthquakes, tornadoes, cyclones, and volcanic eruptions are the 'acts of God' for which no human being can be made responsible, so is the present *drought*. I have, therefore, to request that you will either send food for your pigs or take them away, as they are commencing to die."

Smith's reply was as follows:—"Your note is duly to hand. On reference to our agreement you will find that there are still seven months for which you agreed to take charge of the pigs; when that time has expired I shall be happy to receive them."

Seeing then the daily havoc that the pigs were doing, Walker thought it best to assist personally in taking charge of them, as the two boys could not possibly keep the pigs from being impounded. It was now the depth of winter, and the cold at nights so severe that every morning from two to five pigs were found dead in the kraal, having been crushed and suffocated by the pigs crowding round and on the top of them for warmth; other pigs would remain lying down when the troop went out, too weak to totter off any longer to the veld, and calmly await the moment when their hearts would give the last throb! One day when Walker was assisting to herd the pigs, a gentleman on horseback, who was on his way to join the volunteers to slay the Gcalekas, called to see him, and noticing his delightful employment, asked him "if he did not feel like the Prodigal son?" He was obliged to own to the warrior that he did feel rather *too much* so, and the next day wrote to Smith:—"I cannot consent to take charge of the pigs any longer, as the drought is the 'Act of God,' and there is now literally no food left for the pigs to eat, so I have put them in the kraal, and shall not let them out till you send for them."

Smith replied:—"The drought is the 'act of God,' but keeping a lot of pigs in the kraal without food is not the 'act of God.' I shall, therefore, hold you responsible."

The boy was so long before he returned with Smith's note that Walker had compassion on the brutes, and let them out once more, but sent another communication to Smith's residence:—"The pigs, originally ninety-nine in number, have now dwindled down to sixty, and are dying daily, and the drought worse than ever. I

decline, therefore, to be responsible for them any longer, so to-morrow I shall bundle the whole lot off to the pound and stand the consequences."

Walker then got a note to the following effect from Smith :— "Considering the circumstances, I am willing to take back the pigs again if you make up the number to the original ninety-nine, and you can send them over to my place."

Walker gladly consented to that, and bought here and there thirty-nine pigs to make up the ninety-nine, and sent them off to Smith in charge of two boys, each of whom was armed with a powerful sedative in the shape of knobkerries to dispatch any porkers whose weary, tottering limbs would not carry them to the end of the journey, for fear that they might recover sufficiently to be impounded for trespass.

A few months after these occurrences Walker saw Smith, and asked him how the pigs were getting on ?

Smith said, "O, there are only two left out of the lot, and those I have in the stye to fatten ! Of the rest some were lost, others assegaied or shot by the natives, on account of damages, and the rest died of hunger. You know the ground was like a rock with the drought."

Smith says now that he thinks that there are some pursuits that pay better than pig farming ; and Walker has come to the conclusion that pig farming is not his forte.